

America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

July
25¢

Constance
Bennett

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ADVENTURES
IN OLD
ARIZONA
IN THIS
GREAT
OUTDOOR
MOVIETONE
ROMANCE**



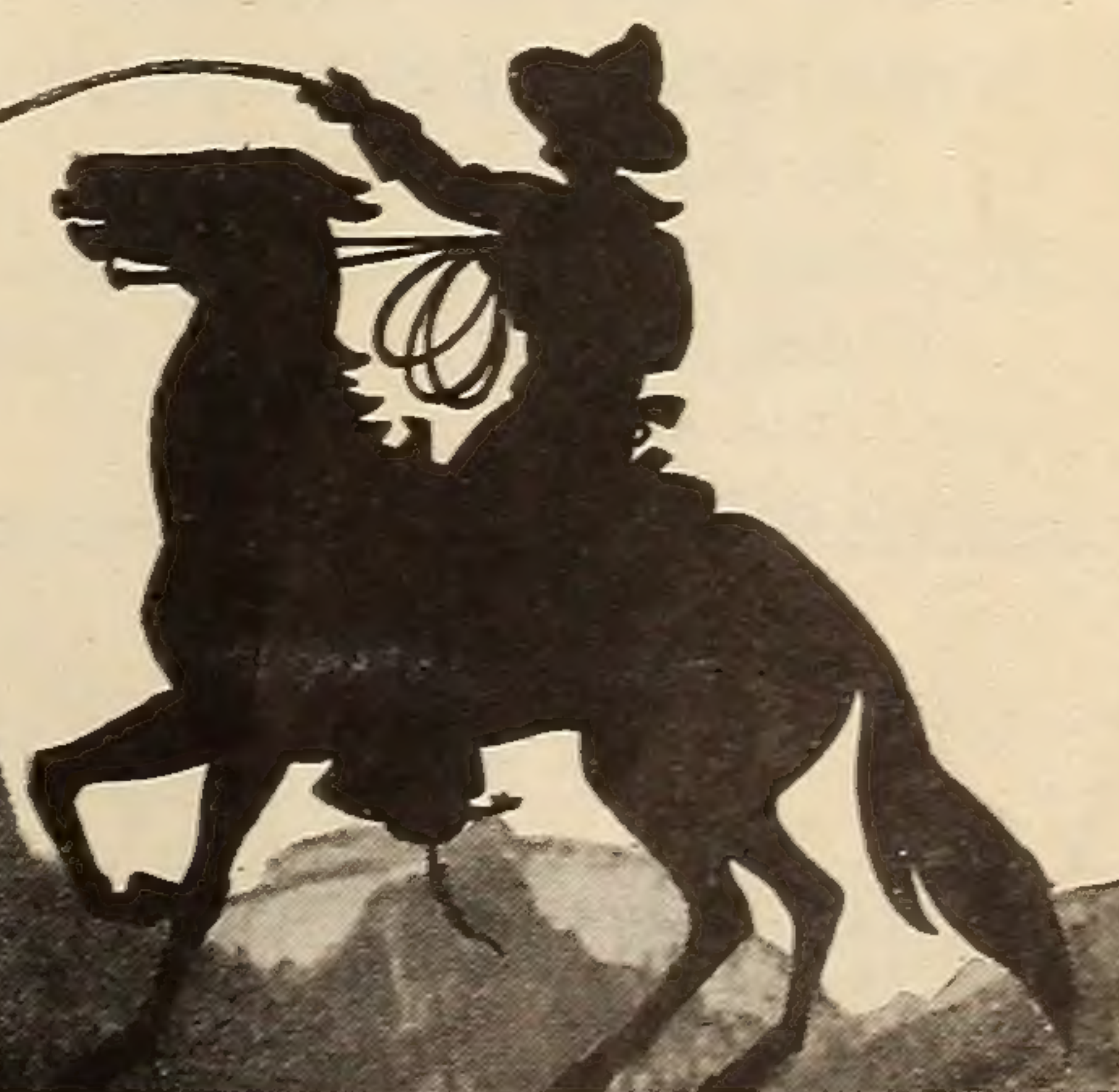
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SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

July, 1930

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GREAT ENTERTAINMENT
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¶ No more delightful way to spend a summer afternoon or evening than at the theatre nearest you that plays Paramount Pictures. You'll always find it cool and comfortable inside and you'll always find a great show — some of the best Paramount Pictures ever are being released now and right through the summer. A partial list is at the right. The titles cover everything you need to know about them because they're all *Paramount*. Winter time, summer time, any time —

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• • •

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"THE SOCIAL LION" and
"THE SAP FROM
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SOUND NEWS

By
Evelyn
Ballarine



Who and What the Shooting's For

WELL, for crooning out loud, let's see what's going on in Hollerwood! For one thing—opera stars take hold of talkie town and Hollywood surrenders. Lawrence Tibbett gave us our first taste of an operatic voice in "The Rogue Song," and we crave more. We'll get more, says Metro-Goldwyn, who have just signed Grace Moore of the Metropolitan Opera Company. "Jenny Lind" will serve to introduce you to Grace Moore and Miss Moore to the talkers. Pathé have signed Mary Lewis, another Metropolitan prima donna. However, Miss Lewis isn't new to the screen. She played in Christie Comedies some years ago but deserted the silent screen for the stage where she could open her mouth and sing and not receive a custard pie for her effort. This time Miss Lewis is in pictures as a star—and that's a come-back. RKO have Everett Marshall as their operatic white hope. You'll first see him in "Dixiana," opposite Bebe Daniels. Next he will be starred in "Heart of the Rockies." Then, of course, there are Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald with Paramount Pictures. They can give us light operas in heavy doses and we cry for more.

And now for the uproars. Let's find out what the comedians are doing; let's look into their bag of tricks. Charlie Chaplin's new picture "City Lights" is said to be practically completed and will be ready for release in early fall. Of course, you know that Charlie simply refuses to go talkie. Buster Keaton is going to give us a war comedy called "War Babies." What with "Journey's End" and "All Quiet on the Western Front" holding sway on Broadway, Buster's film will be timely. However, the Keaton war film will be different inasmuch as it will have some love interest with Sally Eilers filling that capacity. And speaking of Sally Eilers and love—she and Hoot Gibson are engaged. The wedding date hasn't been definitely set as yet but it won't be long now. Harold Lloyd has started on "Feet First." Barbara Kent will again be his leading lady and most of the picture will be filmed in Hawaii. William Haines' next is "Easy Going." Leila Hyams and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. are featured. The title sounds very much like a typical Haines comedy. The personality kid, Jack Oakie, is making "The Sap from

Syracuse." Ginger Rogers, who made a hit as the young sophisticate in "Young Man of Manhattan," will be in the Oakie picture—and that's okay with us.

Amos 'n' Andy, who need no introduction to you, will make their talkie debut soon. They have signed a contract with RKO. The title of their first cinema effort will be "Check and Double Check." Needless to say, neither Amos nor Andy are *regusted!* Since television has not yet put in its appearance, the movies give you a chance to see your radio favorites as they are. Which goes to prove that if you make a hit on the air the next step is pictures. Exhibit A—Rudy Vallee.

The crime wave is still on in film circles. Eddie Lowe will play an underworld character in "Scotland Yard." William Powell won't be a detective in "Shadow of the Law"; he will play a criminal for a change. Columbia Pictures will produce "The Criminal Code." And Lon Chaney is remaking "The Unholy Three." More crooks!

Dorothy Mackaill had one suppressed desire—she wanted to do a hula dance in a picture. She has been given that opportunity, she shakes a mean grass skirt in "Bright Lights." (Reserve your seats now!) And now Dorothy has no suppressed desires.

Columbia Pictures probably look upon the film colony as 'one big happy family.' At any rate, they seem to be working at it cinematically. They are making "Sisters," with Sally O'Neil and her sister, Molly O'Day; and they have secured the screen rights to "Brothers," the play which starred Bert Lytell on the Broadway stage last season. Yes, Bert will play in the talker.

Fay Wray and Gary Cooper are co-starring again in "The Texan." And so are Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes—they will be seen in "The Runaway Bride." Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Janis are teamed again in "The Singer of Seville." And, of course, Richard Arlen and Mary Brian, the most consistent co-stars, are together again in "Light of the Western Stars."

Fashion models have found their voices at last. They talked in a recent Fox Movie-tone News. New voices as well as faces for the screen. Fifth Avenue Studios are training girls to be mannequins. Will they give them diction and voice culture next?

VITAPHONE

JOINS TWO JOYOUS STARS IN ONE GREAT COMEDY SPECIAL



Funniest thing on four feet—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner . . .

Teaming for the first time, in a picture teeming with laughs!

"HOLD EVERYTHING" held all hilarity records in its one-year run on Broadway . . .

Now here it is on the talking screen, with every riotous roar retained by Vitaphone.

"'Hold Everything' is a riot . . . rich and rare" . . . "full of the best 'gags' ever developed"—say famous newspaper experts who have seen it.

But don't take their word for it.—See for yourself!

Use the Vitaphone sign as a guide to the best of good times. It appears only on pictures produced by Warner Bros. and First National Pictures. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

WARNER BROS. present

HOLD EVERYTHING

ALL IN TECHNICOLOR with

JOE E. BROWN ★ WINNIE LIGHTNER

Georges Carpentier ★ Sally O'Neil ★ Dorothy Revier

Abe Lyman and His Band



Confessions of the Fans

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes July 10, 1930. Letters in praise of SCREENLAND are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send your Confessions to the Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

In four different countries of the old world, I have found moving pictures my best friend. Pictures have talked to me and I have understood them in every land even though I was not able to understand the language of that land.

When in 1923 I found myself in this country, alone, unable to speak a word of English and desperately lonely, with no one who cared and nothing in the world to live for, it was to motion pictures I turned for comfort. For one picture especially I give thanks, as it kept me from utter destruction in one large city on a cold and cheerless Christmas eve.

The wonderful realistic pictures of life I found more necessary at times than food, and certainly more helpful. Pictures have put me in a different land, a land of romance and happiness. There is a world of knowledge and teaching in them, ours for the taking.

Now that I am really happy for the first time in my life, I need pictures to keep me happy; and an unwritten agreement makes my husband and me loyal fans for always.

Mrs. Joan Turnblad,
Detroit Lakes, Minn.,
Box 235

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

Many have wondered what Ali Baba saw when he pronounced those magic and potent words, 'Open Sesame.'

I know what he saw, I've pronounced those selfsame words, only in my language. They are 'One, orchestra, please,' and immediately I am ushered into a fairy cavern of untold treasure.

There I have found spring, and sunshine and love. There I have found winter, and hearts snowed under, bejewelled with sharp crystal—and age. I have found pearls of tears, and diamond smiles—golden hearts and voices of silver.

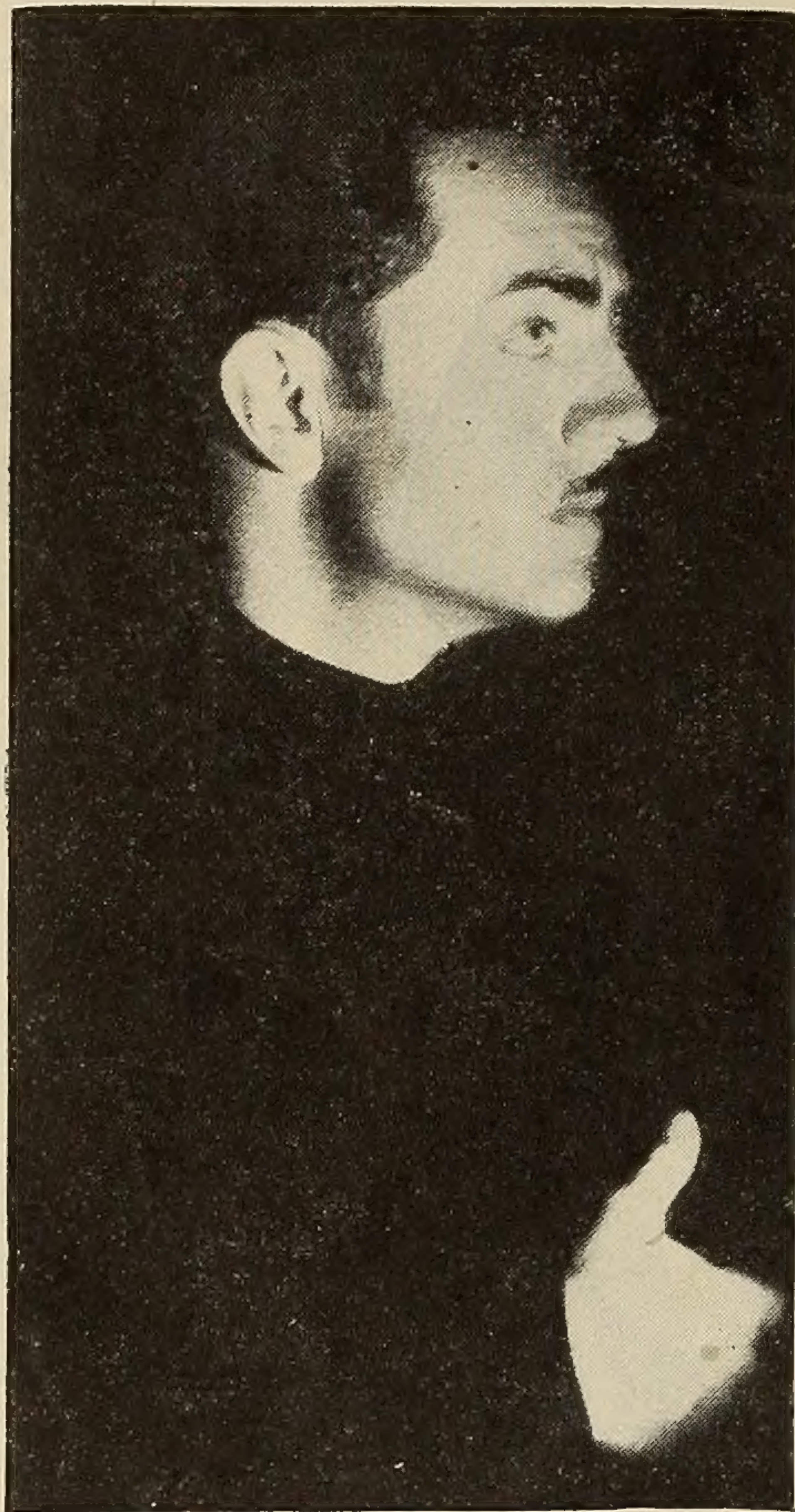
I see there the rich silks of pride which tear so easily, and the frank incense and myrrh of hope which permeates and sweetens the vast coffer of life which holds all this treasure.

These are the contents of the cavern. These are the treasures Ali Baba saw and these are the treasures I have seen. With the magic pass word I enter this fairy cavern, and when I have enjoyed its treasures to the utmost I depart from it, a wiser and better girl.

Grace de la Croix,
222 J. L. House,
Newcomb College,
New Orleans, La.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

As a lover of the screen, here is my can-



Do we like William Powell best as man of the world, or as crook, detective or racketeer? We don't know, but we like him, and so do all the fans.

did opinion of it. I love to live—full, invigorating, progressive living—and to me, the motion picture is life. If motion pictures today are not life with all its sublimity and degradation, its crushing disappointments and surprising progress, its hellish passions and electrifying emotions, its damning sins and its blessed hopes for the future, then there's no such thing as life! We are senseless puppets in a crazy distorted condition if the motion picture is not life.

The motion picture to me is a great demonstration field. Marshalled in bold array upon that field are the gigantic enterprises of masterful minds for me to study; the splendid achievements of science for me to appreciate and for my inspiration; the sublime thoughts of this old world in gorgeous masterpieces of art, craft and profession; the idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of the genius—their glory and their ignominy making up the challenging technic of living! These are my own because of the motion picture!

Instruction, inspiration, culture, achievement—how to 'look up and laugh and love.' How to live!

M. T. Tucker, Jr.,
Bonded Tire Co.,
Concho at Oakes,
San Angelo, Texas.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

Even our grandparents, with their rigid ideas of the simple life, realized the necessity of some form of amusement, in proof of which we have the expression, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' which they coined and handed down to us.

In this generation, we are all agreed that amusement is a vital need and that our ability to play increases our ability to work. As an individual and as a mother, I assert that there is no form of amusement that compares with moving pictures. They are entertaining and instructive, which is a rare combination. They are reasonably priced. Here in our city, we have some rarely beautiful moving picture houses, while each neighborhood has a smaller, less expensive house where the same pictures are shown. I unhesitatingly say that I have learned more of geography and history from pictures than I ever learned in school.

Mrs. Arthur H. Bryde,
217 E. St., S.E.,
Washington, D. C.

Page Dr. Vizetelly

One of my strongest reactions to the talkies is the joy of hearing English spoken, not garbled. I'm sure it will have a certain effect in time—as did the legitimate stage in the long ago. People become careless in this turmoil of such a life as we lead down on the main streets of the big towns and the little towns, and we get to taking short cuts in our language and picking up slang until we speak a language scarcely recognizable as English.

To hear Ruth Chatterton, Ronald Colman, Clive Brook and H. B. Warner and many others makes one swear to turn over a new leaf and speak clear, clean-cut English, and I don't mean with a broad Harvard accent, or a clipped London air. What delightful players they are, and how much more delightful when one can hear them speak. None of them would win a silver cup at a beauty show, but they are there with the brains, and the skill and the charm, which is greatest of all.

Joy O'Hara,
Santa Rosa,
Cal.,
Box 343

Ruth Chatterton a Good Example

It has been a long admitted fact that the silver screen has influenced to a great extent the dress and manner of the American middle class public. Now comes the talking screen and we are given glorious opportunities of hearing the English language spoken as it should be. No one, hearing Ruth Chatterton from the screen could fail to admire her lovely voice and the nice inflection given each word. More than one loud-voiced flapper heard her and



Daring, Dramatic!
All-Color, All-Powerful!

"Bride of the Regiment"

Her bridegroom's life, or
her own disgrace—which
should she choose?

Torn from her royal hus-
band on her wedding day,
must she give her FIRST
KISS to the handsome
rogue who held her bride-
groom captive?

You'll find an amazing
answer in this story of the
strangest wedding night any
bride has ever known!

All-Star, All-Color, All-Luxurious,
prepare for entertainment extraor-
dinary when the sign on your theatre
says, "Here comes the BRIDE OF
THE REGIMENT!"

7 Stars for
the price of one!

★ ★ ★

VIVIENNE SEGAL
ALLAN PRIOR
WALTER PIDGEON
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A John Francis Dillon production,
based on the operetta, "The Lady in
Ermine" by Rudolph Schanzer and
Ernest Welisch. "Vitaphone" is
the registered trademark of The
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WITH 100% TECHNICOLOR



Ruth Chatterton has won thousands of followers since her first screen appearance, and her popularity steadily increases.

secretly resolved to use her as their model in the future. And is that not an accomplishment?

In the last year, I have not only seen the best possible in stories on the screen, but I have heard the best voices in this country, truly and perfectly reproduced. What a boon to the average man and woman. Such voices as Dennis King's, Lawrence Tibbett's, John Boles' and countless others, all at prices which they can afford to pay. Three cheers for the talking screen!

Mabel Sides,
38' N. Euclid Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Those Regulation Endings

I believe the achievement of greatest significance attained by motion pictures is the adoption of better and more appropriate endings. We became tired of the old idea of seeing nearly every picture end with everyone contented and satisfied. It is not natural or true to life. Yet, if we wish to take home and practise a good moral we have learned from the picture, the outcome must be logical.

With recent plays, the authors, wisely enough, have left a few incidents untold, stressed a good moral and left something for the fans to think about. In this way, the pictures are not easily forgotten and they fit in better with our own unfinished lives. This welcome change has been more pronounced since the coming of the Vitaphone.

Mark A. Nettesheim,
Pewaukee, Wis.

A Bouquet for Lois Wilson

Why do we like talking pictures? Because, until the advent of sound it never had been our privilege to see such an assemblage of beautiful women, splendid men, famous singers and dancers as we can see now almost any day. And because—well—trying to tell why we like certain things is like trying to tell why we love our parents and children and animals and flowers and beautiful sunsets and all the things that belong in our lives and that make life worth living.

And to try to explain why we like certain stars is almost as difficult. I admire

Greta Garbo and other great ones of the screen and worship at their shrine. But into my heart has crept the image of a sweet and charming actress and implanted there is a sincere desire to see and hear her in many more pictures. I love her voice and her winning ways. To me she is like the fragrance of the violet after the cloying sweetness of hot-house flowers. So here's to the spirit of romance and happiness—Lois Wilson.

Burton Holcombe,
Kissimmee, Florida

An Appreciation

I have just seen William Powell in his first starring picture, "The Street of Chance" and I want to say that in it, he did some of the finest acting the screen has witnessed in a long while. In his portrayal he achieved dramatic heights without resorting to any theatrical display. His death scene was a marvel for brevity and simplicity which did not at all lessen the poignant appeal of it. A natural sincerity is the predominant note in William Powell's acting, that—and the intangible something which stamps him a great artist.

Here's to William Powell! In his well-earned stardom may the rôles that come his way be worthy of his fine intelligence of delineation.

Pauline Lontz,
30 So. Euclid Ave.,
Pasadena, Calif.

Screen Satisfies Need

Romance and adventure are still with us, despite the confining advances of a modern civilization.

By day, I am a chemist, engaged in exacting labors. By night, I am what I wish to be. Comfortably seated in the theater I thrill to the masterly deductions of the great detective; by degrees I lose my detachment; and revel as the master mind for a fleeting hour. Or, if the mood sways with me, I follow the glamorous trails to the golden Southwest, where, in the purpled distance, the dim fixity of mountain range becomes a solace and release from care.

I go to the sea in ships. I thrill to the wild frenzy of wind and wave. I take my trick at the helm and, teetering in a stiff breeze, set my course by the silent, immutable stars.

Perchance I must trail in the vast Northwest, where emerald pines brood, blue lakes ripple in the hard yellow sunshine and the defiant peaks tower into the very maw of heaven.

Whatever the life I wish to lead for a brief hour, the movies are waiting. And then, safe through a thousand perils brought, I am ready to return to the mundane world and meet difficulty, even as my screen heroes.

Eugene W. Blank,
134 Frazier Street,
State College, Pa.

Unsung Stars of Filmdom

Why do we hear so little about such personages as Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, the Warner brothers, Carl Laemmle, the late Marcus Loew and other prominent motion picture producers? In the glamour of the screen world today with its countless stars and lesser stars, the producers remain largely in the background; yet they are the real, unsung stars of filmdom.

Since the beginning of motion pictures the one mutual desire of successful producers has been to please the public, regardless of cost. Pictures have arisen from

crude, unimportant affairs to the almost unbelievable pinnacle that they occupy among the foremost accomplishments of today. Sound and technicolor are two milestones of progress that have been passed. Experiments are being made daily that will result, eventually, in a still greater betterment of pictures. And, fortunately, prices of admission to present-day masterpieces are within the reach of practically everyone.

Let us know more about the men who have exerted untiring effort, who have expended and risked and sometimes lost fortunes to make pictures humanity's supreme entertainer.

E. C. Furtick,
State Park, S. C.

Is Silence Golden?

To be sure I was not being biased and old-fashioned I have missed but few talking pictures in the past year, and I am convinced they are a poor substitute for the beauty and realism of the silent pictures. To me, there is the same difference there is in enjoying a book to oneself and in having someone read that book aloud to me.

I have found some of the pictures nerve-racking, especially the sound news. And why must they flash the title on the screen and then have some one speak it?

In the year I find a few that stand out. Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Hollywood Revue," "Wolf of Wall Street," "Girl from Havana." Even these cannot hold the interest as Garbo does in her silent pictures, or as Ramon Navarro in "The Pagan."

I dare say I sound bitter, as I am. My favorite diversion is absolutely ruined and I must turn to the speaking stage. Why can't the film industry at least let us be choosers? They could make first a talkie, then a silent picture, saving the 'canned' music for the towns which cannot have the wonderful orchestras we have in the cities.

Bertha K. West,
1406 Merriman Ave.,
New York City.

(Continued on page 128)



Lois Wilson has always been a favorite. Her pleasant voice was one of the first to be heard in sound pictures.

Over
100,000,000
Sold!

Think of it! In ten years we have sold over one hundred million Little Blue Books in every land on the globe. Not a trashy, cheap book in the lot. Join the throngs of Little Blue Book readers! Get the Little Blue Book-habit! The world's lowest price—5c per book, delivered to any address in the world!

Educate yourself—entertain yourself—enlighten your mind—develop your character—learn about ideas, about life, about love, about passion, by reading Little Blue Books!

Love

- 6 Love and Other Tales
- 24 Kiss and Other Tales
- 74 Physiology of Sex Life
- 84 Love Letters of a Nun
- 87 What is Love?
- 98 How to Love
- 172 Evolution of Sex
- 175 Hindu Love Book
- 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
- 199 French Prostitute's Sacrifice. Maupassant
- 203 Love Rights of Women
- 222 Vampire. Kipling
- 250 Romeo and Juliet
- 317 A Night Flirtation
- 540 Tales of Passion
- 672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
- 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
- 746 Daughter of Eve
- 817 Her Burning Secret
- 892 Follies of Lovers
- 987 Art of Kissing
- 1045 A Mad Sweetheart
- 1089 Common Sense of Sex
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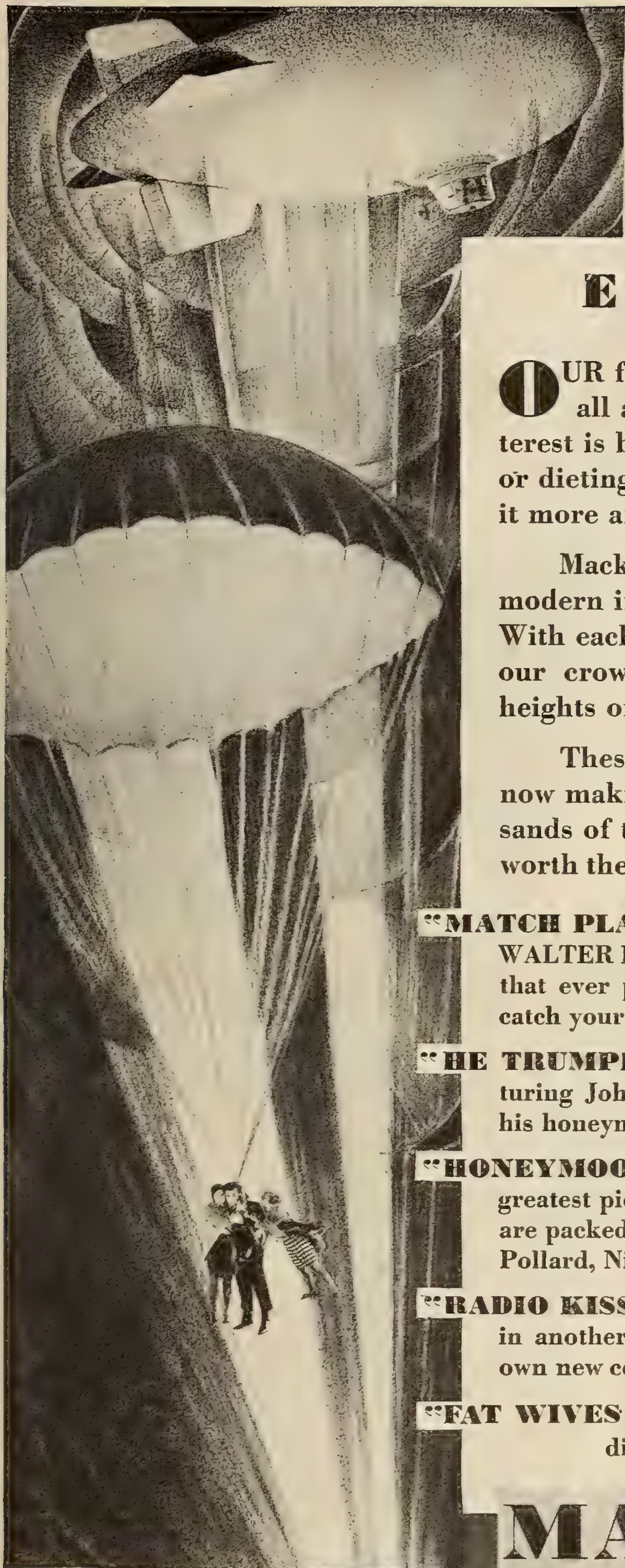
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GIRARD, KANSAS



Three Little Bennetts

Left, the Big Bennett named Constance; center, the Littlest Bennett named Joan; and right, the Middle-sized Bennett named Barbara. The Three Little Bennetts lived in a little house in the country—in Palisades, New Jersey, in fact. Mama and Papa Bennett were on the stage. And when the three little Bennetts grew up they, too, turned their thoughts to the theater. Constance packed her bags and went to Hollywood and made good. She then quit pictures for a matrimonial cruise but later returned to her first love and made a snappy come-back. Barbara learned to dance for the stage but when the talkies put in their appearance, Barbara—Mrs. Morton Downey—spoke her little piece for the screen and did very nicely, too. Joan made a hit in her first talkie and is still going strong. And thus, children, ends the success story of the three little Bennetts so far.



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"HONEYMOON ZEPPELIN"—Many will consider this Sennett's greatest picture, because of the marvelous action and thrills that are packed in between the laughs. With Marjorie Beebe, Daphne Pollard, Nick Stuart, Edward Earle.

"RADIO KISSES"—Miss Beebe, George Duryea and Rita Carewe in another ultra modern farce that introduces Mack Sennett's own new color photography.

"FAT WIVES FOR THIN"—a laugh feast on the perils of modern diets, with Miss Beebe, George Barraud and Andy Clyde.

MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., E. W. HAMMONS, President
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SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



As "The Man from Blankley's" John Barrymore revels in a delicious rôle. It is a comedy of surprises; and if you have seen Mr. Barrymore only in his more serious rôles you will marvel that this great actor can be so many-sided and continuously amusing.

To see and hear John Barrymore in his latest talking picture is a novel experience no screen spectator should miss.



A caricaturist's impression of the far-famed profile of John, crown prince of the royal theatrical family, the Barrymores.



Barrymore is at his quizzical best as the slightly inebriated gentleman who attends the wrong dinner party in a thick fog—the London variety and his own. There are complications which afford John an opportunity to discard dignity and just have a good time.

Dedicated
to
JOHN BARRYMORE,
Comedian

YOU know all about Barrymore the dramatic actor. You have seen him in such serious pieces as "The Sea Beast"; you have applauded his fine Richard III. in "The Show of Shows"; you admired him as "General Crack." But now we wish to call your attention to another Barrymore. This time it is John Barrymore, comedian-star of "The Man from Blankley's," who invites your appreciation and merits your applause.

John Barrymore made his screen debut years ago as a funny man. He was a real riot in such comedies as "The Man from Mexico." Then he went back to the stage, to become its leading tragic actor. When he returned to the screen he was a distinguished dramatic star with "The Jest" and "Hamlet" to his credit. And he continued in the deep and dreary drama. Then his sense of humor asserted itself. He would do a talking comedy—just for a change. The result is "The Man from Blankley's," in which he is suave and subtle and very, very funny. We can't help hoping that Barrymore, the comedian, will occasionally triumph over Barrymore, the tragedian. We appreciate great acting; but we love a man who makes us laugh!

A PANIC OF LAUGHS



The Perfect Comedy Team
Marie DRESSLER
and **Polly MORAN** in

CAUGHT SHORT



with
**ANITA
PAGE**

Adaptation and
Dialogue by
WILLARD MACK
Directed by
**CHARLES F.
RIESNER**
Suggested by
**EDDIE
CANTOR'S**
book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street — from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn—and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, don't, DON'T miss seeing "Caught Short".



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



The \$1,500 Dress

PROBABLY the most expensive dress ever owned by any girl, even a screen star, is Norma Shearer's, which she wears in "The Divorcée." It's worth its weight in gold! Real gold, assaying 14 karat, was woven into the cloth that Adrian, the designer, used to make the gown. Shown at the right are Adrian's original sketches, including a view of the 'winged' back.



SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

JUST as we get all keyed up to the fact that Voices are the Thing, along comes no less an authority than Professor Florenz Ziegfeld with an entirely different idea. Ziegfeld, you must know, has 'succumbed' to the screen and is now in Hollywood helping to translate his stage success, "Whoopee," into terms of talkies. Of course, the moment the Professor arrived in California people began to pester him as to the real secret of feminine beauty. You see, Ziegfeld is supposed to know a thing or two about girls, since he features dozens of the prettiest in his shows. So whenever he lets himself go on the subject, everybody listens. Here's the latest:

☞ "A good nose, I think," says Mr. Ziegfeld, "is the most important feature a girl can have." Mr. Ziegfeld! You don't mean to tell us! A nose? Now the most passionate and profound admirers of the Ziegfeld extravaganzas report that although they carry away with them very charming and complete impressions of Flo's entertainments, they couldn't for the life of them tell you five minutes later whether the beautiful blonde on the end in the front row has a Grecian or a Roman nose, whereas they can tell you a lot of other things about her, including her telephone number. No, Mr. Ziegfeld, it won't do. A nose really matters very little one way or another to a Hollywood ingenue, anyway—unless she talks through it.

☞ We're signing up all the Best People. The two latest to join our happy screen family



are George Gershwin and Joseph Urban. You know George "Rhapsody in Blue" Gershwin. He's to compose music directly for the screen. Not just adapt his musical comedy successes or direct his "Rhapsody," but sit right down at the piano and write brand-new stuff especially and exclusively for Fox pictures. That's something to look forward to.

☞ Joseph Urban, scenic genius of the Ziegfeld shows and the Metropolitan Opera, will design the sets for two Fox films: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," which will star Will Rogers; and "The Man Who Came Back," with Charlie Farrell. Soon those little eyes and ears of ours will become so accustomed to the very best in music and art from the movies that we'll refuse to accept substitutes. We'll become as keen patrons of the arts as the Italians or anybody. All we need is a little experience, and we're getting it from the screen.

☞ And we don't have to be bored getting cultured, either. We can sit in comfortable cushioned seats, at a low admission price, and look at and listen to interpretations by painless artists. The great music will be sung by pretty young things with slim figures. No fat opera stars allowed. Before they can become screen bets, they have to reduce. Then, when they are as svelte and handsome as Garbo and Novarro, and not before, they can warble for the 'mikes.' We're particular, but we're nice to work for!

D. E.

NO BEAUTIES in Hollywood?

By Thomas Talbott

"I FOUND scarcely a real beauty in Hollywood," said Olive Snell.

Catty? Not at all! Miss Snell is herself an extremely attractive woman, besides being an eminent and impartial judge of beauty in all its many phases. She has painted beautiful women of Europe and America; studied them, selected them. She knows what she is talking about!

"Beauty," continued Miss Snell, "is not a mere matter of having the proper number of regular features set at the proper angle in a properly proportioned face. Beauty is often a quality which the undiscerning eye cannot immediately see but the discerning mind can instantly sense.

"For that reason, a portrait painter must be a combination psychologist and medium, able to penetrate the envelope of flesh in which a sitter hides his inner self from the world. A portrait painter must not only be able to penetrate this envelope, but he must also have the ability instantly to select from the many intricate qualities he discovers there, the one composite characteristic which he

can catch on canvas exactly to express the personality of his subject. Otherwise, the sitter might just as well have a park photographer snap his likeness on a ha' penny card."

Miss Snell is one of the two most famous women portrait painters in England, and has painted a larger number of beautiful women and distinguished men, from Mayfair to Mandalay and back, than any other contemporary artist. Some of her sitters include the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the former Queen of Greece, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, and many others whose names are listed in the *Almanac de Gotha*. And now she has seen and sketched the colorful Hollywood stars.

If you could look around the walls of Miss Snell's studio and see her Hollywood paintings, you would be



Joan Crawford strongly resembles the Aubrey Beardsley type. Her mobile features reflect all the passing emotions from which masterpieces of beauty are created.



Gloria Swanson—a supreme challenge to the artist, not because of her beauty alone but by virtue of a subtle charm.

surprised, for you wouldn't recognize any of your Hollywood favorites as the screen portrays them. Miss Snell has discarded their superficial masks and pierced to the core of their personalities.

We see Lilyan Tashman as a white panther. Evelyn Brent as a princess. Myrna Loy as a sensitive artist.

Sounds Incredible, Doesn't It? But Olive Snell, Famous Artist, has a New Slant on our Screen Stars. Read her Impressions

Marion Davies as a fascinating *gamine*. Joan Crawford as an Aubrey Beardsley character. Young Douglas Fairbanks, the sophisticated, as a shy bow-boy, but far from a blind one. Loretta Young as a Madonna.

Although Olive Snell has visited America before and has painted many of the well-known American beauties of the day, this is her first trip to Hollywood. And it has been an amazing experience, for, as she says, "Hollywood is a joke—but it's not funny."

It was a great transposition for this famous British painter when she left her quiet country house in Devonshire to go to Hollywood, where in the flower and vegetable market she calmly sat on a camp stool, with her husband's man servant behind her, and called out: "Lawrence, a little of the yellow ochre, please"—as the startled natives watched her transfer this colorful spot to her canvas. For Miss Snell's life has been spent far from the mad whirl of the screen.

For that reason, it seems to me that she is one of the fairest judges of Hollywood beauty since she brings to the question an open mind. It is all fresh to her as it



Dorothy Wilding, London

Olive Snell has painted a larger number of lovely women and distinguished men, from Mayfair to Mandalay and back, than any other contemporary artist. And now the colorful personalities of Hollywood are her models.

could never be to us who have grown up with the cinema industry.

Olive Snell came into the world under a happy star. She was born the daughter of a country gentleman, lived her life until womanhood almost entirely in the beautiful English countryside, made her debut in London, and later married Major Eben Pike, of the Grenadier Guards. From this marriage there are three children—David, Penelope and Christian. Only after her children were born, did Mrs. Pike become a student and protégée of the celebrated artist, Augustus Johns, and develop into one of Great Britain's foremost painters.

"The loveliest women in Hollywood according to professional beauty standards," Miss Snell explained, "are possibly Corinne Griffith, representing the languid blonde type, and Billie Dove, representing the lush brunette. And yet they interested me less than the others. I am little concerned with mere formal beauty. A male painter probably would select either Miss Dove or Miss Griffith as true beauties because he would judge them with his emotions instead of from a detached, aesthetic viewpoint. And certainly, emotionally both of these stars exude an aura of beauty. But a woman portrait painter does not allow herself to be swayed by personal emotion or influenced by the magnetism emanating from a sitter. Any woman, painter or no, must necessarily see feminine beauty from a different angle than men do.

"Two women on the west (Continued on page 124)



Pretty, gentle Loretta Young, whose eyes hold the concentrated peace of all the Madonnas since the beginning of time—a symphony of happiness and charm.

Hollywood Makes You Young *Says George Arliss*

An Interview by Rosa Reilly

GEORGE ARLISS!

You have seen him in "Disraeli" and "The Green Goddess." You may have seen him on the stage. You know he is one of the great actors of his day, and you have probably heard that his two talking pictures have made him a great commercial success at motion picture theater box-offices the world over.

But what do you really know about Arliss? Isn't he a vague, shadowy figure—a mysterious being who manages to recreate characters in an inimitable manner but whose real personality remains hidden? Now that George Arliss is becoming such a favorite with screen audiences he must emerge from his rôles and meet his public. The movie fans want to know the

idols they worship. Mr. Arliss, you must step up and meet the folks!

Mr. Arliss is not often interviewed. Once having attained his eminence—which includes an autobiography and international renown—a star is entitled to considerable aloof seclusion. But on this occasion Mr. Arliss found himself being interviewed. And being very charming about it.

Although I had heard of Arliss all my life, I had never met him. I rather expected an austere person who would deal sonorously with the glories of the past, hit talking films a good kick, and end with a dissertation on the beauties of the legitimate 'dramma.'

I got a first-class shock!

Arliss is young! I don't mean in years. (He has been on the

George Arliss—one of the greatest actors of our times, who has kept faith with the finest traditions and still kept pace with the march of dramatic events. And now he is the outstanding artistic and commercial hit of the talkies.



stage for forty.) But he looks years younger in person than he does in photographs. His skin is as clear and as pink as a boy of twenty. His eyes shine. He has no wrinkles whatsoever.

His figure is thin and supple. His hands are firm, sensitive, beautifully shaped. In fact, his whole appearance was so youthful that I couldn't get on with my interview. I had the bad manners to stop and ask him how he managed to keep so young.

"Being on the stage has kept me from growing old," Arliss was good enough to answer. "And," he added, "working in talking pictures in Hollywood is helping to keep me young."

"When you are on the stage or working in pictures, you are taken out of yourself. You do not have any time to think about your own troubles or ailments. You go to the theater (and when I say theater, I use it in its larger sense meaning both stage and screen) you may feel like the devil. But you put on your make-up, and by the time you have been playing a few minutes, you feel fine. Anybody who is engaged in creative work that they love is bound to feel young."

We know that is true. Eleanore Duse was a striking example. Sarah Bernhardt another. The latter was over seventy when she made the film "Camille."

However, the cases of Duse and Bernhardt were different from that of Arliss. They were old but gave the illusion of youth on the stage. Arliss plays mature men on the stage, but when he steps through the stage door into the harsh light of day, he doesn't give you the illusion of youth, he makes you feel the reality of it, as borne out by his own mental and physiological characteristics.

Mr. Arliss had just returned from a vacation in England to start on his new talking picture, "Old English." When he landed, he said: "Although I am devoted to the stage and always plan to do one play a year, at least, I really like talking pictures."

"I feel," he continued, "that the legitimate stage will help the talking screen and the talking screen will be of benefit to the stage. One of the most important ways in which the theater can assist talkies is due to the fact that the stage is the 'trying out ground' for the screen. Many of the better films have evolved from successful stage productions."

"Talking pictures, on the other hand, will eliminate from the legitimate theater commonplace and inferior plays."



An impression of the distinguished star in "Disraeli," one of the most successful motion pictures ever produced.



Mr. Arliss as the humorously sinister Rajah in "The Green Goddess," his enormously popular stage and screen rôle.

It is impossible for the legitimate stage to play at film prices. They are bound to charge more money. And when they charge more, they are bound to give the public its money's worth in entertainment.

"While talking pictures also bring fine entertainment to many millions, there will always be those people who will want to see flesh and blood actors. Then, too, there will always be plays which will not be considered a good choice for talking pictures; plays that are de-

vised to appeal to a more or less limited audience. But the fact that talking pictures are so good will keep the theater on its mettle, impel it to be better than it is now.

"The potentialities of talking pictures are even now unguessed. It is not as though some little man were hidden in a room making experiments all to himself. Instead, there are many rich corporations paying large sums of money for experimental purposes. Improvement is bound to come rapidly."

"The mechanical improvement is what is most necessary. Already the producers have procured good actors, fine directors, excellent technicians. But the voices of the actors must be reproduced as they really are."

"For instance: do you know that at the present time, the microphone can only pick up approximately one-third of the modulations of the human voice? As the mechanical contrivance is improved, a greater variety of these modulations can be reproduced, making the tone more natural."

"Another point which producers are only beginning to discover is that moving picture audiences are willing to listen as well as look. Formerly the heads of film corporations used to think that audiences would not listen to conversation. I think the future of talkies is going to be far more interesting soon because those in charge are going to rely so much more on real literature than on pictures. The spoken word will actually be used to a large extent."

"Of course, playing in talkies and playing on the screen are two different media. But I never lose patience when I am making a picture for I realize I am dealing with a machine, not a human."

"Sometimes on the stage, an actor feels like becoming impatient when his audience is unintelligent, when they laugh in the wrong place, or something of the sort. For they are human and should know better. However, it is no good to get impatient with a machine which is really what the talking picture is."

(Continued on page 125)

THE FIRST INTERVIEW EVER GRANTED BY GEORGE ARLISS TO ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE! READ THE GREAT ACTOR'S OPINIONS OF HOLLYWOOD AND TALKING PICTURES

HOW ARE YOUR

This is the New Salutation in Hollywood, where the Voice is the Thing

IF EVER you've lived in Italy you would think yourself there again to walk through the streets in Hollywood these singing days. The tree-top tenors and the sidewalk sopranos *me-me-me, ah-ah-ah,* and *dough-dough-dough* from sunrise to sunset. The other day I passed one of the latest sports model cars on the boulevard and from the driver's seat I heard *fish-fish-fish-fish*. Later, I learned this same screen star had been told by his teacher that Madame Sembrich found that word the most efficacious in placing her lovely voice in the right groove. My next door neighbor bellows forth "I'm spaking to you, Molly!" with an Irish brogue you could cut with an ax—he says Eva Turner, the golden-voiced soprano of the Chicago Opera, told him that this one phrase did more to place her voice than any other single exercise she knew of.

Only a few years ago, in this Bagdad of the Pacific, the stars looked upon music as a very small part of their lives, something to call upon to help them emote through a tearful scene or something to dance to. 'Tis all very different now. At every party, premiere or gathering of any sort, the musical program is a matter of foremost importance. Singing lessons, voice culture, Italian, French and German methods and the 'what have you' of the voice box are the topics of discussion among the groups of picture players everywhere.

Some of the greatest actresses of the stage, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Laura Hope Crews, Nance O'Neil and others are teaching their sisters of the one-time silent drama the great art of speaking; and be it said to the credit of Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swan-



Gloria Swanson hitting the high c's to the accompaniment of composer Vincent Youmans. Mr. Youmans wrote the songs for Gloria's next talker, "What a Widow."

son, Bebe Daniels and others that they are making great strides in their work. Besides the time and money (which it is said comes to \$1000 a week and more for these lessons) stars everywhere are taking singing, French, Italian and Spanish lessons.

Every singing teacher in Hollywood has a different way of putting over his or her stuff. The old Italian method and the one great universal fact that all teachers agree upon is that the voice must be forward, out of the throat, and yet imbued with the strength and tone which comes from the diaphragm; added to this, a singer must be relaxed and poised—all these are hard things to teach to the average Hollywood screen player.

The character actor of other nations has looked upon singing as just as necessary to his

art as walking, fencing or even breathing; but most of our character men would have cherished a desire to punch one in the nose who had suggested to him a few years ago that he take some singing lessons. Yet now the hard-boiled, broken-nosed, scar-on-the-face gangster and gunmen of the screen walk down the boulevard with their music roll under an arm vocalizing as they walk, as unconsciously as small boys singing on the way to school!

The Voice is the thing right now in Screenland.

"How are your pipes?" is the latest salutation in Hollywood, to which the answer may be "Not so hot"; or "My pipes are frozen, how are yours?" I have heard that the title of Hollywood's most recent theme song is *Hot Pipes, I Love Thee!*

The drug stores of Hollywood say they have never done such a business on pastils, throat lozenges, oil sprays,



Grace Moore and her voice teacher, Dr. Mario Marafioti. Miss Moore is to make "Jenny Lind" as her talkie debut.

PIPES?

By
Aimée Torriani

gargles and what have you for the throat. All sorts of new and harmless glycerine drops are flooding the market. The stars are finding themselves in better health and looking younger than they did ten years ago, for if the truth were really known and understood well nigh unto eternal youth is the reward for sincere and daily work on the voice. A year in Italy attending the performances at La Scala almost nightly during the season convinced me that these Ponce De Leons of the film world might do well to note that less dieting and fewer facials and beauty treatments and more exercise and singing would bring them better and more lasting results.

My first night at La Scala, sitting in the first row attending a performance of "The Masked Ball" revealed to me a pair of legs such as I'd never seen on Broadway nor in Hollywood; while above the knees in tights to the waist and on up to the face was the most perfect figure I ever hope to gaze upon. To match this was a well-shaped face that I judged belonged to a girl in her twenties. Later, I learned that the possessor of the beautiful legs was a woman of sixty-five years, long famous in the rôle of the page in Verdi's famous opera! Journet, the superb bass baritone, is over seventy, and he could race many a man twenty-five years younger on looks, figure, and quality of voice. These are only two of the countless cases that I could cite of singers who have gained and held tight to that greatest of all life's gifts, youth.



Catherine Dale Owen didn't order chicken salad again—she just said 'prunes' with too much gusto, hence the pained expression of Nance O'Neil.

The singer who does not get fat is the healthiest and most youthful person in the world in proportion to his years; and Hollywood, always eager and ready to grasp something new, has learned this fact and all are taking to this new form of indoor sport like a rosebud takes to sunshine.

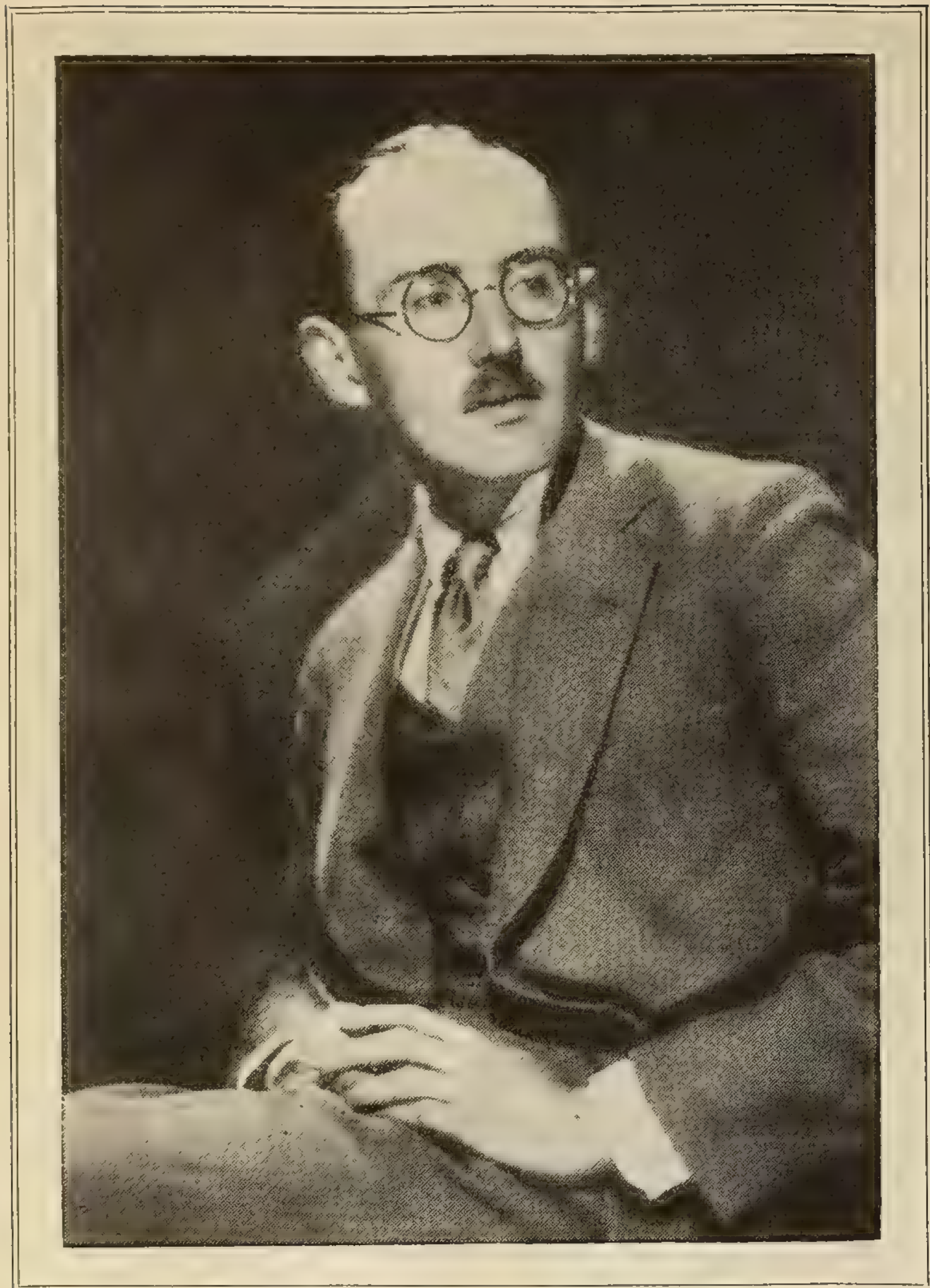
Tibbett is the Lindbergh of the talkies—he has brought to the sound screen what Lindy brought to aviation; perfection, attainment; gained not overnight nor because of any push or pull, but attainment gained from hard work, concentration and preparedness. Lawrence Tibbett gave his all to become a singer; he has studied against great odds, without the benefit of European training, yet always ready and eager to learn from those he knew had something to offer him of the truths of voice training or of operatic tradition. Hours and days, months and years of study and constant work did not seem too much for this man to give to his art, and his work in "The Rogue's Song" makes the overnight crooners look like babies competing in the Olympic Games. However, these boo-boo-poo-doo crooners have their place in the musical development of the talkies, too; and who knows, one of them may grow into a Meistersinger of the Mike!

Right now there is sort of a world pilgrimage to Hollywood—the first of its kind in our country. One might put it that there is a sort of a Shrine of Song being erected. All the song birds the world over are flying Hollywoodward.

The song writers from Broadway, from gay Paris, from Vienna, Berlin and Russia are either in, or on their way to Hollywood, for somehow the strains of the Pied Piper of song have been heard north, south, east and west. Just what will be the result of all the song children who are following the Pied Piper cannot yet be foretold, but for the moment, and it looks as though for many a moon to come, the Hollywood salutation will be: "Good morning, how are your pipes?"



Mary Pickford and Constance Collier discussing diction. Miss Collier acted as voice coach for Mary and Doug on "Taming of the Shrew."



Stephen Vincent Benet, who wrote the 100,000-word American Iliad, "John Brown's Body," went to Hollywood to do the dialogue for David Wark Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln." Read his impressions of the screen city.

A POET *goes to* Hollywood

Stephen Vincent Benet, author of "John Brown's Body," writes the dialogue for the Griffith picture, "Abraham Lincoln"

By
Rosa Reilly

WHEN Stephen Vincent Benet, the poet-author of the great American epic poem, "John Brown's Body," also the writer of the dialogue for David Wark Griffith's new talking picture "Abraham Lincoln," was asked how he felt after completing the former work, he replied: "Just like a person who has given birth to a baby grand piano."

Stephen Vincent Benet has the gift of genius. But he also has the gift of speaking in the vernacular of the man in the street. For that reason he has made a perfect scenario writer.

Perhaps your introduction to this thirty-two year old American poet will be when "Abraham Lincoln" comes to your town. At that time you will see and hear Walter Huston, the celebrated Broadway actor, as the Great Emancipator. But while the voice will be the voice of Walter Huston, the words and the soul will be the words and the soul of Stephen Vincent Benet.

It was David Wark Griffith who asked Mr. Benet to go to Hollywood, to write the dialogue for his new speaking film. After spending ten weeks on the west coast, Mr. Benet returned to New York, and it was here that I interviewed him.

He is the most difficult man from whom I ever tried to get a story. Almost inarticulate. He feels rather than speaks. To describe the real man is almost impossible. He gives out so little of himself.

Rail-thin, he is tall, tired, diffident. His personality is appealing rather than positive. The only place his genius shows is in his hands. They are thin-skinned, thin-tipped, beautiful.

Mr. Benet wore a brown suit, a blue shirt, and among

other things, thick spectacles. He smoked incessantly, and looked out of the window at the Hudson River while talking. I suspect he likes scenery better than people.

In the preface to his immortal "John Brown," Mr. Benet has described himself far better than I can. As you perhaps know, this great work was written in France, where he was sent by the Guggenheim Foundation. In the invocation, speaking of himself, he says:

"This flesh was seeded from no foreign grain
But Pennsylvania and Kentucky wheat,
And it has soaked in California rain
And five years tempered in New England sleet.

"To strive at last, against an alien proof
And by the changes of an alien moon,
To build again that blue, American roof
Over a half-forgotten battle tune.

"And call unsurely, from a haunted ground,
Armies of shadows and the shadow-sound."

In the last line, "Armies of shadows and the shadow-sound," he was, of course, speaking of the Civil War. But that line, to me, is prophetic of his entrance into the moving picture industry, for what are silent pictures but 'armies of shadows,' and what are the talkies but 'shadow-sounds'?

When I spoke to him about Hollywood, he said:

"This was my first trip to Hollywood. I went there solely to write dialogue for Abraham Lincoln. With the exception of Mr. Griffith, Mr. Huston, Douglas Fairbanks, Jean Hersholt, and the technicians—whom I very much admire—I saw nobody. I simply shut myself up in a room and wrote the dialogue. I might just as well have been in an office in Times Square, New York."

As we all know, the benevolent octopus that is the talking picture, has reached out and grasped many masters of many art forms and taken them to Hollywood to assist in making pictures. Some have done good work. More have failed. This is particularly true of novelists and dramatists. And yet, nearly every great picture has been adapted from a great novel or a great play or a great adventure by somebody who understood real dramatic craftsmanship. Take the first great picture of all—and one that is still great—"The Birth of a Nation." This was taken from Thomas Dixon's stirring novel, "The Clansman," and was adapted by Frank E. Woods and D. W. Griffith, who had a real feeling for their jobs. The same is true of "Abraham Lincoln."

In this connection, I asked Mr. Benet why it was so difficult to procure good stories for the screen. He replied:

"I am not a fair example of a writer called from another medium to write for the screen. I went to Hollywood to do a job I liked extremely, on a subject about which I had read and studied a long time.

"The question of writing for the screen is a knotty problem—one not easy to work out. It is not the fault of the writer. It is the fault of the producer, and of the public. If the public wants good stories, then the public will have to attend only good pictures, and stay away from the inferior ones. When you hit the box office, you get results.

"A producer has a certain number of theaters which have to be filled with talking films. Consequently, at the inception of the talkies, there was a tremendous demand for stories. Playhouses had to be filled. Something had to be thrown together. But now that that first rush is over, producers should have some standard of comparison and stories should improve.

"But here again, the producer has made a mistake. He pays well-known writers large sums to go out to Holly-



A romantic scene from the epic talking picture based on the life of Lincoln, with Walter Huston as the Great Emancipator and Una Merkel as Ann Rutledge, speaking the lines written by Benet.

wood and write talking picture scenarios. Many of them cannot do it. For the film scenario is distinctive from every other form of writing. You don't expect Irving Berlin to turn out a 'Tristan and Isolde,' nor do you expect Richard Strauss to write a mammy song. Therefore, why should you expect a novelist to turn out the concentrated drama which is the talking scenario?

"Many famous writing men have had no facility for writing for the stage. Henry James never could. Nor did Conrad. Dickens, in spite of his enormous interest in literature, never wrote a play. Neither did Thackeray. But Victor Hugo was a master of both. So is John Galsworthy. Owen Davis, too, is one of the few contemporary writers who can turn out both stage plays and screen plays with one hand. He can work in almost any theatrical medium.

"If a writer has a peculiar sensitivity for screen writing, he can turn out scenarios. Otherwise he has to learn the craft. And the only way this can be accomplished is by patience both on the part of the producer and on the part of the public."

I, personally, feel deeply grateful to David Wark Griffith for introducing Mr. Benet to the films. And I hope "Abraham Lincoln" is not Benet's last screen masterpiece. For more certainly than any man in America, this young poet has the power to create and re-create again the beauty, the romance, the glamour and the heart break which is America.

Having been born in the town where John Brown was hanged, having gone on many a straw ride where the old song, *John Brown's Body* was sung, I never had any clear idea of the north and the south, the east and the west, at the time of the Civil War. Having my southern eyes full of prejudice, I didn't realize that it was the soul of John Brown marching on, which fired the spark which lit the flame which started (Continued on page 127)



A noted author, the son of the British Prime Minister, and a celebrated actor meet in Hollywood. From left to right: Stephen Vincent Benet, Alister MacDonald, and Walter Huston.



The camp in the Canadian wilds where Douglas and Shirley Burden assembled their picture tribe and technical staff for the filming of "The Silent Enemy." At left (without hat) Shirley Burden.

FROM the eiderdown and golden spoons of a childhood spent as the prized darlings of the unusually rich, two sons of America's aristocracy of both culture and money, have braved the hardships of life in the forest through the long Canadian winter to secure a motion picture of the wild natural life of the North American Indian. And they did it!

The two young men, first cousins, both millionaires in their own right, are Douglas and Shirley Burden, of the better than Social Register Burdens who town-house in New York and do their estating in the grandeurs of Mount Kisco's exclusive colony.

Douglas is in his early thirties; he is slender and wiry with light brown hair and clear eyes. He is highly strung and acts quickly once he decides on an activity and with tremendous enthusiasm but with an amazing patience for detail—an artist, a scientist and a very clever young business man.

Shirley only reached his majority this year and is the most eligible young bachelor in this country. He is tall and slim with curly chestnut hair and very merry blue eyes. He admires his older cousin immensely and joined the picture expedition enthusiastically, a willing lieutenant for Captain Douglas.

Shirley Burden learned the mechanics of picture making and last summer when the cousins returned from Canada he ran the projection machine in the little theater he fitted out on the grounds of his estate while his cousin edited and titled.

The picture, an epic of an aboriginal people, is called "The Silent Enemy," the enemy being hunger which, to speak in terms of the drama, is the 'villain and the menace of the piece.' The screenplay cost \$650,000 to produce—about half of this cost going to the sound features added after the silent version was completed. Paramount is releasing it.

Douglas is an anthropologist and holds high and voluntary office in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. From an interest in ancient animals it is but a step to

MILLIONAIRE BOYS Make Good *Movie!*

an interest in ancient people. The anthropologist became fired with a keen desire to make a faithful record of the fast diminishing race of the North American Indian, and being a modern young man he turned naturally to the motion picture as his medium.

He had no technical knowledge of pictures so he went to an expert in such matters, Mr. H. P. Carver, interested him in his project, and secured his co-operation as director.

Together they searched the files and shelves of the great libraries in New York and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington for books, old manuscripts, every published and unpublished thing about Indians; for stories, legends, habits, customs, costumes, myths and religions—all the lore available to make a true and faithful picture. For, under the tutelage of Mr. Carver, the scientific narrative had developed into a story with a theme, conflict and a climax.

In the early summer of 1928 when his friends and family were departing for the gay, social life at Newport, Southampton and European resorts, Douglas Burden with Mr. Carver, left for Canada to select the locale for the picture and engage the Indians who were to be the actors.

All Eastern Canada was combed for true types and only full-blooded Indians were wanted. Whole families,



Yellow Robe, a real Indian chief and man of character, enacted the rôle of the old chief who ruled his people wisely and well.

How Two Sons of America's Aristocracy Turned Picture Producers and Made an Epic of the North American Indian

By
Pamela James



The millionaire boys from Manhattan lived in these shacks while they filmed their Indian epic, braving the hardships of a Canadian winter and arduous work. It was real fun to them.

fathers, mothers, children of all ages, grandparents and even great-grandparents when they could be found, were hired to make up the one hundred and fifty people needed to complete his picture tribe.

They traveled hundred of miles in uncomfortable and crude vehicles, over rivers and lakes in a canvas canoe and packing it as they went on foot through forests and over mountains, far into the hinterland until they found, in widely scattered places, the principal characters for the story.

The scientist and artist were perfectly blended and with the true zeal of both Burden searched until he found the types which fitted the characters he meant to portray.

Long Lance, a real chief, young, strong and handsome, was chosen for the hero.

Starlight for the heroine, and she was as pretty as her name.

Chinko, an unusual boy of twelve was a prize discovery, and his attractive personality interested his employers so much that when the picture was finished they arranged for him to enter a school to be fitted for the fine young manhood of which he gave promise.

Yellow Robe, another real chief of noble demeanor and mighty strength of face, a man of character who has been honored by the Governments of both Canada and the United States, was secured for the rôle of the old chief who ruled his people wisely and well.

Scarface for the evil medicine man, and an old Indian woman for his witch mother, took many miles of eager searching but at last they

were added to the cast—as villainous-looking as the most ardent realist could desire.

Early in September they were back in Ontario at the temporary camp where they were joined by young Shirley who had spent his summer hiring lumber jacks and laborers who were to fell trees and build the winter camp for the picture; buying supplies and materials and arranging for dog teams to bring in mail, newspapers and other necessary things when they would be established for the winter.

Mr. Carver's son, Richard, joined them with the scenario and continuity he had written during the summer and the technical staff for the picture which had already been engaged in New York.

"Then came the Indians!" The whole one hundred and fifty of them: Ottawas, Temiscamingues, Abitiys and Sioux, to be merged into one tribe for the purposes of the picture.

When everybody had arrived—Indians, lumber jacks, laborers, cooks, technicians, a dietician, a doctor, nurse, school-teacher and a priest—everybody necessary for the body, mind and soul of the people gathered together to go back into the previous century over the trails of their ancestors, the Burdens were ready to begin their mighty monument on the silver screen that the present and future generations should not forget the ancient race of the great continent of North America.

Over two hundred and fifty in all, the party moved on to the permanent camp twenty-two miles
(Cont. on page 127)



Chinko, a boy of twelve whose unusual personality makes him one of the stars of "The Silent Enemy."



A few of the Indians who play in the picture, assembled to greet the padre on a Sunday. Note the teepees at upper left and right.

WILL TALKIES AMERICAN

Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, Big Noun and Verb Man, Tells Us How the Sound Screen will Improve our Vocal Talents

As told to Gray Strider

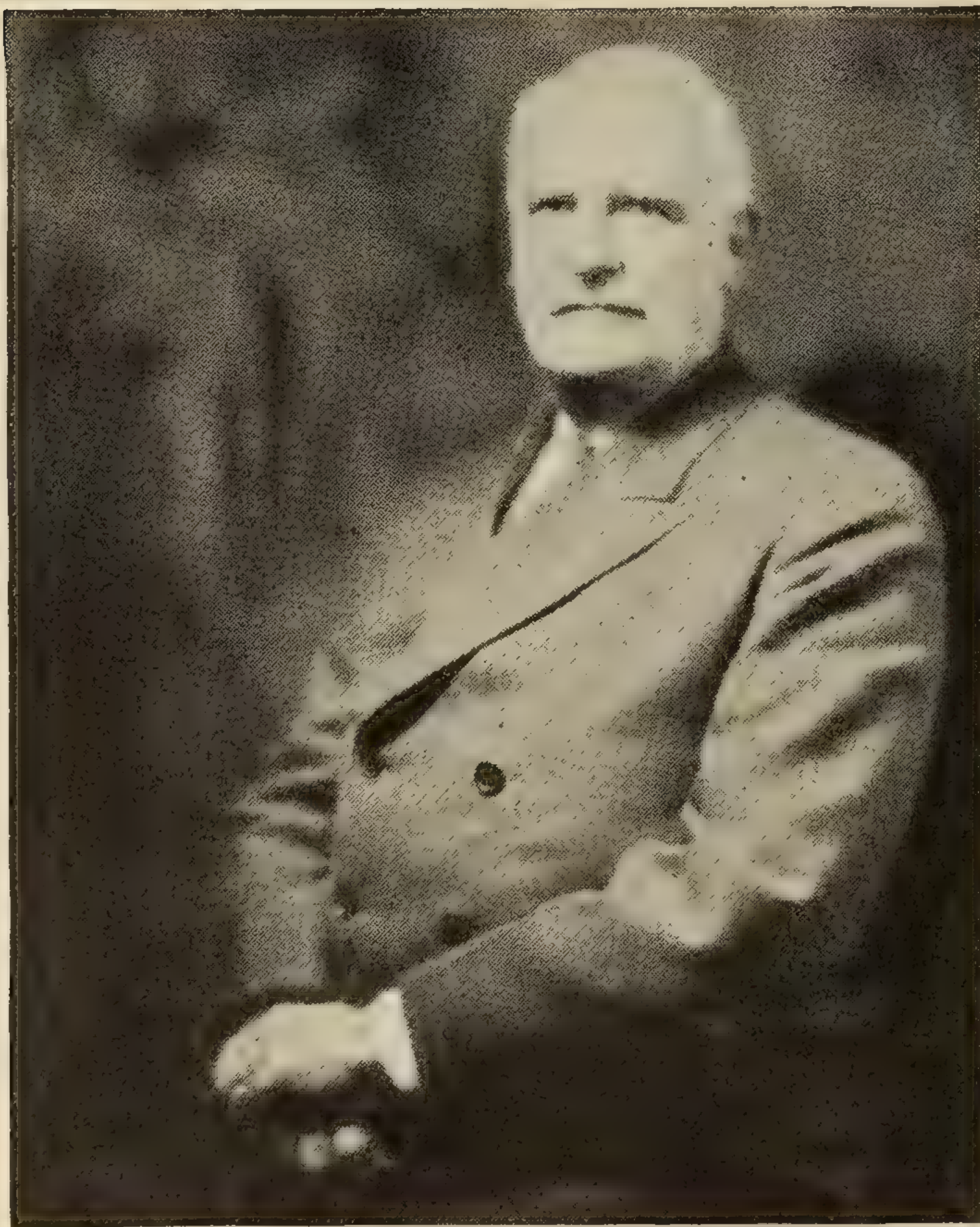
"**T**HE talking picture is bound to influence American speech," says Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, who in his far from easy lexicographer's chair, as Managing Editor at Funk and Wagnalls, has collected more than two million English words, checked them and classified them in the different categories to which they belong.

"The talking picture," continues Dr. Vizetelly, "is not only bound to influence American speech—but influence it for the better. If you wish to improve your speech, an easy way is to drop into one of the many thousands of talking picture theaters where you may hear American speech correctly spoken.

"You notice I do not say English speech, but American speech. For despite the fact that I was born in the British Isles, I consider that people here in America speak better than their British brethren. Hard and unmusical as American speech often is, nevertheless Americans sound all of the letters and do not distort the rest. They do not clip their 'g's,' use the terminal 'aws,' and the feeble 'h's' so commonly heard in England."

Dr. Vizetelly is the only man I have ever heard who comes right out and says that we Americans can hold our own verbally with the British. And he must be telling the truth. For I can't imagine any lexicographer telling a lie!

In fact, Dr. Vizetelly has re-organized my ideas of lexicographers in general. I always thought a lexicographer was an old man in a skull cap, ambling around a rose garden with his nose stuck in a musty book. But I was



He knows all the words! Dr. Vizetelly, noted lexicographer, is managing editor of Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary. Read what he has to say about the influence of talking pictures on our speech. Dr. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D., is the author of the valuable book, "25,000 Words Frequently Mispronounced."

that is a good guide for any young man or woman who wants to get ahead.

"Now by that, I don't mean that you should corrupt your speech, lapse into slang or colloquialisms or provincialisms; but I do mean that you should combine the best features of your own speech and of the speech of your educated associates.

"But here is another point to remember when you are listening to stage or screen English, with an idea of patterning your own language after it. Good speech is not the

wrong, if Dr. Vizetelly is at all indicative of the profession. This man says he is sixty-six years old. And he must be for he has been an Editor at the Funk and Wagnalls' Company for forty years, but he doesn't look more than fifty. Tall, straight, well-built, humorous, enthusiastic, his big gray head sets on his strong shoulders at a jaunty, youthful angle. He is full of jokes and common sense. And his outlook is commercial rather than high-brow, as the following incident illustrates:

"When I came over here to America forty years ago, my speech was as broad as Broadway is long. I realized immediately if I wanted to get ahead commercially, I must learn to speak in the vernacular of the men with whom I was associated. People neither like you nor understand you if you set yourself apart in any way. What may be perfectly natural to you may sound affected to them. So my first lesson learned in America was 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.' And

INFLUENCE SPEECH?

ownership of a high-flown affected accent, but good speech is the ability to speak clearly. That is the reason it is better for you to pattern your enunciation after an educated American than it is after an Oxford accent, for nearly all educated Americans speak clearly, whereas their British brethren, alas, do not always, as I explained recently in a movietone I made for Fox.

"In America, there are phonetic abysses between the 'down-easter' and the far-westerner. Chicago does not talk in Boston's vernacular; Alaska's English differs from that of Florida; and between Philadelphia and New York there are detectable differences. But, every inhabitant of the United States can understand every other inhabitant. In England, supposedly the home of pure speech, such is not the case.

"For instance: A boy from an elementary school in Edinburgh may not be able to understand a pupil of a London elementary school because each speaks in a local dialect with the local accent. For that reason, the Department of Education of Scotland has forbidden the teaching of southern English in the Scottish schools. In London, they speak of the Glasgow accent. But the Glaswegian talks of public-school English as dialect. The same is true of the Colonies.

"Australian and Canadian English differs, and the same is true of New Zealand. A friend of mine, on a visit from New Zealand said: 'I left England wondering what on earth the English voice was. In the North, tens of thousands of English men and women speak nothing but dialects. In London, I heard cockney in almost every street. In the West-End, well-bred affected tones were the general rule, with the modulations produced as if spoken around a substantial marble wobbling in the region of the tonsils.'

"There is no reason for Americans to have an inferiority complex about their speech. For faulty as many of us are, the educated person here in the States has, in general, preserved that which is best of the English pronunciation, modified in a measure by the influence on this speech of the inflections and intonations voiced by persons from other parts of this country.

"I as well as anybody realize it is difficult to speak correctly. The tendency to mispronounce is common. And I am as guilty as the next man, even after spending forty

years working to bring about correct speech.

"Very often I talk over the radio. No matter how frequently I speak, I am always a bit stage struck when I stand before the little microphone. Even after five years of radio work, when I stand there and realize I am speaking to a million people, my tongue plays tricks on me.

"Some time ago I was speaking over WOR. The word 'decade' was mentioned by me. When I finished my speech, I put on my hat and coat preparatory to leaving the studio. But before I could get out, Atlantic City called on the telephone and a gentleman there asked to speak to me. I picked up the receiver and heard him say:

"'Dr. Vizetelly, how do you pronounce "decade"?"

"'Why, "dec-ade,"'" I answered immediately.

"'That's right,' he replied. 'But you didn't say "dec-ade"; you said "de-cade"!"

"And I had. At home, as a child, among my brothers and sisters we had commonly mispronounced the word, and what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh. That is why the building up of fine, clear speech is no trifle.

"In America, there are many of us who speak badly. And it is not directly our fault. It is due to parental neglect, ignorance or indifference. Hard as school teachers may work to correct these errors, their labors are of little avail if the diction in the home is dominated by the inelegancies of the street.

"'The spoken language,' said Professor Raymond Weeks, of Columbia University, New York, 'is far more important than we believe. It has been called the garment of the soul. It is every person's duty to divest himself of a vicious accent learned in infancy and to put on in its place the . . . mantle of . . . polite pronunciation. Nothing in the world,' he continues, 'is so intimate a part of us

as our spoken words, neither clothes, nor furniture, houses, books, friends, ideas — manners even.'

"While I very much admire American speech," Dr. Vizetelly went on, "there are several grave errors which I should like to see corrected:

"1. We can not have good speech by speaking with closed nostrils. That makes our utterances sound flat and nasal, and is the fault which the British so object to in Ameri-

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

"Good speech is the ability to speak clearly.

"If you wish to improve your speech, an easy way is to drop in to one of the talking picture theaters where you may hear American correctly spoken.

"The words we think were coined specifically for the 20th century may go back hundreds of years. Take 'whoopee.' A Broadway columnist is commonly credited with coining it. But he didn't. In a 15th century manuscript, one of Henry VIII's chaplains is pictured as giving vent to 'Whooppe aloud, and thou shalt hear him blow his horn!'"

DR. FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

(Continued on page 119)



Is Eric Von Stroheim a genius, an idealist, a great director? Whatever he is, whatever he does, he is talked about. Here he is at the Warner Studios ready to answer another director's call to step on the "Three Faces East" set and do his stuff as an actor.

"MR. VON"

Portrait of Miss Garbo
by Milton Brown.

To watch the great Garbo at work on the set—that's the ambition of everyone in Hollywood and points east, north, and south. It can't be done. Garbo doesn't want people to watch her work. But SCREENLAND was privileged, and saw the star at work on "Romance." At the right: Garbo playing a scene with her new leading man, Gavin Gordon, as Clarence Brown, surrounded by his technical staff, directs her.



GARBO — "ROMANCE"

A Screenland Scoop!
On the Set with the
New Romantic Greta Garbo

By Marie House

THE pendulum has swung back. Jazz is out. The new Romantic Age is here!

We've long suspected it, the mode has more than hinted it, now Greta Garbo sponsors it. Hail "Romance!"

Imagine, if you can, the svelte Garbo in crinolines and flounces. Lilies of the valley, little curls and curtsies. Imagine the smouldering Garbo in a whimsical romance, fragile as moonbeams, sweet as an old-fashioned garden, redolent of lavender and old lace. Imagine it—of course you can!

Not a Garbo in slinky, swanky, subtle garments, not an earth-bound drab girl on a coal barge, but a lovely Garbo, all poetry, all love—but with just the right amount of purple past, you understand, for that's what Clarence Brown told me.

And would you like to peek on



A scene from "Romance," directed by Clarence Brown who also made "Anna Christie." Lewis Stone plays the friend of Madame Cavallini, the opera singer, enacted by the versatile Garbo.

the Garbo set? Well, would we like a slice of moon, we scoff. Can a duck—would we—oh, don't be silly!

Clarence Brown beckons us. The door is open, he will conduct us on the set. And who could do it better than Clarence Brown, ace director with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who brought Garbo to such a successful debut in the talkies, who helped make that tremendous hit "Flesh and the Devil." A director eminently fitted to do this charming "Romance" as the second talking vehicle for Garbo.

We are in a rectory. (Try to act at home.) The large Gothic arched windows are hung with Christmas wreaths. The snow of a winter dusk is softly falling, outside, of course. Here a fireplace with its cheerful flames, a low ottoman, an easy chair, a grand piano whose keys are mellow



Here is a new Greta Garbo! A lovely creature even more glamorous than she was in her silent films. As the Italian opera singer who takes America and the heart of a young clergyman by storm, Garbo revives the stage play, "Romance"—and romance!

Right: how do you like our Greta's new coiffure? After inspiring the girls of the world to adopt the Garbo Bob, now the great idol goes romantic and makes an old-fashioned becurled coiffure so charming that it may become the mode for 1931!



with delicate airs, minuets and polkas. Candles in their quaint old candelabras, tapers, daguerreotypes, charming old-fashioned portraits. Have you the picture? Hold it while the cameras, three of them, count them, focus for the shots. One to take 'her,' one to take 'him,' one for the twain, in this little scene between Garbo and her lover.

Here's Garbo's new leading man. You'll want to know him, Gavin Gordon, a new recruit from the stage. Discovered, if you must know, and, of course, you must, playing in "Among the Married" in a local playhouse. A tall, charming, blond young man, just now arrayed in the poetic garments of a young clergyman of the 1860's.

Garbo's, shall we say 'sit-in' reclines in the easy chair while Gordon does his stuff. A tape measure fixes distances, heights for the cameras, the microphone on its hanging crane is swung here and there to catch the conversation as it floats upwards.

Over here in the corner, behind these flimsy screens with *Keep Out* chalked in a school-boy hand, is the improvised dressing room of Greta the great. Let's peek. A chaise lounge, a dressing table, a curling iron, two books on a low stand, "Bible Studies" and "The Life of Henry James" they are, if anybody cares.

The directorial eye is everywhere. Josephine a da monk, who has quite a featured part as the particular pet of Madame Cavallini (Greta Garbo) makes herself at home on the director's arm, on his shoulder. A fascinating bit of furry monkey pep. Watch for Josephine. She'll be a hit.

Sh-s-s-s! Here comes Garbo!

Do you want to know the truth about this famous blonde from Sweden? Yes, you do. And it's practically unanimous. Well, she's sweet. She's shy but beautifully proud; she's tall and lovely, and those of you who have been catty can go to the foot of the class. Her eyelashes are real, so there! She wears black velvet, with tight-fitting bodice, long flounced skirt, short puffed sleeves. Blonde hair in a cascade of tiny curls; delicate cameo-like features. Our Greta!

We sidle up to Mr. Brown. Tell us, we wheedle, just a little of what is in store for us.

"The public will find in this picture, more of the Garbo they are used to, a different Garbo from *Anna Christie*, yet essentially the same. A sophisticated woman of the world, a lovely opera star who has a tender romance with a young clergyman. In the O'Neill drama they were earthy characters with a sordid background. Here we have somewhat the same situation, in a satin atmosphere."

And the love scenes, we breathe?

"There are scene after scene tenderly played, the more poignant because you see this famous diva, this sophisticated worldling, in these whimsical, quaint little love sequences. This is quite the first time Greta has appeared in such a setting."

We try to adjust Greta to this. And does she like it, we want to know?

"She adores these crinolines and flounces. The tiny hats. And it is a lovely story. I like it myself. I find myself enjoying it more and more."

(Continued on page 116)



Garbo in a new and different characterization, the colorful rôle of Cavallini. No, she will not sing in "Romance." Why should she when she can look like this?

BATHING
BEAUTIES
and
BEACH
FASHIONS

*Silhouette by
May Moylan.
Photograph by
Wm. Grimes.*

Speaking of Clara's summer 1930 model bathing suit, is it possible there's just one string to our Bow? Or perhaps that smart little lacing is just the tie that binds. The tie laces up the décolletage of Clara's white jersey one-piece with bright blue ribbons. Note the little red-head's new beach shoes—comfortable, with their sensible heels, but very smart, too.



Otto Dyar



Below: a glimpse of the bathing beauties encountered on the beaches in the Gay Nineties. These girls are actresses from "The Florodora Girl." From left to right: Lenore Bushman, Patricia Caron, Ethel Sykes, Ilka Chase, Marion Davies, Vivian Oakland.



Manatt





Ah, there, Leila Hyams! White is definitely popular for swim suits this season; either for the entire ensemble, as in Miss Bow's suit, or just the top, as preferred by Leila. The 'shorts' are of black jersey; made in a circular fashion, they are snug at the top and flaring toward the hem. The tuck-under tops with 'shorts' are much worn on our best beaches by some of our very smartest young things.

Hurrell

How do you like these snappy suits, not to mention caps? (No—not at the right; below! We'll get to the one at the right later on.) Quite daring in their day, those naughty little pantalettes and puffed sleeves. Hurrah, and a couple of huzzas, for 1930!



After all, there is nothing like the conventional, one-piece bathing suit, of this year or last year or the year before, particularly when owned and occupied by Lottice Howell. Miss Howell's suit is new this year; but even if it weren't!



C. S. Bull



C. S. Bull

A modern girl in a modern swim suit: Anita Page, casting her shadow before her. Anita would grace any bathing suit, but this seems to be an especially pretty one. Perfect for the jeune fille.



Hurrell

Right: oh, oh, Dorothy Jordan! You're not going to get that beautiful suit all wet, are you? Still, the bathing cap looks as if you mean business. Dorothy's suit adopts two shades of green, the top part showing a lighter shade with piping of the darker green matching the shorts.

Anita Page is so pretty that she makes any old springboard look interesting. What she really wishes is that we would go away with our old cameraman so that she could use the springboard for diving and not merely decorative purposes.



C. S. Bull



Not since the good old Mack Sennett days have we seen so many bathing beauties and diving divas! But who could sigh for the good old days when we can look at Alice White right now?



Don English

Jeanette MacDonald's single piece suit flaunts a waistline decolletage for sun-tan purposes. A narrow strap at the neck holds the suit in place, eliminating shoulder pieces that do not allow the back to sun-tan evenly. Well, we're all in favor of it.



Brown

Dots—and dash! Dot Sebastian features polka-dots in her dashing beach ensemble of white pajamas and black coat. After a bout with a beach ball there's nothing like the shade of an oversize beach umbrella.



Leila Hyams shows a rubber wristlet that fits snugly over her wrist-watch to keep water and sand out of the works. Smart idea.

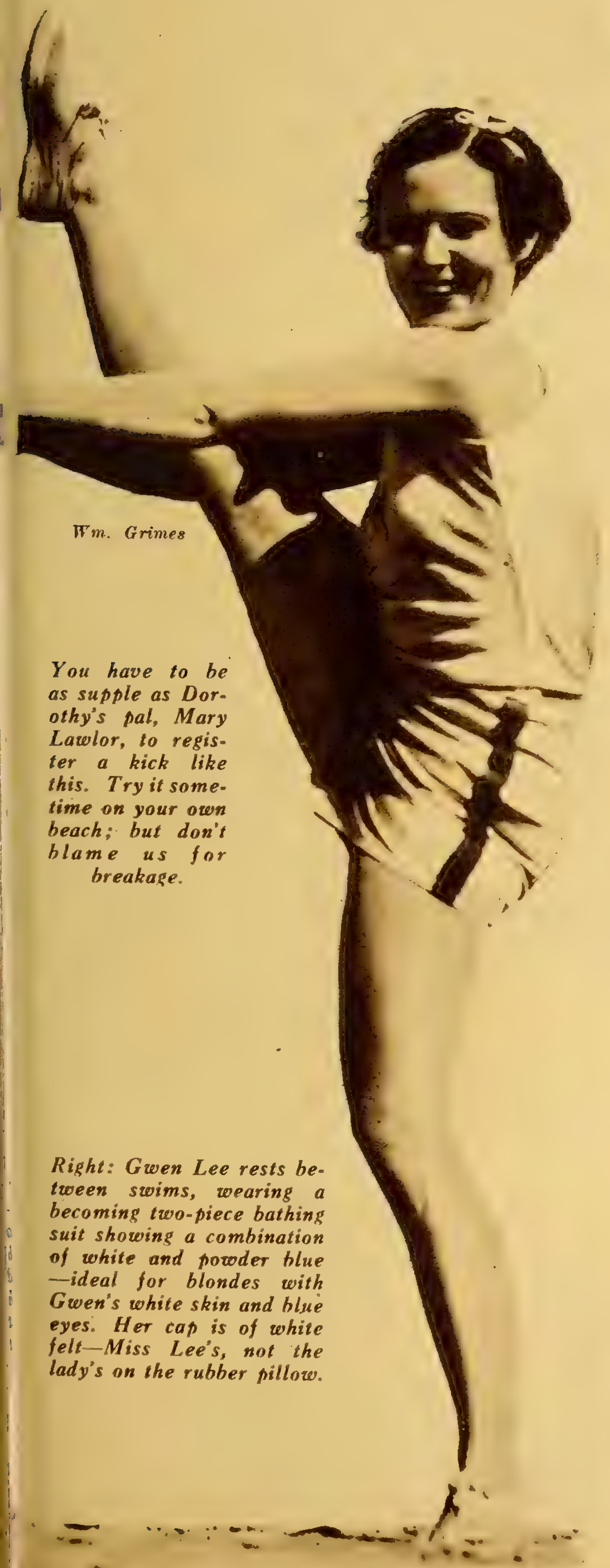


Here's what we call team work, or hands across the sea, or across the page. It takes a trained acrobatic dancer like Dorothy McNulty to do this stunt.



Here's a new one—fish-racing. Leila Hyams and Dot Sebastian, extreme left, play a game of racing along the beach with their rubber fish and landing in the breakers—with a splash, and giggles. Try it yourself some time, only first catch your fish.

So This Is Summer! (We Like It)



Wm. Grimes

You have to be as supple as Dorothy's pal, Mary Lawlor, to register a kick like this. Try it sometime on your own beach; but don't blame us for breakage.

Right: Gwen Lee rests between swims, wearing a becoming two-piece bathing suit showing a combination of white and powder blue—ideal for blondes with Gwen's white skin and blue eyes. Her cap is of white felt—Miss Lee's, not the lady's on the rubber pillow.



C. S. Bull

Blending with the golden summer landscape, the yellow printed pajama suit worn by Bessie Love matches her yellow straw hat and hair. Yellow sandals also carry out the color scheme of the little Love's ensemble.



For girls who wish to defy the sun, Mary Brian suggests this pajama costume, with long sleeves and high neck. The blouse is of red and white dots; the trousers of cream sateen. The sun hat completes this practical ensemble designed to preserve Miss 1930's skin.

Below: Gwen Lee's "prisoner's suit." The stripe supplies a new idea for beach sports wear this season. The pattern is in green and white linen, the stripes being used for the blouse and parasol, bag and border of the sleeveless jacket.



Richee



Hurrell



Left: Lottice Howell plays pirate in this gay suit of red and white—check and double check! A white bandanna completes the costume.

Below: the modernique influence in beach wear is seen in this striking three-piece black and white pajama suit of Mary Brian's.

Otto Dyar



Richee

C. S. Bull

Something really new in bathing suits is sponsored by Lillian Roth. It's the 'one-shoulder' model, which ignores one arm completely, and the trunks of which flare jauntily into circular folds. Black and white shantung and Lillian Roth made it.



Hurrell



Joan Crawford, left, is one of the famous film stars who help to set the summer styles on California sands. Here is Joan's favorite beach pajama outfit: of bright printed silk, with fitted bodice, and snug-fitting trousers which flare toward the ankles in approved sailor-boy fashion.

Below: only for swimming will girls appear in abbreviated costumes this summer, says Leila Hyams. Out of the water they will don enveloping pajamas with widely-flared trousers. Miss Hyams' costume, of jersey, has the knee-length coat, favored quite as much as the short jacket.



Hurrell

For the yacht club and the beach, June Collyer suggests dotted pajamas in red and white. The bow fastening of the coat strikes a new note. (To the right.)

Below: Anita Page proves how attractive a summer girl can be in the new beach costumes, in spite of their all-enveloping patterns.

Bull



Otto Dyar

For those girls, and there are many this year, who prefer to keep their skin in its natural fair state, there are pure white bathing suits which accentuate this coloring. Gwen Lee chooses a white suit with modernistic patterns of blue, with cape of matching pattern.





Some of the girls, May Moylan among them, are true to the sun-tan style. Here's her pet suit—strictly for swimming and sunning.

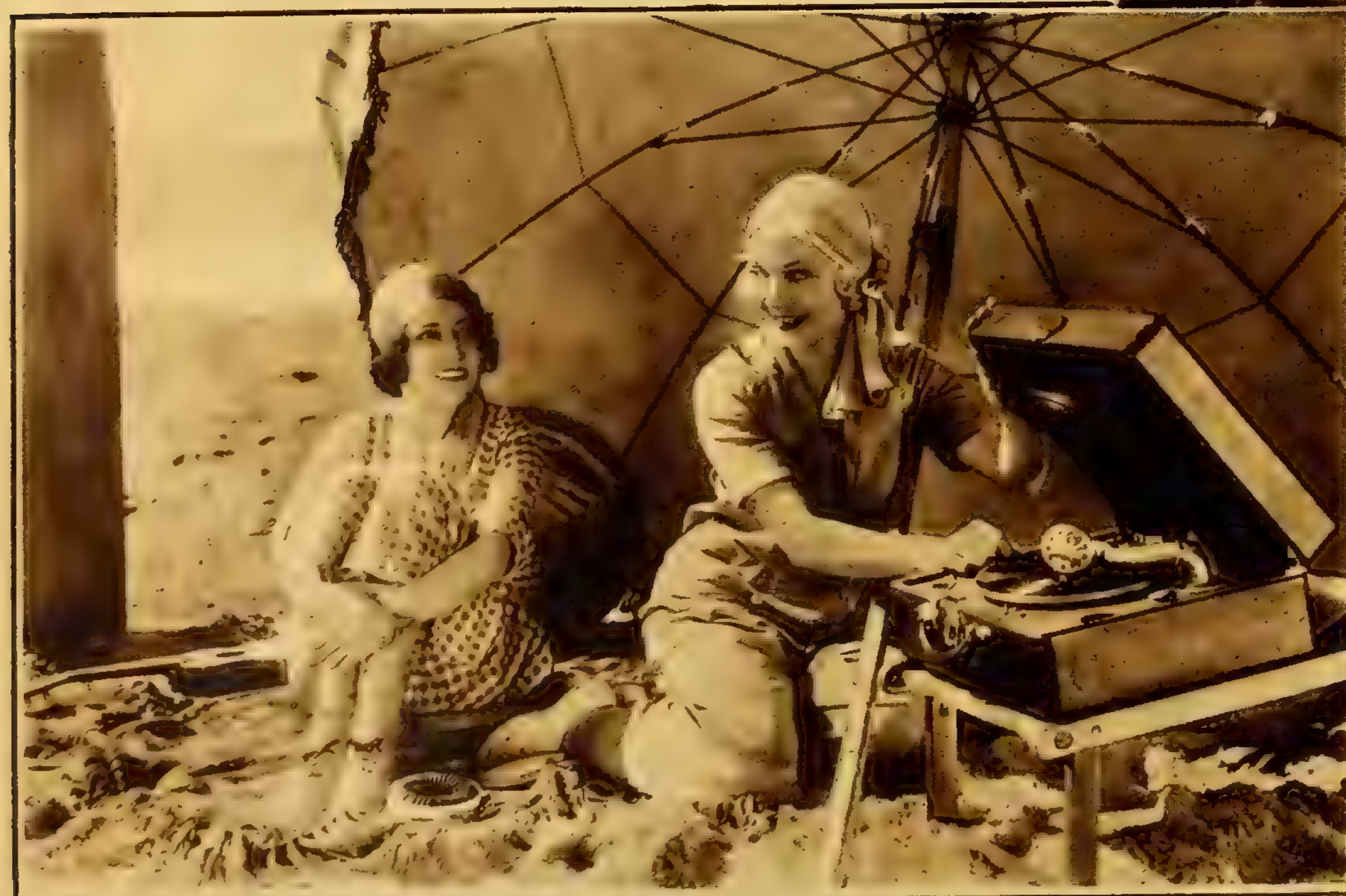


Grimes

Miss Moylan, between swims and sun-tans, seeks the shade of her trusty beach umbrella and devotes herself to looking pretty.



Lillian Roth in the bathing suit that is a polite sensation on the California beaches, when that wicked one-strap effect gets in its work.



Brown

Two little picture girls out for a record: Dorothy Sebastian and Leila Hyams, after a hard day's swimming, turn on their portable phonograph.



When Joan Crawford goes swimming she travels far out in the gray-green ocean; so she chooses black, skirtless suits for practical purposes. They must also be backless to win Joan's approval.

Hurrell



Hollywood's show girl, Alice White, believe it or not, prefers this smart, sane, and sensible one-piece suit for swimming.



Leila Hyams, for all her delicate blonde beauty, is one of the best girl swimmers and medicine ball tossers of the film colony.



Brown

A game of beach-bridge played by Dorothy and Leila. The game is played like honeymoon bridge, using heavy cards that will not blow away.



Hurrell



Leila isn't kidding; she really can dive, and does. But before she takes the plunge she wishes to call your attention to her bathing shoes which, she says, are so practical you don't know you have 'em on, and you can't kick them off. All right, Leila—now go ahead.

Hurrell

Below: a beauty in a pure white bathing suit—Billie Dove. To complete a perfect ensemble, Billie wears a white beret. She is a hearty follower of the sun-tan mode; she tans easily and stays that way most of the year, for she spends much time at her Malibu Beach house.



We can't imagine a more charming opponent for a good, rousing game of medicine ball than Dorothy Jordan, all tricked up in her best beach costume, with wide trousers with their snappy stripe. But it might be hard for a mere man to keep his mind on the game. (Left.)

Lottice Howell, a new-comer to the screen from the Broadway stage and the radio, has lost no time in acquiring the best California customs. She is converted to the one-piece bathing suit, and no wonder.



G. S. Bull

Versatile, this Hyams girl! Not only is she a lithe young athlete, but give her a few minutes and she'll show you the very newest thing in lovely lounging pajamas. Of a conventional flower pattern, this costume is carried out in bright reds, greens, and yellows.

Hurrell



Nancy Carroll represents the eternal feminine on the summer sands. She wears a soft, dainty, cool and luscious concoction with an unusual treatment of the sleeveless blouse. Note the becoming neckline with its gay and perky little bow. Wide trousers—aren't they all? (Below.)

Otto Dyar



Right: most elaborate is Jean Arthur's beach costume of satin. Flaring trousers are created in cream satin and the jacket goes patriotic with strips of red, white and blue. A large hat of leghorn defies dat ol' devil sun.



Richee

Give her a swimming pool and a springboard and Anita Page forgets all about being a movie star and acts her age—nineteen. In her plain little one-piece this famous featurette looks like somebody's kid sister, crashing the old swimming hole.



C. S. Bull

Bernice Claire and her trim little two-piece suit which she wears for swimming and then enlivens with this gay plaid scarf.

Below: and here's the cape that goes with Lillian Roth's one-shoulder suit! It's of black and white shantung and green satin.

Richee



Flash, 'the wonder dog' and also the lucky dog, has his day at the beach with his friends from the studio, Dorothy Sebastian and Leila Hyams.



Dorothy Mackaill, left, is another devotee of the backless style in swim suits. Dorothy's suit is a belted model of light blue.

Anita Page wears a 'Navy Blues' pajama costume, following the style of the 'gob' suit. You have to do a horn-pipe in this!

C. S. Bull



A full-length view of Jeanette MacDonald's single-piece suit, with bright orange top and navy blue trunks. Jeanette tops it off with a blue satin bandanna.



If you have a smile, including dimples, like June Collyer's, the perfectly plain and utilitarian bathing cap need hold no terrors for you. This model was made for swimmers, and fits snugly, clasping under the chin. If you can swim, be brave and wear one like it! (Below.)



Above: The new and probably most popular beach clogs have baby French heels, which give the feminine foot graceful lines. They are only to be worn when the strenuous part of your outing is over, and you want to sit back and adorn the picture.

And now we'll have to call it a day—one crowded day at the beach with the favorite beauties of Hollywood. May Moylan snatches just one more minute of sparkling sunshine before she has to answer the call, "Back to the studio; it's time to get back to work!"

On the other hand, or head, we have this charming and decorative beach bandanna worn by Dorothy Sebastian. Of course, it's to be donned after you have had your swim and are ready to be beautiful. Of silk mesh, it curls coyly and captivatingly on fair shoulders.



Wm. Grimes



DO-RE-MI DENNY

Reginald Becomes a
Song and Dance Man
for Cecil De Mille

By
Ralph Wheeler

"GO ON out and get an interview with Reginald Denny on singing," said my editor to me in her busiest tone of voice.

"Singing? Denny?" I repeated. "Have you gone goofy? Reg—he lets me call him that—is a slapstick comedian, not a singer."

My editor gave me one of those looks.

"This time your information channels have slipped up," she informed me. "Denny not only sings but he is going to have the big male part in Cecil De Mille's new musical show—let me see, what's the name of it? Oh, yes, 'Madame Satan.' So get on out there and give me a story with meat to it."

Saying which she turned resolutely to her desk.

I wandered out of the office, Denny-bound, but as I wandered I thought I'd make a little test.

I went over to the office boy who sees all the pictures.

"Do you know that Reginald Denny is a great singer?" I asked.

"Reginald Denny?" he repeated. "Say, that guy sure is funny. I don't remember the name of the picture, but he sure took some fall out of that speedboat."

"Do you know anything else about him?" I interrupted.

"No," replied the pencil sharpener, vaguely, "he's just a comic, isn't he?"

And the girl at the front information desk:

"Reginald Denny sing? Well, if he did, I never heard of it."

At lunch I met two of my friends who write for other magazines. They, too, knew of only one Denny, the comedian.

The world began to seem brighter. Maybe I had a scoop after all.

I found Denny in Nils Asther's old dressing room, Nils being on location in Mexico.



Reginald Denny goes over the script of "Madame Satan," his first singing rôle in pictures. He once warbled in light opera on the stage.

"You've been holding out on me!" I accused him. "You never told me you could sing!"

He grinned, that infectious Denny grin which has made him a tidy fortune.

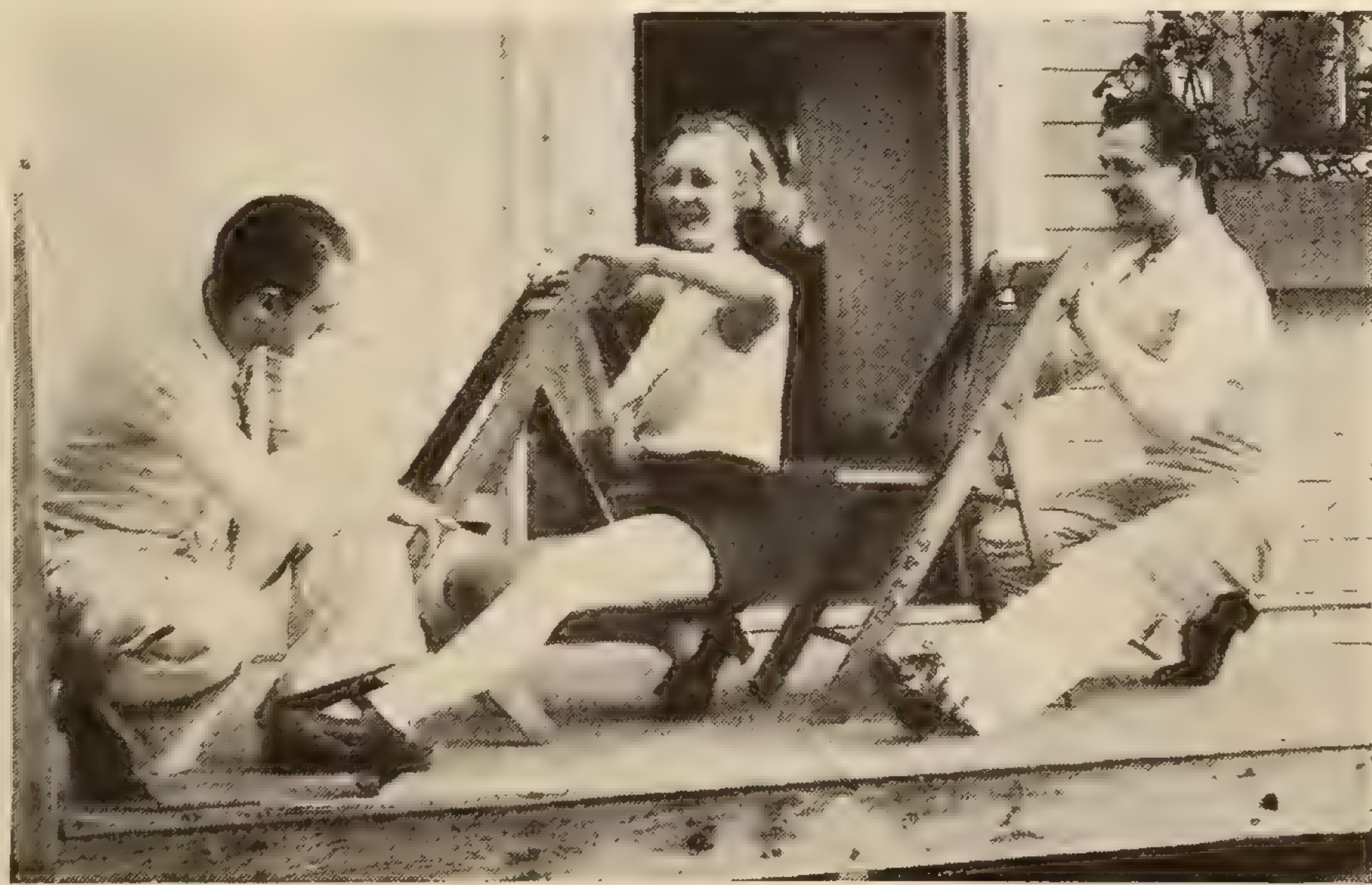
"Well," he replied, "you never asked me, and for ten years I haven't sung professionally, but the truth of the matter is, singing was the first and real reason I originally went on the stage."

"My father and mother, you know, come from an old English acting family, extending back to my great-great-grandfather. I believe that as a professional family we are older even than the Barrymores."

"At any rate, after my start as a 'walking gentleman' at the Duke of York Theater, London, when I was sixteen, I set my eyes on a singing career, for I had developed a fairly good baritone voice."

"George Edwards, the musical producer, agreed with me, and I started in the chorus of 'The Merry Widow.' I played in a dozen companies of this great

(Cont. on page 117)



Reg Denny and Kay Johnson do their exercises for a dance in "Madame Satan," coached by Eddie Prinz. Kay and Reggy have the leads in the De Mille musical.



Sidney Blackmer, veteran of the 14th Field Artillery, with the French General, Valerin. Sidney, who was in Europe when war was declared, became a part of the vast military drama.



Scene from "Journey's"

War Veterans Meet Again

By Ruth M.

HOLLYWOOD could celebrate Independence Day with a reunion of war veterans from every front, if it chose.

Many of those familiar with bombs, barbed wire and mustard gas, a dozen years ago, are now at home before camera and microphone.

Screen heroes, whose medals and wound stripes prove their war-time valor, are, of course, modest, but the war pictures now realistically rattling the dishes and shaking the foundations of Hollywood homes turn conversation into reminiscences of battle.

Ronald Colman, after serving four years with the "London Scottish" (Scotch unit of the English Territorials), had just been mustered out when war was declared, and can remember his frantic haste to get back to his regiment to go over with the men he knew.

Owing to their experience, it took the regiment just four weeks from war's outbreak to get across, but on the first Hallowe'en during an offensive near Messines, a shell fractured Ronald Colman's ankle bone as he advanced from one trench to another.

First he thought: "I'm done for!" then he decided: "I don't believe I'm hurt!" and he went limping on for twenty-four hours without attention. There was no choice at such a time, but he bitterly regretted it when he was invalided home and had to spend the rest of the four years assigned to light duty on the Scotch coast.

Ronald's favorite story concerns his first experience under fire. It was in Belgium and the kilties were swinging along toward the front, passing as they went the wounded who came dribbling back from the lines.

An old Scotchman from the Black Watch was resting by the roadside, his face almost obscured by bandages, as Ronald came abreast of him. He gave the army yell, "Are we downhearted!" as they passed.

"NO!" roared the London Scottish, as one man.

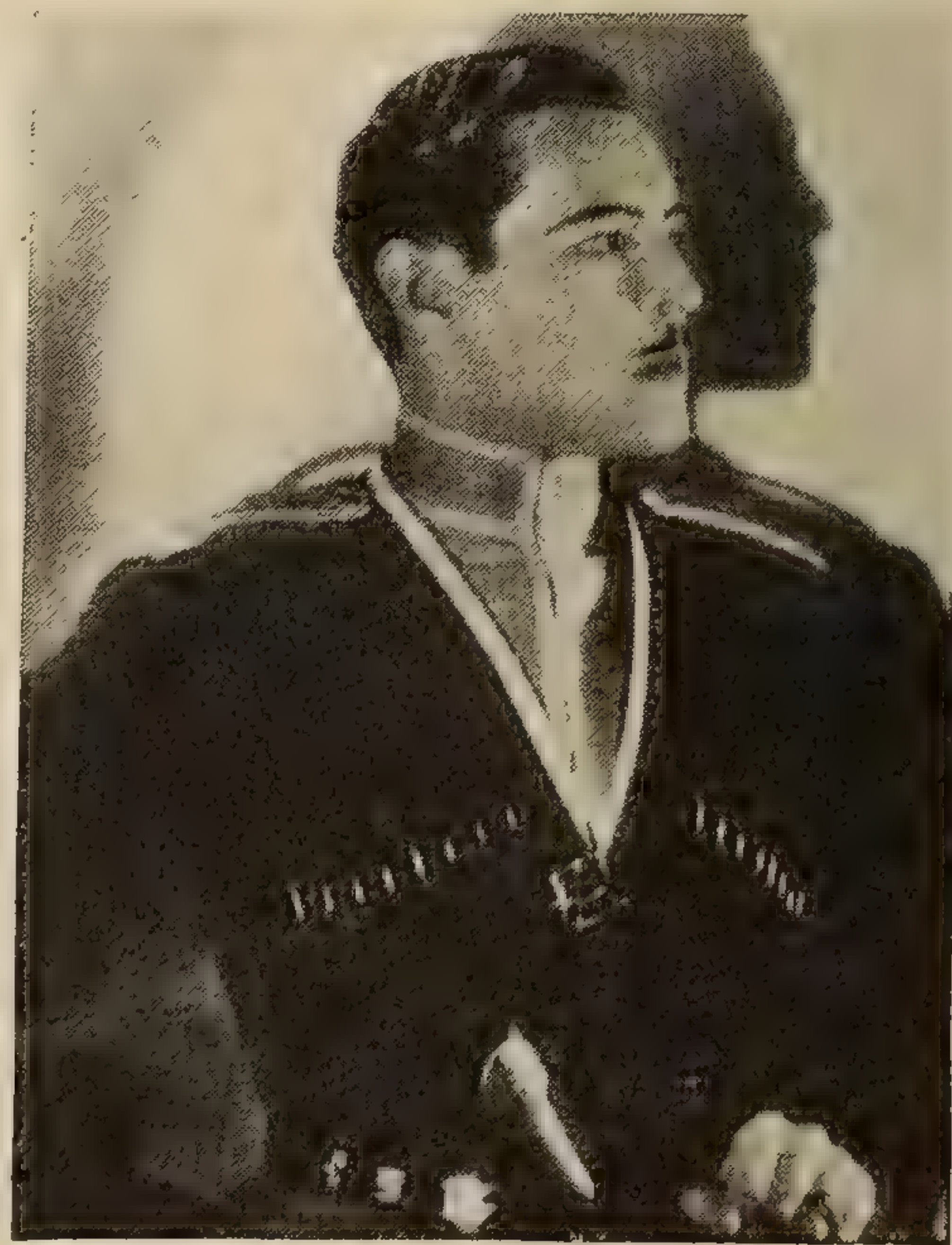
"Aye!" returned the veteran, sourly, "but ye blankety well will be when ye get around the bend!"

Sidney Blackmer, veteran of 14th Field Artillery, was a civilian traveling in Germany when the war broke out and lived through strange and terrible dramas before he got home to enlist.

He was on the Russian border when the hundred thousand Russian troops marched across and into the net of the enemy, who cut off their retreat and took them prisoner. Sidney, from a picturesque little inn, watched the bewildered Russians filing by.

One day in Berlin, hearing a commotion outside his hotel, he dashed out in time to see two nuns in the hands of the police. It seemed that they were Russian spies who had been caught in the act of cutting cables in a manhole nearby, their capture averting the crippling of the city.

The German police rather got into the habit of



Ivan Lebedeff, in his uniform of a Russian army officer. Lebedeff played a thrilling rôle in the great conflict.

MEMORIES



End," Tiffany-Stahl.

Gordon

from Every Front in Hollywood

Tildesley

rescuing Sidney from war-inflamed Germans who took him for an Englishman, before the American Legation was able to arrange for him to leave.

Ambassador James W. Gerard had entrusted Sidney with despatches for Ambassador Walter H. Page in London, and the young man was thrilled to be a part of the vast drama. British submarines stopped their boat as it crossed the channel, and searched the passengers' bags, scanning the precious 'papers' which Sidney had been advised to carry openly. But the searchers dropped the

envelope immediately when they saw to whom it was addressed.

George O'Brien enlisted in the navy, was assigned to sub-chaser 297 and fought his way to the light heavy-weight championship of the Pacific Fleet.

And Victor McLaglen could almost cover himself with decorations and honors. He began in 1914 as lieutenant with the Irish Fusileers, went to Mesopotamia to an exciting campaign against the Arabs

and Turks and found his biggest thrill as provost marshal of Bagdad.

Clive Brook was on holiday when war broke out and was so afraid he might not get in that he telegraphed the "Artists Rifles:" "Have you room for me?" This amuses him now. He rose to be major in France and stayed for four years.

It was about 3 a. m. when he was lying in a shellhole during an engagement waiting his chance to move forward. Bomeeee! came a bomb. He saw it hit near by and then he saw nothing. Earth from the new shellhole dug by the missile had buried him alive, and it was seven or eight minutes before he could dig himself out.

In London, where he was sent to recuperate, he went to the theater to see "Samson and Delilah." He can remember up to the curtain of the second act. The next thing he knew he was hugging a mudscraper on a doorstep clear across the town. They call it amnesia and it happened twice afterward, but he has never been able to find out what he did in the gaps of time.

When the call to colors came, Maurice Chevalier, being in the class of age to serve, responded at once and marched off to the front. Nine months later, he was wounded in battle and taken back of the lines to a hospital. While he lay in his cot, the battle raged, back and forth, back and forth. Finally the line shifted sharply, the French retreated and the hospital was in the hands of the enemy. On a stretcher once more, France's musical comedy idol was carried out to the beginning of an eighteen months' imprisonment.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" has a featured cast of boys who were in the nursery while the real front was active, but there are in the mimic army such heroes as Captain I. R. McLendon, 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division A. E. F., who fired the first (Continued on page 114)



Victor McLaglen's war experience began in 1914 with the Irish Fusileers. Above, left and right, are two special awards given to Captain McLaglen by the British government for distinguished service.



Clive Brook was one of the first to enlist when war broke out. In France, he attained the rank of Major and served four years.

DOLORES DEL RIO

offers a GIFT

DOLORES DEL RIO is making her first all-talking picture debut and her entrée into this gift department at practically the same time. And in both cases you will be a winner. In the former, Dolores offers you entertainment and in the latter, luxury. Her picture is "The Bad One" but her gift wrap is a good one. It is of orange transparent velvet with two flounces at the bottom and a soft flounce around the neck. It is quite long—just nice for those trailing evening gowns that are in vogue now. So if you are in the market for an evening wrap the way to get it is to write the best letter answering Dolores Del Rio's question. By best letter is meant the clearest, cleverest and most concise. Here's the question: Do you like Dolores Del Rio in spiritual rôles such as "Ramona" and "Evangeline" or passionate, primitive rôles such as *Charmaine* and *Carmen* or heavy dramatic parts like *Katusha* in "Resurrection?" Give reasons for your answer.

Address:—DOLORES DEL RIO

SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes July 10, 1930

*All photographs
of Miss Del Rio
by John Miehle.*

The statuesque beauty of Dolores Del Rio draped in the gift wrap—but not for long, because it goes to the writer of the best letter as a personal gift from the star.

Right: the gift wrap is of orange transparent velvet with two flounces at the bottom and a soft flounce around the neck.

Lower right: how would you like to wrap yourself in Dolores Del Rio's transparent velvet wrap? You would—good!

Below: can you imagine yourself looking as charming as Dolores in this wrap and yet being able to give it away?



"You must keep on believing in yourself, because nobody else will," is John Boles' advice. He followed it himself. It must be good. He's riding the sound waves now.



The *Mike* MENACE

... John Boles—
they thrill to his trill

By
Herbert Cruikshank

As the "Old Crow" flies, it doesn't seem such a far reach back to those good, old (ha-ha) days. Days when one lonely buck looked big as a bull's brogans to John Boles. Days when the eternal question was whether the last two-bits should be blown at the barber's or the beanery. I knew him then. I knew him when!

We met one day strolling along the Rialto. It was a good day for strolling. In fact, there was nothing else to do. And Broadway is a better place to stroll than is Sixth Avenue—whether you're going up or down. John invited me to eat. Not to breakfast, or lunch or dine. But just to eat. There's a difference.

"Let's walk over and get some coffee," he suggested.

"Why walk—let's run," said I, always quick on the trigger that way.

So we meandered toward the Plaza. And dropped into a one-armed joint around the corner. While we dunked, there was the polite patter of table talk such as one hears at the Club. What club? Aw, don't get so technical!

"How're they breaking, Johnny?"

"They ain't."

"Stough. Here, too. Say, John, why don't you take the count? Quit this racket of trying to get a chance to sing. Cut out trying to be a star. Beat it back to Texas. Practice medicine, and some day you'll be old Doctor Boles, the pride of Greenville."

"Well, I'll tell you, Herb. One o' these days somebody'll want a fellow who can sing a song in a show. I'm going to stick around 'til that happens. And, what's more, I'm going to start as a star."

Three years later. Same Rialto. Same Strollers. We met again.

"Let's walk over and get some coffee," suggested John.

"Why walk—let's run," said I. It's still a snappy come-back.

So we walked toward the one-armed joint around the corner. Passed it. And went to the Plaza. Other times, other customs. For John Boles at least. Now that he can afford two-pants suits, bet he'd scorn to walk up that extra flight. But I'll bet, too, that he's handy as ever at fitting a cardboard inner-sole to a worn-out shoe. And as there's luck in odd numbers, I'll offer a third wager. That he'll never have to do it again.

Over the dainty napery, the heavy, opulent silver service, the glittering crystal, the mild Corona that is John's one dissipation, we indulged in table-talk. He talked. I listened.

He'd been right. One day somebody had wanted a fellow who could sing a song. The show was "Little Jesse James." John started as one of its stars. Then "Kitty's Kisses"—the play, I mean. The interest of Gloria Swanson in the clean looking Southerner, whose voice, with its baritone tenor range, had won the patronage of the master, De Rezske. The lead in her picture, "Sunya." The

abandonment of the musical career he had won through sheer grit for a new one in silent pictures. And then the miracle. Sound in the cinema. "The Desert Song," "Rio Rita." Fame. And fortune. That was the story.

As he told me I looked him over. Not much change. He'd always been immaculate. But now the collar and cuffs didn't need a shave and haircut to trim away the fringe of wear. The teeth were still whiter than Sahara sands—or those of Malibu. Still the straight, slim figure of the athlete. In the old days he kept it by enforced diet—and the walking that saved carfare. He's no glutton now. And walking is his one exercise. A singer can't be muscle-bound.

His face remains fine-drawn as a fighter's on the eve of fray. And the blue eyes retain a laughing fire which is the despair of all women and the envy of most men. Same old John, I thought, except that now when Boles rolls up he gets a cheer instead of a razz. For both, he has his tongue in his cheek. I cut in:

"No foolin', John, what's the secret of this here, now, mysterious power?"

(Continued on page 121)



John Boles—at home in talking pictures and in Beverly Hills. His next film following "The King of Jazz" will be "Gypsy Love Song," with Lupe Velez and Jeanette Loff. Lucky John, say the boys. Lucky girls, say the ladies.



Greta Garbo is not always aloof, affirms Fifi. When she is just herself she's the best of pals, with a g-r-rand sense of humor.

IN a fabulous city where foreigners are no new story and the accents and languages make the place seem like the Tower of Babel, there is a new League of Nations. In Hollywood where the unusual is the commonplace and the unexpected always happens, there's a new alliance—between a Swedish sphinx and a French chanteuse!

A new league between Sweden and France! But since a conquering Napoleon sent his trusted Marshal Bernadotte to rule the country of the North there have been French kings on the Swedish throne. So, now in Hollywood a friendship between Greta Garbo from Stockholm and Fifi Dorsay from gay Paris. Is this then so strange?

Greta and Fifi. The ice of the north and the fire of the south. The pale and languorous lily and the bright yellow marigold. The deep, dark pool and the babbling brook. Shadow and sunlight. Night and day. Cool silence and gay laughter.

Fifi, the gay and vivacious, the song and dance girl, the volatile Parisienne—who is she that has found a friend in the silent and mysterious Garbo?

The star they say who walks alone, the girl who prefers solitude, the great actress whom nobody knows—how does she appear to Fifi?

Fifi, who was found lunching on the Fox lot in between scenes of her new picture, "Hell's Belles," was glad to

GRETA

Garbo, Girl of Mys-
the eyes of

By Constance

tell her impressions of Greta Garbo.

"Yes," she admitted proudly, "Greta and I are very good friends. You know, when I came to Hollywood, meeting stars was no novelty to me because I have been on the stage and in vaudeville, but I felt that Miss Garbo was different and I was thrilled to meet her. Because,



There's a new league between Sweden and France since Fifi, gay song and dance girl, has found a friend in the inscrutable Garbo.

FIFI

tery, as seen through
Mlle. Fifi Dorsay

Carr

after all, there has been so much mystery about her.

"But I was surprised to find that Greta is not alone the aloof, sophisticated creature she is pictured. Oh, that too, perhaps, but I always think of her as just a big kid, full of life!

"Of course, she can be so many different kinds of per-

sonalities. That is why she is a great actress. She throws herself into her parts and becomes that person, but when she is just herself, she is the best kind of a pal, and likes her jokes.

"If you could only see her do my French song, *Look Into My Eyes, Baby*, the one that I sing in 'Hot For Paris!' She does it with all of the gestures and it is very funny," Miss Dorsay went into gales of laughter at the thought.

"And remember that funny laugh I do—it goes ha-ha-ha, deep and bass! Greta tries to do this, and she sometimes practices it on the street when she is out for a walk, and if some one turns and recognizes her she puts on her most serious expression and goes calmly by as if she didn't see anyone!"

Fifi and Greta—it's a great combination and interesting contrast. Picture them speaking French or possibly Swedish, or again English and exchanging 'yusts' for 'zosses' and 'thees' for 'zose.' Miss Dorsay admits a passion for teaching French. Perhaps the Garbo is her most famous pupil.

"In New York," Miss Dorsay confided, "while I was in the 'Greenwich Village Follies,' I had a class in French. Dorothy Mackaill was one of my pupils. I think perhaps I inherit my aptitude for teaching. My grandmother had a school in France for many years. I think if I were not an actress, I should like to teach. (Continued on page 116)



Born in Paterson, N. J.; studio script girl; 'bit' player—and star! An impression by Armando of Alice White, the girl the exhibitors cry for.

ALICE

.. psycho-

Hollywood's Show Girl Revealed as She *Really* Is

men, and obviously ladies, too—perhaps because she was at a safe distance—were preferring the young brunette. The lid popped. We had a new star. And lo and behold, she went blonde and remained 'preferred'!

Alice is trying to go the way of all Hollywood. You start as a firebrand, a cut-up; and then you become genteel and 'cultured.' We hope that Alice is just doing it for a stunt, and that it won't take.

For let's get the straight of it. She says:

I like to be alone a good part of the time.

I am considered 'deep' by others.

I am not a good actor in public.

It is hard for me to go out and 'sell' myself, i. e., ask for a job, a raise, make a deal, etc.

And she says, as noted above, that she is shy, misunderstood, hates to be conspicuous, and has moods sometimes lasting for days.

Well, such people, as a rule, are pretty much introverted: dreamers, badly adapted to every-day life (even if they are consummate artists like Greta Garbo), awkward and aloof, running from people instead of at them; and who can watch the merry antics, the nonchalance, the come-hitherishness, the sauciness of this Alice-in-screenland and confuse her from a moment with Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire? An extravert almost straight through, or we are bad guessers!

The lady contradicts herself. Does she not say?:

I am not idealistic.

I am practical.

I get over quarrels and disappointments in a flash.

I am a good mixer.

I am naturally active and delight in doing things.

I am loving and affectionate.

I am realistic and have much common sense.

I am easy going and *when I choose to* I am good at putting myself over with others.

I am a go-getter by nature.

No, we must picture Alice White as an extraverted feeling type, simply radio-active with sensation. Such young ladies can be extremely realistic and practical, with their feet, as she puts it, solidly on the earth; they can fry an egg or make a business contract with easy surety; they can go-get to the queen's taste; (that is their developed feeling); but, at the same time, some of them can make plenty whoopee, laugh and dance an audience rag-

Is Miss Alice White, who twinkles so clearly in Hollywood that sombre Leningrad and slant-eyed Singapore see her with delight, giving us, or giving herself the run-around when she says, in substance:

I am shy.

I feel misunderstood by most people.

I hate to be conspicuous.

I go by moods, sometimes prolonged for hours, or even for days.

This question is put because, in reply to a questionnaire sent her by SCREENLAND, she seems so down-right honest. Listen to this:

Question: Are your feet solidly on the earth:

Answer: And how!

Alice White may be remembered as the brunette in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," for she has since proved that the contrary may be true. This brunette simply couldn't be blonded out. She was born, just a few years ago, it seems, in the silk-mill town of Paterson, N. J., her mother a chorus girl. Silk! The very thing for Alice. But it appears, also, that it wasn't much more than rayon, for some very scambly years when she was being swiftly fired out of one studio after another, not because she didn't twinkle, but because she did. Wives and other ladies were bitten by the famous green-eyed monster, jealousy, and said: "Thumbs down." Wherefore she was, every so often, put in a box and the lid clamped down.

Then something strange happened. Exhibitors about the country, theater managers and such, began sending in SOS calls. Audiences evidently were in revolt. Gentle-

WHITE

analyzed

By
James Oppenheim

ged, dazzle the languid gentlemen dizzy, and be not a little alluring; (that is sensation, offsetting feeling). Texas Guinan is an extreme case; for while the blaze lasted, she could say, "Hello, sucker!" and make staid gentlemen like it. They felt flattered and handed over their bank-rolls. Certainly that was rolling practicality and brilliant showmanship into one.

What is it that makes such women a genuine delight to most men, and very many women? Sensation is an earthy thing: it means sensuousness, the delights of sound, sight, touch; it means—when it is honestly allowed—something primitive, even barbaric, so that you begin to hear the tom-toms beating. Most of us have, through necessity, to bury this barbarism, this savage earthiness, pretty deep; and then an Alice White comes along and stirs it, for a moment into life. The primitive strings begin to vibrate: we are in 'the kingdom of the grape' where there is dance, song and sex; yes, and just a very little bit of pleasing toughness.

Alice White is not an extreme case, but the reason the managers had to pop the lid of that box where they kept hiding her was just because the great audience liked her honest, down-to-earth vitality and allurements. We mustn't, however, think that because she unfailingly delights us, that she herself is unfailingly delighted or happy. She says, and I believe honestly, that she has a feeling of inferiority before others, with a few exceptions. Anyone, with common sense, who is realistic and honest, has that unpleasant feeling all too often; and sometimes it drives us to an attempt at being what we can't be. A delicate high-brow lady, confronted with Alice White, might feel inferior before her, just because Alice had the things she lacked and never could have, the earthy, alluring, sensuous things; and at the same time, Alice might feel inferior because she lacked the high-brow qualities. Each would make a mistake to imitate the other; they would simply spoil what they were. We all know that harp-playing was once considered an accomplishment for gentle ladies. There was no rough-stuff about it. You could sit in the most graceful mid-Victorian attitude and then with delicate fingers move gently to and fro making a music that had tinkling waters in it. Harp-playing suggests something terribly polished up, something a woman would graduate to, from a finishing school. Hence, it



A camera study of Alice. Oppenheim finds her interesting and hopes she will never aspire to be dull and genteel, but will keep right on being colorful.

doesn't seem American at all; it doesn't in the least suggest sports, whoopee, sunburn, bursts of loud laughter, rush and dazzle. The saxophone comes closer to being our national musical instrument. Yet I have before me three stills showing Alice White (apparently) making whoopee with a harp! At least it's this way: she is covered with no more than a bit of lace, held up by shoulder-straps; and as she fingers the strings in one of the pictures, she is evidently also whistling the tune, her mouth being puckered, and her eyes googly; in another picture, she stands behind the harp, holding it and flirting at you between the strings. That is Alice White! One couldn't think of her as a demure maiden, living up to that harp; one merely sees her, in person, using that harp scandalously and delightfully, as much as to say: 'You can't put me down; you can't scare me; you can't quiet me down. The spirit of young American whoopee in fact, is too much for you. You just set me off. You make me seem all the more myself by way of contrast.'

Which is just the point I am making. Alice should stay herself. In fact, I doubt that she could be anyone else, even if she tried.

A toast to the young lady! She deserves it. She came through against an opposition as hard as any—that of her own sex. And let us wish for her that she doesn't aspire to be dull and genteel, instead of scintillating and delightful. The girl who was preferred, blonde or brunette! Here's how!

SUMMER BEAUTY

How to Keep Fresh
and Dainty through
the Sports Season

By
Anne Van Alstyne

Loretta Young, sweet, cool and dainty, is a perfect example of the way every girl would like to look in summer. And every girl may attain these qualities by protective care and grooming.



SUMMER TIME again—and how we would like to rest and play through the long summer days with nothing to do or worry about, not even faces! Did you ever stop to think, girls, what a lot of trouble our faces make? Well, that's because they're never finished, so to speak: they're always needing something done internally, externally, or both. I don't know whether it was intended to be that way from the beginning of things but that's the way it is.

There's the external, beautifully finished look that's brought about by careful grooming and intelligent make-up, that we must work at every day. And there's the deeper, finished look that's brought about by being alive and receptive to all that's best in life and by giving ourselves wholeheartedly to the things that count most to us; and that keeps us busy, too.

Last year, to be externally finished in a smart way we aimed to acquire a glowing, golden tan either natural or by subtle make-up that needed no help from nature and was captivating on brunettes, ash blondes and girls with gold in their hair and faces, but not so good on the pale gardenia type of girl with no color at all.

And now comes the edict from the beauty authorities and the stylists that skins are to be fair this season, or at least their natural color. Clothes are becoming more and more feminine, so complexions, too, must be feminine. The exaggerated tan of last year, real or artificial, is passé; and even is considered vulgar by some well-bred women. In fact, nut-brown faces, arms and shoulders emerging from the new, dainty, be-ruffled, long-skirted afternoon

and evening gowns would be a bit incongruous, so I suppose it's only logical that complexions should be feminine and as coolly beautiful as possible.

Another convincing statement by these same authorities is that exaggerated tan makes its wearer look ten years older—that the young skin is one of transparent, radiant clearness. So, after all the striving last year for an Egyptian or South Sea complexion, it seems that strawberry and cream is the desired color combination this year.

Of course, this means that extra pains must be taken with the skin to keep it well protected from sun and wind. And not only must it not be allowed to take on an Indian hue, it must not be allowed to blister and peel or grow rough, red, and unlovely.

Now I don't mean that you are to spend the precious hours of your vacation or your summer leisure in beautifying, nor do I mean that you must carry a parasol or wear gloves and a veil and a high-necked bathing suit. You must rest and play, yes. But you must not rest from giving your skin a certain amount of attention for beauty's sake. A red, blistered nose is not an asset in any walk of life; and while it was smart last year to let your skin turn a poetic, olive tint, that was last year. This year, a brown skin is neither poetic nor smart and you can, with just a little systematic care, keep your skin fine-textured and smooth and allow it to acquire only a healthy outdoor glow that is natural and not unattractive.

Now I know you're thinking right here of a girl you met on a camping trip last year who could swim all morning and play tennis all afternoon in the blazing sun, then invite a half-dozen friends to an impromptu meal which she cooked herself over a smoky campfire—and still look as fresh and unruffled as though she had spent her day in a rocking chair on a hotel veranda. You thought it was just a knack she had—that she was born that way. But I'll wager that if you sneaked out of bed early some morning and peeped through the flap of her tent you would find that she owned a simple but complete line of toilet preparations adapted to summer needs and used them in

a way that kept her looking fresh and dainty under all circumstances. And it isn't just having the things, it's having the will to use them when needed, at any time of day.

Whether summer means a home in the country, a cottage at the beach or a camp in the mountains, plan your beauty equipment as carefully and as appropriately as you do your clothes. There are, of course, vacation and travelling cases attractively equipped with everything required for beauty care, but you can prepare your own 'beauty kit' if you prefer. Many of the best toilet preparations now come in small tubes and jars convenient for packing.

Place in your beauty kit a dozen or so small tubes of cleansing cream and as many small jars of skin freshener and hand lotion. These come in sizes small enough so that one of each may be tucked in the handbag to be used during the day wherever one happens to be. Add cleansing tissues, plenty of them, a large jar of cream for night use, a box filled with wads of absorbent cotton in handy sizes for powder and skin lotion, a jar of complexion oil, a perfume atomizer filled with your favorite perfume, an adequate manicuring kit, and if you are blessed with neither naturally curly hair, a permanent wave or the ability to wear straight hair becomingly, a jar of waving lotion and a set of combs. And don't forget a big box of fragrant dusting powder, bath salts and other special bath accessories; also, a jar of bleaching cream.

One of the greatest handicaps to summer daintiness is excessive perspiration, but with care this may be overcome or at least be made inoffensive. Remember that



Anita Page achieves a natural effect by choosing a shade in lipstick of permanent quality to match her make-up.



Before exposing the body to the sun, Raquel Torres gives a protective treatment to insure smoothness of texture and even distribution of tan.

Joan Bennett demonstrates that nothing is better for good looks than a good, hard tennis set.

body odors become doubly offensive with the heat and while deodorants do not take the place of soap and water and are not intended to, they neutralize body odors

and diminish moisture. So do not neglect the use of a good deodorant if you would walk coolly and fragrantly through the summer world.

Another handicap is superfluous hair. Every girl wants to enjoy her smart new bathing suit, her sleeveless frocks and even to go without stockings if she wants to, with the comfortable feeling that she is looking her best. But she can be neither comfortable or happy if she knows that the smooth surface of her skin is marred by an ugly fuzz of hair. This difficulty may be overcome safely and satisfactorily by the use of a reputable depilatory. I'm not promising that the result will be permanent, but the hair will not come back for several weeks, depending upon the strength of the growth; and it will come back less and less impudently, lighter in weight and color and in some cases may give up the ghost and never come back. So add to your beauty equipment this important accessory.

We talked about baths last month, but this is what might be termed the bathing season. In fact, there are days when we're glad to live up to our reputation as a people who glorify bathrooms, as surely there's no place on a hot summer day where one can take quite so much comfort, forget all one's obligations and simply bathe away the hours! So when making up your beauty kit, don't plan to depend entirely upon salt water bathing and shower baths but add a few bath accessories which will go a long way toward making your summer a comfortable one.

There's a new bath preparation which is the concentrated essence of pine needles and is as delightfully fragrant and woody as it sounds. It is at once (Continued on page 108)

A corner of the village, a former ghost town of Utah, revived for "The Arizona Kid." Left to right, director Alfred Santell, Mona Maris, Warner Baxter, and Carol Lombard.



"SHE's a fine camp—you'll like her," said Cosy. He grinned at me over his coat-collar as he swung the heavy car into the snow-covered main street of Cedar City, Utah. With a squeal of brakes and the slither of chains Cosy drew up at a store and leaped out.

"Jus' a minute," he apologized, "I promise a girl there I buy a pair of goloshes for her. Then we go."

Within the minute we were heading over the icy pavement toward Rockville, a tiny village on the southern borders of Zion National Park. Three miles out of Rockville, director Alfred Santell had established his camp for the filming of the world's first all-outdoor talkie, "The Arizona Kid," with Warner Baxter in the title rôle—and I had always

ON LOCATION *with* Warner Baxter



Winifred Baxter watches Warner make up for the day's work.



The gang at Foxville. Left to right: Theodore von Eltz, Mrs. Baxter, Warner Baxter, Mona Maris, Carol Lombard, Ralph Block, Sol M. Wurtzel, Alfred Santell. Stars' tents in background

Filming "The Arizona Kid" in Utah

By Sydney Valentine

yearned to see the noted exponent of the Great Open Spaces in his native haunts.

Ten minutes later, the lowering clouds met us. A stinging blast of snow piled on the windshield, and I began wondering whether a dog sled wouldn't have been advisable. Cosy (I never knew his other name) applied quaint Canuck expletives to the windshield wiper as it struggled unsuccessfully with the accumulations on the glass, and later invented some new ones when, one after another, the chains on the rear tires broke loose and delivered machine-gun tattoos on the fenders. It was not an auspicious beginning for my first trip into the wilds of Utah. But Cosy only grinned the more at my plaintive query as to whether the camp was any worse.

"No, no snow there at all," he reassured me. "Pretty soon we hit sunshine—you see!"

The prospect wasn't very encouraging, nearly six thousand feet above sea level. We were traveling across the



Mona Maris, heroine of "The Arizona Kid," in the wide open spaces of Utah where the picture is being filmed and 'miked.'

Kolob Plateau, a foot deep in snow, with a hundred yards or so as the limit of visibility, and the thermometer seemed to have given up the encounter in despair. But eventually, after repairing the flapping chains with wire garnered from a near-by fence, we swung down into a canyon—and sure enough a patch of blue sky appeared ahead.

The patch widened, and before us lay a series of distant ridges, chaotic in reds and blues and greens under the setting sun. We rolled abruptly out of the canyon, and threaded along the reddish clay road, through three or



Warner Baxter with the one young lady in the whole of Utah who doesn't aspire to be a screen actress.

four tiny villages, while beside us rolled the yellow waters of the Rio Virgin. Off to the left, rose the incredible ridges and pinnacles of Steamboat Mountain, glowing like a huge carved amethyst.

"That's her—the camp," (Continued on page 118)



Something must be wrong. Here are Walter Pidgeon and Frank McHugh, but who are the two other fellows?



A comedienne crying? We don't believe it. Say it's not so, Lillian Roth.



Famous star actually drives nails in her new Hollywood home. Ann Harding, come on down to earth.



Above: Loretta Young looks daggers at herself. She plays dual rôle, good-girl, bad-girl, in "At Bay."



Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy illustrate what not to do at a dinner party. Don't peel the olives.

Below: Stanley Smith gets a mud make-up for the football scenes in "Good News" while Bessie Love looks on.

SCREENLAND'S SCREAMIES Our Own Funny Pictures

It not only might be Lon Chaney; it is Lon Chaney, as the old woman in his first talkie, "The Unholy Three." (Below.)





John
Clark





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

WALTER HUSTON *and* UNA MERKEL
in D. W. GRIFFITH'S "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

MARILYN

à la Mode

Miss Miller in her New Clothes



Above: Marilyn Miller is wearing a very smart two-piece sports dress of yellow pique. The double-breasted effect is youthful and the huge chiffon 'kerchief is a smart accessory. The hat is white felt.

Left: a dream of a negligee! Marilyn's favorite concoction is fashioned of pink moire trimmed with ecru lace bands, worn over a night dress of pleated pink chiffon and lace. Lovely!

*All photographs by
Apeda, N. Y.*

In the circle: a close-up of the piquant lace cap that tops the negligee ensemble. It shows the Dutch influence—but be sure you have a smile as fetching as Marilyn Miller's before you attempt one like it!

Wear pajamas like this and you'll be the belle of the beach. They're of yellow, with shantung bell trousers and sweater top. Very, very gay.

Below: the perfect summer evening gown is worn by Miss Miller. Yellow, much favored by this famous musical comedy and screen star, predominates in the figured chiffon which carries out the high waistline effect and has soft ruffles at throat and hips.



All the gowns worn by Miss Miller courtesy of Bergdorf Goodman, New York City.





Elmer Fryer

DOVE, BILLIE. Born Lillian Bohny in New York City, May 14, 1903. Educated in N. Y.; joined Ziegfeld Follies; left to go into pictures; first film, "Polly of the Follies," in which she played a bit. Five feet, five inches tall; weighs 115 pounds; dark hazel eyes, rich brown hair.



Russell Ball

LLOYD, HAROLD. Born in Burchard, Nebraska, in 1894. At eleven joined a stock company; six years' stage experience before making screen debut as an extra. First success as "Lonesome Luke" in Hal Roach comedies. Five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds. Married to Mildred Davis.



Ruth Harriet Louise

GARBO, GRETA. Born Greta Gustafsson in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. Educated there; went to work in department store as hat model and sales-girl; left to play small part in pictures; first screen success, "Gösta Berling," directed by Stiller. Came to America and the rest is history. Five feet, six inches tall; weighs 125 pounds; has naturally golden hair and deep blue eyes. Unmarried.

SWANSON, GLORIA. Born on March 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. Educated there. Screen career began at old Essanay studios; continued as Mack Sennett comedienne; rose to eminence as Cecil De Mille heroine. Latest film, "What a Widow." Married three times; to Wallace Beery, to Herbert Somborn, and now to Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. Blue-gray eyes, black hair.

Edwin Bower Hesser





Hurrell

DODGE, BETH AND BETTY. Twins! They are stage sensations in Europe, stars of Folies Bergère in Paris, favorites in England. American girls, they welcomed a screen career in Hollywood, where they will first be seen in "The March of Time." Five feet, four and a half inches tall—apiece; with black hair and dark hazel eyes.



Ruth Harriet Louise

LOVE, BESSIE. Born Juanita Horton, September 10, 1898, in Midland, Texas. Educated in Los Angeles. Discovered by D. W. Griffith; made screen debut at fifteen. After varying success in films went into vaudeville; then back to studios for great come-back in the talkies. Five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds. Married to William Hawks.

BOW, CLARA. Born July 29, 1905, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Won a magazine beauty contest and played small part in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Made good; rose to bigger and better rôles; labelled The It Girl by Elinor Glyn and became great box-office star. Five feet, three inches tall, weighs 110 pounds. Has been engaged, but still undecided.

Richee





Richee

NORTON, BARRY. Born Alfredo de Biraben, June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, South America. Educated there; came to America to see Dempsey-Firpo fight; went to Hollywood, where first film was "The Black Pirate," as extra. Finally won fame in "What Price Glory." Five feet, eleven inches tall; weighs 168 pounds. Now acting for Paramount. Happily unmarried.



Charles E. Lynch

TODD, THELMA. Born in Lawrence, Mass. Completed course at State Normal School and taught for eight months in public schools of Lowell, Mass. Won a beauty contest and was enrolled as pupil of Paramount School. She and Buddy Rogers outstanding graduates. Now Hal Roach comedy heroine. Statuesque blonde with blue-gray eyes.



Hurrell

RATHBONE, BASIL. Born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Educated in England. Began stage career at age of eleven, in Shakespeare. Became prominent actor on English and American stage; now popular leading man in talkies. Six feet, one and one-half inches tall; weighs 165 pounds; black hair, hazel eyes. Married to Ouida Bergere.



COLLYER, JUNE. Born Dorothea Collyer Heermance, August 19, 1907, in New York City. Educated there; made social debut before screen debut; both successful. Now living and working in Hollywood, where she is an outstanding ingenue for Paramount. Curly chestnut hair, brown eyes; five feet, five inches tall, weighs 114 pounds. Unmarried and unengaged, but oh, so popular!

Otto Dyar



Hurrell

GRAY, LAWRENCE. Born in San Francisco, California; educated there and at the University of California. An ensign in the U. S. Navy during the war. First picture work in 1925 in "The Dressmaker from Paris." Talking pictures brought him new popularity in "Marianne." Latest film, "The Florodora Girl." Five feet, ten inches tall; weighs 160 pounds; dark hair and dark eyes.



Russell Ball

LEWIS, MARY. The latest singing sensation of the silver screen. You'll read all about her in the story on the opposite page. But in the meantime we just want to tell you that Mary is not only a beauty and a singer—she's a real girl whose sense of humor and perspective have not been warped by success.

WHO'S AN UGLY DUCKLING?

Mary Lewis Says She Was
—But Look at Her Now!

By
Myrene Wentworth

By her own confession, Mary Lewis was never an example to the other children of the neighborhood. If she had been she'd still be singing in a church choir back in Little Rock, Arkansas.

It was to talk about her new contract as a screen star that I lunched with Mary Lewis. However, there was a precocious child at the next table, gravely telling her parents what they should have for lunch to keep the calories down. After exchanging amused grins at the situation, our conversation drifted into juvenile reminiscence.

"You are gazing upon the original ugly duckling," averred Mary, mock dramatically.



Mary Lewis, noted opera singer now in pictures, with Sylvia Ulbeck, masseuse extraordinary to Hollywood's famous stars.

"At least she grew into a lovely swan," I assured her. "Well," laughed Miss Lewis, "no one who knew me during my first fifteen years ever thought I'd be anything but a scrawny, freckle-faced little brat, full of honest intentions but with an infinite capacity for misadventure—for which, I might add, I received frequent and thorough thrashings."

Mary was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas. When she was less than two years old, and a few weeks before the birth of a younger brother, her mother was left a widow. In pursuit of a livelihood, the little family migrated first to Little Rock and then to Dallas. The struggle was vain and finally the desperate mother put her two little ones in an orphan asylum.

Within a few weeks Mary was convinced that it was better to starve in the shelter of her mother's warm love than to die of the filth and poor food which characterized the institution. After days of effort she managed to run away, taking her baby brother with her. How they found their way to their mother, Mary cannot remember. Suffice to say, they did.

At six, the child was a victim of pernicious anemia, from lack of food and medicinal attention. A physician told her mother that two years of proper care, correct diet and sanitary surroundings might cure her. In this crisis the wife of a local minister came forward and (Continued on page 122)



Mary Lewis' first movie job was as a member of the Al Christie comedy company. Above: as she appeared in "The Ugly Duckling" nine years ago.

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans



Colin Clive, center, heads the superb all-British cast which interprets "Journey's End" on the screen.



Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner provide hilarious comedy in fast-moving farce, "Hold Everything."



Norman Foster, a newcomer to the screen, plays opposite Claudette Colbert in "Young Man of Manhattan."



Journey's End

YOU know I don't scatter superlatives lightly; so when I tell you that "Journey's End" is one of the great pictures you'll know it's pretty serious with me. Right now I had better warn you that I am prejudiced. The play by R. C. Sherriff as presented on the New York stage was, to me, a beautiful and moving thing. And the picture, contrary to all precedent, is just as good as the play. The same man directed both—James Whale. The film has a different cast, but quite as efficient. Altogether I should say that this motion picture version of the great English war play is the shining example in screen annals of an adaptation that lived up to its promise. At first I missed the flesh-and-blood actors; then the beauty and pathos of the play took hold, and I forgot I was watching shadow men. It was reality—and out of Hollywood! "Journey's End" is a neat little triumph for Tiffany-Stahl and for the movies generally. The superb cast, headed by Colin Clive, includes David Manners, Ian MacLaren, Anthony Bushell.



Hold Everything

"HOLD EVERYTHING" has everything for those who like their film fun frank, fast, and furious. It's a rousing, rowdy comedy with no nuances; but who wants to be bothered with those, anyway, when Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner are present? If you liked Miss Lightner in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" you will go for her here. She's funnier—and louder. As for Mr. Brown, he works hard and fast; and if there are those on the Broadway Rialto who claim that he has imitated a certain other comedian named Bert Lahr, their contentions don't make Mr. Brown less funny. There's a slapstick prize-fight that is the most hilarious ever screened. Take the children and tie them in their seats; or they'll roll down the aisle and you'll roll right after them. For sex appeal we have Carpentier and Sally O'Neil, with Dorothy Revier for very good measure. But the picture belongs to Winnie and Joe; it's theirs to have and to "Hold Everything." The opening in Warner Brothers' new Hollywood Theater was an Event on Broadway, New York.



Young Man of Manhattan

AND what a young man! From now on, young girls will be going east instead of west. Norman Foster plays the title rôle in this screen adaptation of Katherine Brush's popular novel. He's something new in film heroes. He *doesn't* sing. He isn't particularly handsome. But the boy brings a fresh quality to pictures—an average, well-meaning, lovable character, neither poet nor rough-neck, just human. You'll like him. He is always believable as the newspaper reporter who won a lovely wife and couldn't keep her, until he mended his ways and went to work. The wife, both in the picture and private life, is the gorgeous Claudette Colbert. Real newspaper girls will cast covetous eyes at the endless variety of Miss Colbert's very smart wardrobe and will wonder how she did it. But that's movies. Thanks to Monta Bell's direction, the adventures of *Ann* and *Toby* assume an interest out of all proportion to the very juvenile plot. Charles Ruggles as the family friend very, very funny—as usual.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects
The Six Most Important
Films of the Month



The Man from Blankley's

YOU won't believe it until you see it—John Barrymore doing a comedy drunk act! Yes, John forgets all about his title of America's Great Tragic Actor, casts discretion to the wings, and has some fun. And so did I; and so will you. How much more I like this Barrymore than the solemn star of his serious plays and films is probably an indication of my low tastes; but I don't care. I enjoyed "The Man from Blankley's"; it gave me a good time. Mr. Barrymore, playing *Lord Strathpeffer*, wanders around in a London fog and into the wrong dinner party, which he proceeds to enliven by various means. A collection of Dickensian characters are present, perfectly impersonated by some of the best actors in Hollywood, including the inimitable Albert Gran. Barrymore's difficulties with a rubber pidgeon make a scene as uproarious as any Sennett ever directed. Loretta Young is the only Hollywood touch. It has flavor, this film. If Barrymore made only comedies from now on I'd write him fan letters.



Loretta Young, John Barrymore, and Albert Gran in the most amusing comedy, "The Man from Blankley's."



Paramount on Parade

PARDON me if I call this revue The Big Parade of stars; but it really is. Just let your eyes rest on this list of luminaries, until the glitter dazzles you: Chevalier, Clara Bow, George Bancroft, Jack Oakie, Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane, William Powell, Clive Brook—I'm out of breath though not out of stars. But you'll have to see "Paramount on Parade" to meet the others. It's the most expensive cast assembled—so far. As in all screen revues, some of the acts are grand and some are not so good. The revue begins with Chevalier, continues with Chevalier, and concludes with Chevalier, which is all right with everybody. Among the best numbers are the Bancroft sketch, in which the Powerful George shows off his toughest technique; Helen *Boopa-doop* Kane; little Mitzi Green's impersonation of Moran, of Moran and Mack; Kay Francis as *Carmen*; and Clara Bow, hurrah, hurrah, as the pride and joy of the U. S. Navy. There's something or someone in "Paramount on Parade" to show everybody a good time, so you'd better go.



Evelyn Brent and Maurice Chevalier in one of the sketches from the revue, "Paramount on Parade."



The Divorcée

DON'T breathe it to a soul, but this is the screen version of the sensational book called (ssh, don't let Will Hays hear us!) "Ex-W-f-e." Fill in the missing letters and you'll have it. And *what* a screen version! None of your tame, diluted translations; but all the punch of the original, plus an added thrill or two, and no extra charge. Norma Shearer has the title rôle—how this girl has changed. Her screen personality has undergone what is known as a metamorphosis, which is second cousin to a phenomenon and only slightly less interesting. Miss Shearer has developed into an American Garbo; she is a worldly young lady who marries for love, gets into difficulties, and then goes about living her own life in a big ambitious way. You'll gasp at Norma's portrayal of "The Divorcée." And what a supporting cast of bold, brave young men: Chester Morris as the husband; Conrad Nagel as the long-suffering friend; and Robert Montgomery. Not art; but, boys and girls, what box-office!



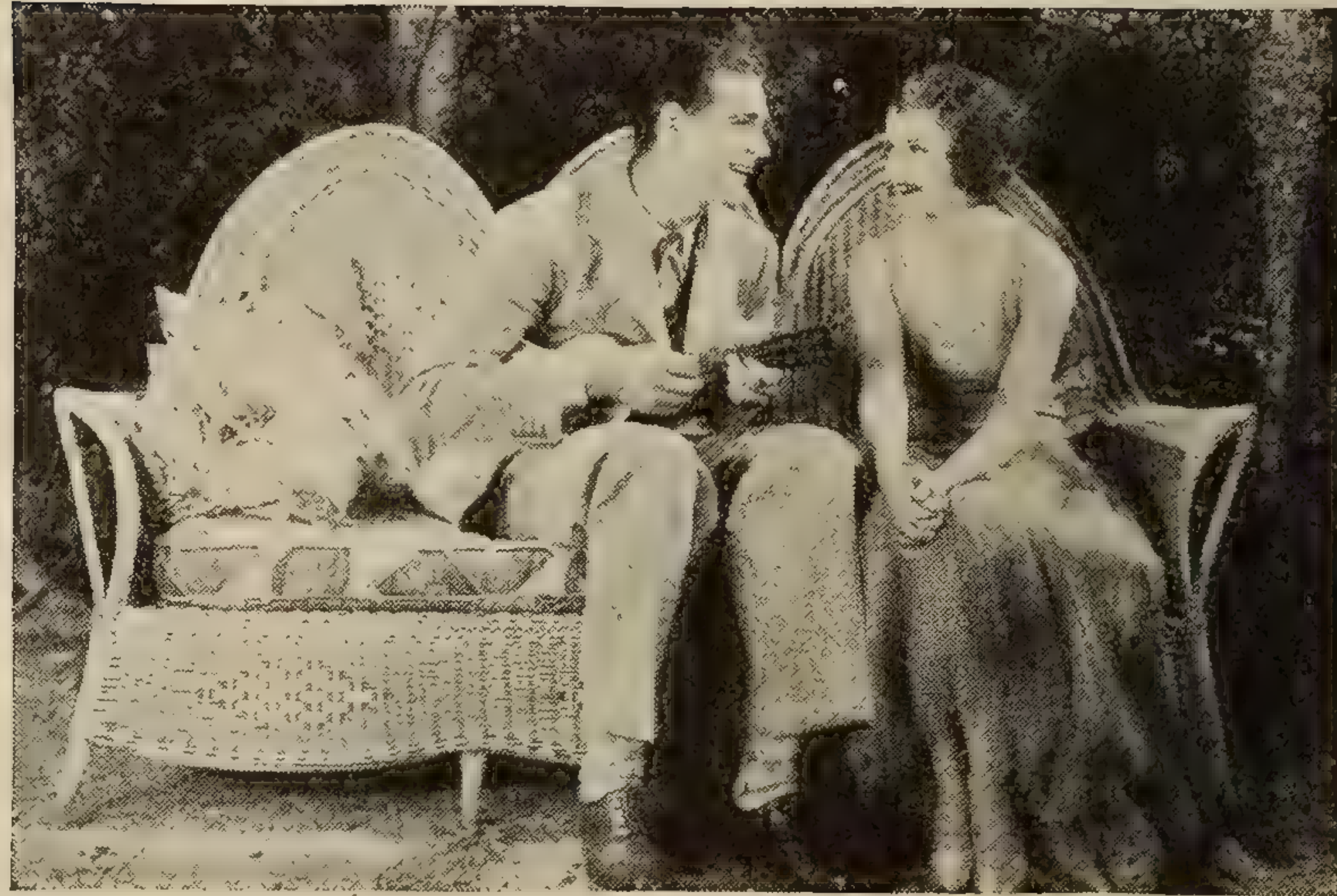
"The Divorcée," drama of modern marriage, stars Norma Shearer, with Chester Morris as her leading man.

Critical Comment



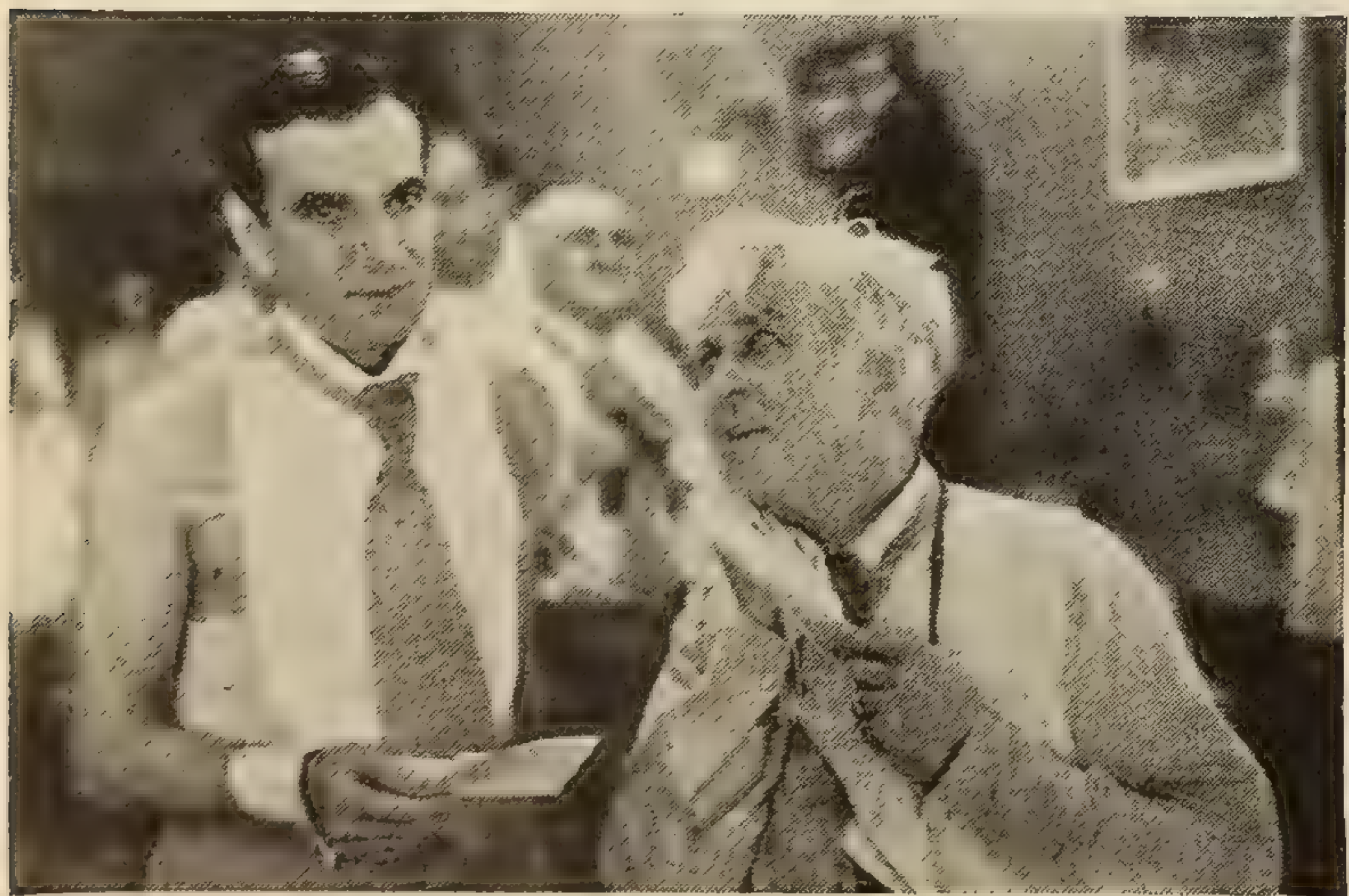
Free and Easy

HERE is Buster Keaton's first talking comedy. I wish I could report that it is a knockout, because I have always rated Buster as one of the leading screen comics. But "Free and Easy," despite its elaborate mounting and lustrous cast, is only a fairly entertaining film. To begin with, the addition of a voice detracts from the Keaton pantomime, this frozen-faced actor's chief talent. Not that Buster is a vocal flop; he has a good voice, but it doesn't fit in with the character he has built up. He becomes a different Keaton and with the exception of some hilarious scenes in which he has an opportunity to perform acrobatically, he is hampered by the new technique. Anita Page and Robert Montgomery are the lovers of the piece, with Buster doing a "Laugh Clown Laugh" for the finish. A Hollywood setting gives glimpses of several other stars, including William Haines.



High Society Blues

DID you like "Sunnyside Up?" Then don't miss its successor, also directed by David Butler, and again starring Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. "High Society Blues" is a much more charming film than "Sunnyside Up"; it is not so smarty, just as funny, and the popular stars have found themselves in the talkie medium so that they turn in perfectly delightful performances. Miss Gaynor deserves every credit for being able to make the jump from her wistful characterizations to the rollicking zestful musical comedy type of thing she does so sweetly here. Farrell, too, comes through nobly. Their voices are improving all the time. The story, as if it matters, is just a nice little romance, but songs and comedy situations are so cleverly interwoven that "High Society Blues" becomes the perfect picture for the majority of fans. For the whole family.



Mammy

THE question is, how much do you like Al Jolson? If you are a rabid Jolson admirer, don't miss "Mammy." On the other hand, if you are only luke-warm about Al, don't expect too much of "Mammy." It's all Jolson. I know that all Jolson pictures are all Jolson; but this new one is even more so. You have to be all excited about him to get the most out of "Mammy." The best of the scenes show Al as a minstrel man, with his famous black-face. Don't worry too much about the Mammy business; there's surprisingly little sob stuff with Jolson's Alma Mammy, Louise Dresser. Of course you know that, being a Jolson opus, the star will have to be arrested for a crime he didn't commit. But never mind; there's always a way out. Lois Moran is the girl who's waiting. Can it be that the Jolson charm is wearing a little thin? Or maybe he only needs snappier songs.



Captain of the Guard

THE French Revolution is fought again to make a Universal holiday. John Boles profits by the occasion to establish himself even more securely as a star with a voice and a profile. John is not a particularly proficient actor yet, but it doesn't seem to matter, as long as he can warble his way into audience favor. He plays a young royalist who is won over to the revolutionists and writes the Marseillaise by way of expressing his patriotism. The musical score, with strains of the famous French anthem, was composed for this picture by Charles Wakefield Cadman. Laura La Plante, wearing a black wig, does the best she can with the rôle of *The Torch*, a flaming leader of the revolutionists. Imagine our cuddlesome, dimpled Laura as a fire-brand! Her few comedy moments are charming. This film ran two weeks at the Roxy Theater, in New York, so that's your answer.

on Current Films



Sweethearts and Wives

I RECOMMEND this picture as an amusing, sophisticated story, containing an element of naughtiness, which shouldn't be missed! The fun takes place outside of Paris in a spooky inn. It contains an object lesson. If you go motor-ing with another man's wife, you may wind up by marrying Billie Dove. That's what happens when Sidney Blackmer's motor has trouble and he stops at the inn with Leila Hyams. Mysterious events occur and the only person about is Billie Dove as a French maid, language and everything! The police arrive, and to avoid a scandal, Billie becomes Blackmer's wife, and Leila becomes their maid. Clive Brook, as a private detective, and Albert Gran, as an inspector, carry on an investigation and a murder is discovered. Yes, there are also the missing jools, which are juggled about by the various characters much to their discomfiture—for who wants to be arrested?



Honey

I KNOW a secret!" This phrase will be a by-word among families when "Honey" has been seen by all. The event of this pleasant little musical movie is Mitzi Green, the child wonder, who plays, with admirable honesty, one of those obnoxious children who spends her time spying on her elders—and sells what she hears to the highest bidder. Whether you like precocious kid performers or not, you must admit that Mitzi is the greatest child star since Jackie Coogan. She's uncannily clever. Her scenes with Jobyna Howland are really funny; and keep "Honey" from being too sweet, what with the saccharine romance going on between Nancy Carol and Stanley Smith, who have to sing about love; and the lighter amour of Lillian Roth and Skeet Gallagher. I want to register approbation of Miss Roth. She is refreshingly impish and original. Looks like star material to me.



Redemption

DEEP, dreary, and Russian. John Gilbert's first talking picture, this screening of the Tolstoy drama was held for release to follow "His Glorious Night." John gets no better break in this than he did in the talkie debut. "Redemption" is a trial for all. It is old-fashioned. Unless you like to steep yourself in Russian gloom, you will probably writhe your way through this film. Gilbert plays one of those mysterious heroes who can't seem to make up his mind. A sinister fate pursues him, for no special reason. He just can't be happy. And he tangles up a few lives besides his own, including Eleanor Boardman's, Conrad Nagel's, and Rénée Adorée's. John has one good scene, but it comes at the end of the picture, and it's a long wait. Miss Adorée makes the best impression with her piquant beauty and rich voice. She will be a big hit in the right talker rôle.



Under a Texas Moon

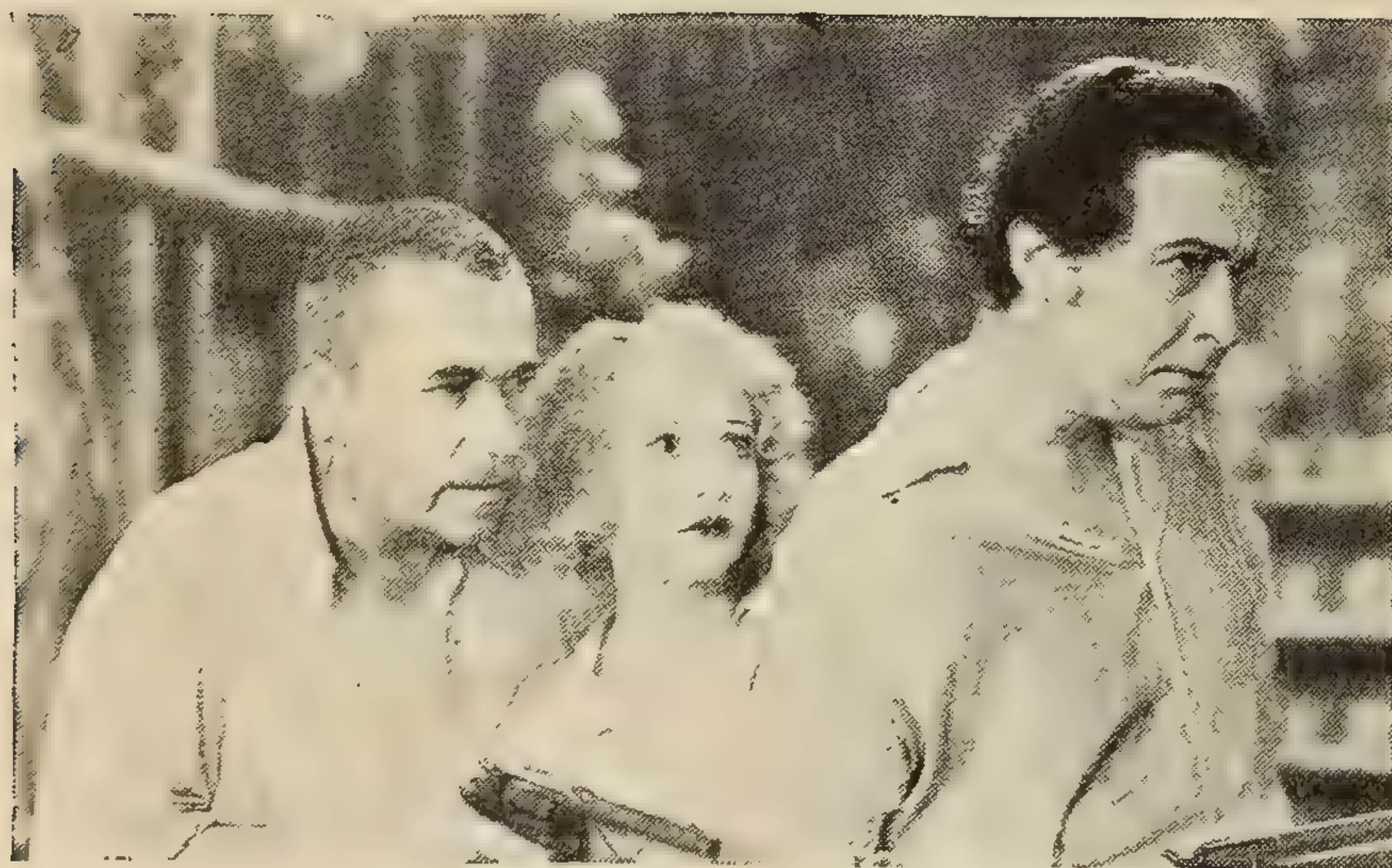
PLEASE see this. It just missed being one of the six best. The first all Technicolor western, it is heartily recommended by way of light and snappy diversion. And it's no ordinary western, either. It's dressed-up and pretty, with Frank Fay as a Mexican Don Juan who has no trouble at all attracting the ladies, on the screen or in the audience. He's the same Frank Fay who was master of ceremonies of "The Show of Shows" but you'd never know it. He is much more at ease, and may shape up as a real star. He's a sort of satirical Barrymore, who says it with songs. Among his conquests are such charming girls as Armida, Raquel Torres, and Myrna Loy—need I add the picture is extremely decorative? Armida, a real Mexican, is right at home in this colorful atmosphere of fun and fiestas. But it's Frank Fay's picture; he earns it. You'll like his voice and smile.

REVUETTES *of*



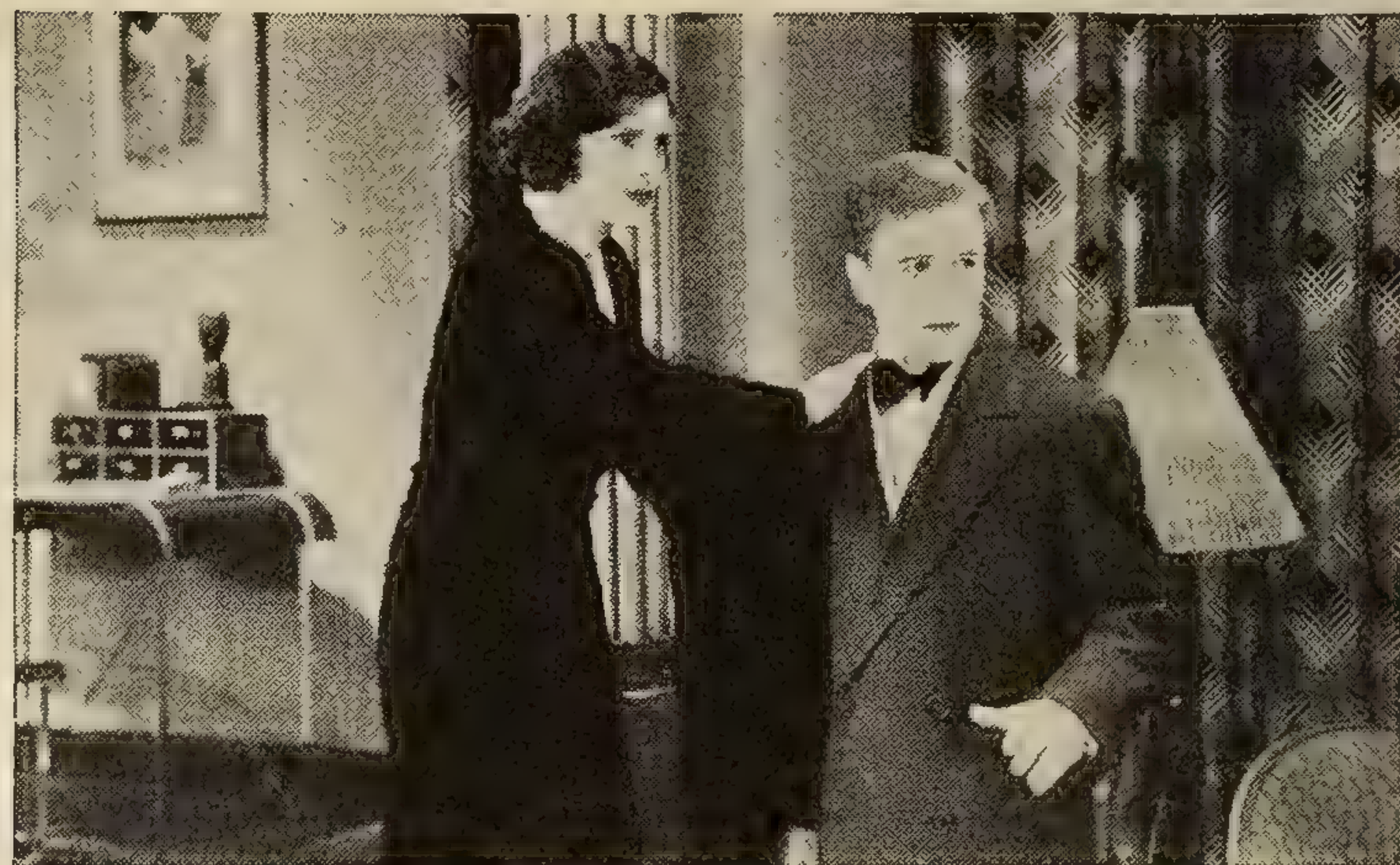
Alias French Gertie

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, most famous fiancées in the film industry, get together professionally for the first time in this amusing little picture. You've guessed it—it's one of those lady and gentleman bandit things, with Bebe a lovely lady Raffles who disguises her chic self as a French maid to gain entrance to the homes of the rich, which she proceeds to pilfer. Ben is a personable Jimmy Valentine; and when these two meet young love gets in its work and the crooks decide to go straight. But before complete reformation sets in, there is dramatic opportunity for Bebe and Ben to do a little good acting and a lot of good looking. They make a handsome and ingratiating team; and while Bebe doesn't sing a single note she proves that as a 'straight' actress she is second to none; and the boy friend, Ben, keeps right up with her.



Isle of Escape

Noah Beery and Voice provide the chief interest. The big boy has a deep basso that makes the rafters ring; and as the bad man of this very mellow South Sea Island drama he is convincing. Not so much can be said for Betty Compson as a persecuted heroine and Monte Blue, sadly out of character.



Framed

Evelyn Brent, leading 'gangster's girl' of the shouting celluloids, comes back to her popular characterization in this. Evelyn is comely and convincing as the night-club hostess whose 'revenge' is thwarted when she falls in love with the Inspector's son, played agreeably by Regis Toomey. It has its thrills.



The Hide-Out

New angle on the hi-jacker plot: James Murray chooses college as his hide-out, and is turning into a good boy with Kathryn Crawford's sweet assistance when the detective runs him down. But is he out? See the picture; it isn't bad. Kathryn is a cutie with a future if she learns to act.



Dames Ahoy

Hardly high-brow, but you'll be amused in spite of yourself by the antics of Glenn Tryon, Otis Harlan and Eddie Gribbon as three gay sea dogs looking for trouble. They find plenty. Gertrude Astor as the femme interest serves to remind us that she is one of the most capable comedienues we have.

OTHER PICTURES

The Benson Murder Case

Return engagement of those two popular though so different detectives, William *Philo Vance* Powell, and Eugene *Sergeant Heath* Pallette. This time the boys are out to solve the Benson Case which in case you are all prepared to sneer: "I know the answer to *that* one," turns out to be like the S. S. Van Dine book in name only. In other words, "The Benson Murder Case" of the movies is much different from the novel of the same title. It has a brand new murder, list of suspects, and solution. It's a good, fairly baffling detective drama, in which no less than six persons have reasonable motives for wishing to murder the villain—including the blonde Natalie Moorhead and the pleasantly sinister William Boyd—the Broadway Boyd, not Pathé's Bill. Leave it to *Philo* to ferret out the clues and *Sergeant Heath* to furnish the laughs.



He Knew Women

Lowell Sherman is the star of this satisfying film which, though not important, holds the interest throughout. He gives a fine, subtle performance as a man of affairs. Alice Joyce is stunning as a wealthy widow; while Frances Dade and David Manners, both attractive new-comers, look promising.



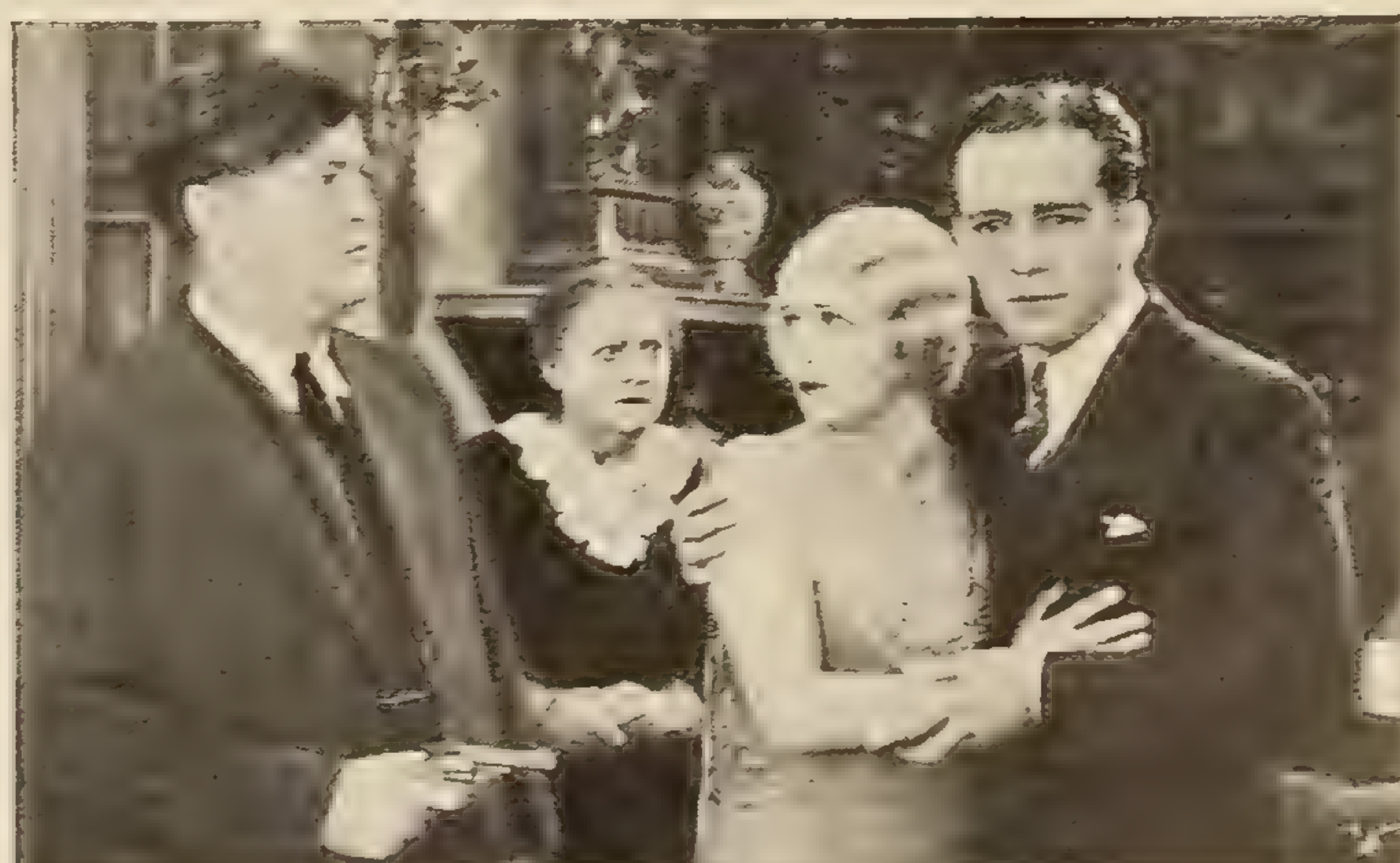
Cock o' the Walk

What's the matter with James Cruze? Hard to believe that he directed this pseudo-sophisticated yarn about a gigolo violinist acted, and acted, and acted, by Joseph Schildkraut. Where's Cruze's sense of humor? Myrna Loy is the only interesting feature; she is charming and graceful, worthy of better parts.



Guilty?

Who's guilty? Not Virginia Valli. The only thing she is ever guilty of is turning in a nice performance and you can't hold that against the girl. How about John Holland? You'll have to see for yourself. It's all about circumstantial evidence; things look black, but clear up as usual.



In the Next Room

Here is a mystery, my dears, which positively makes you dizzy. Alice Day is a lady in distress in one of those musty old houses; and Jack Mulhall, the reporter out to solve the mystery. DeWitt Jennings is *Inspector Grady*, who eventually discovers he has come to the wrong house of mystery.

Tuning in on

Two Weddings
and a Birthday Party
—Come Along!

By
Grace Kingsley



Helene Costello, demurely charming in bridal array, and her new husband, Lowell Sherman. Helene is one of Hollywood's youngest and most recent brides.

"NEW YORK has certainly moved to Hollywood! Everybody from Broadway is here tonight."

Patsy, the Party Hound, and I had gone with Vernon Rickard, the handsome young stage actor and radio singer, over to Joseph Cawthorn's beautiful new home in Beverly Hills, where his wife, who used to be Queenie Vassar of the musical comedy stage, you know, was giving Joe a party celebrating his birthday—and, also, his fifty-seventh year on the stage.

Joe Cawthorn greeted us, and then we saw that poor Queenie had met with an accident. She was sitting close to the door to say hello to everybody, but her foot was bound up. At the last moment, just before the first guest arrived, Queenie slipped on the polished floor and sprained her ankle. But she looked lovely, nevertheless, and was the best sport we had ever seen, since she stuck to her hostess post until we missed her suddenly, and found she had had to go upstairs, call the doctor and have the foot dressed, after which she returned gamely to her party.

John Barrymore was one of the first guests we caught sight of. He was a little withdrawn from the crowd, and seemed a bit nervous, as became, we decided, a man who was soon to become a dad. Dolores Costello, his wife, had hoped until the last moment, to come to the party, but finally was dissuaded by her husband from doing so. (Since this was written John has become the proud papa of a baby girl.)

Joe and Queenie have known all the Barrymores since the latter were little children, and Dolores comes over to the Cawthorns' almost every day.

Will Kernell, Mrs. Cawthorn's son, and Mrs. Kernell, who is a concert pianist, were helping in receiving, and at that, Joe didn't need much help. He was the liveliest host I've ever seen.

Jack Gilbert was there with his lovely wife, Ina Claire; and there were James Gleason and his wife, Lucille Webster, Elsie Janis and her mother, H. B. Warner and his wife; Doris Lloyd, Henry Hobart and his wife, Olive Tell, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Robert Edeson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille, Leslie Stewart, whose dad wrote "Florodora," Joseph Santley, Louise Dresser and her mother, Mrs. Jack Ford, the director's beautiful wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden Hare, Leon Errol, Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue, Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, his bride, Bert Wheeler and his wife, Virginia Harned and William Courtney, Jack Fife, Charles King, Adele

Hollywood Wedding Bells

Rowland and Conway Tearle, her husband, Charles Byers, Francie Harris, Jack Blystone and his wife, James Tingling and Mrs. Tingling, Ralph and Vera Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, Taylor Holmes and his wife and son, Phillips Holmes, Edmund Goulding, Bobby Woolsey, Reginald Sharland, and a dozen others.

The Cawthorns have brought all their lovely furnishings out from the east, and the result is that the place seems to have been lived in a long time. Mrs. Cawthorn has a gorgeous collection of Dresdens, which she has scattered all over the house—in cabinets, on tables, and in the form of chandeliers and perfume cabinets.

H. B. Warner told us, when we told him how ruddy and healthy he was looking, that he had been gardening a lot lately, and how he loved watching a garden grow; but said that he had moved so often that he never really had a chance to live with a plant.

Louise Dresser was looking perfectly stunning in white satin. She told us that she was looking for stories, and was awfully tired of playing sad mothers; she said that most mothers, according to her experience, were quite happy, and if they had troubles they kept them to themselves and kept a stiff upper lip, didn't go around weeping all the time.

Just then John Barrymore caught sight of Hale Hamilton. He rushed over to him, and was so delighted to see him that he kissed him on the cheek!

Jack Barrymore told our hostess that her house always seemed like home to him. Mrs. Kernell told us that Dolores is just as happy as she can be about the baby.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kernell are musicians, Will being a composer and his wife a concert pianist. Will Kernell wrote the theme song for John McCormack's picture, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, which is making such a hit, and Mrs. Kernell expects to play at the Hollywood Bowl next summer.

Elsie Janis and her mother had arrived with Jack Fife; and Elsie denied she was engaged to marry anybody.

"And if I'm going to adopt a child to marry," she said, "anyway, I'll adopt a young one. Somebody said I was engaged to Jack King, but he's much too old for me," she kidded. "He's all of twenty-six!"

But Jack King remarked gallantly it wasn't his fault he wasn't engaged to Elsie.

Louise Dresser told us that Blanche Ring may come out this summer, as her husband,

Charles Winninger, is under contract to Fox.

Then Louise told us a charming little story about a bracelet she wore.

"Blanche and I have been friends for years," she said. "Long years ago, when we were together in a show, Blanche loaned me a lovely diamond and sapphire bracelet, with a sort of understanding that I was to wear it as long as I liked. Then we had a little quarrel, and I gave her bracelet back. We made up, and I thought maybe she'd hand back the jewel, but she never did. When I saw her on my recent trip to New York, we were having lunch together one day when she reached into her bag, and said, 'Louise, here's something you can wear the rest of your life if you will!' And out came the old bracelet."

Ina Claire said she was returning to New York for a short trip:

"But I'm not leaving anything—pictures or my husband or anything!" she laughed. "I just want to do a little shopping. Anyhow, why can't I do a little of everything?" she laughed.

Lilyan Tashman looked wonderful in a tight-fitting black lace gown, and Louise Dresser told her that whenever she looked at her, she felt she should go upstairs and fix herself up!

"Oh, no," said Olive Tell to Lilyan. "You make me feel as if it's no use going upstairs to fix myself up!"

Olive was looking lovely herself; and Ina Claire was most charming in a figured chiffon with flowing skirt.

Buffet supper was announced, and Louise Dresser asked Will Kernell if there was to be ice cream.

"No, ice cream spills all over everything!" answered Will.

"Oh, well, I don't care," said Louise. "Ice cream will look all right on white satin!"

Eddie Lowe told us about working on the Fox Hills lot, and how they were so strict that they had cops there for the traffic.

(Continued on page 110)



Joseph Cawthorn is one of the hosts of Hollywood who entertains often and lavishly at his new Beverly Hills home. This picture shows a corner of the living room, with Mrs. Cawthorn, Queenie Vassar, of musical comedy fame, giving her comedian husband a musical treat.

The STAGE *in* REVIEW

New Plays on Broadway
that you may see later
on the Talking Screen

By Benjamin De Casseres



The lovely Lillian Gish as Helena in "Uncle Vanya." In this play by Anton Chekhov, Miss Gish makes her first stage appearance since she was a child actress.

"Uncle Vanya"

CHEKHOV was the surgeon of boredom. Of all the Russians he is the most implacable in his outlook on life. His characters are all parts of the yawns of Brahma. And his characters—and plays—are life, you and me, universal humanity; our boredom and our stupidities; our schemings and our secret thievery; our cringing cowardice, and, above all, our restless inability. Take it or leave it, says Chekhov to the world. Well, the world takes it, strange to relate! Takes it because he is a great artist, one who whispers in our ear, "This is the truth, you hypocrite!" We bow, put our hands over our eyes, and murmur, "Yes—Christ have mercy on our souls—it is!"

Jed Harris' production of "Uncle Vanya" is one of the finest things ever staged in New York. I was gripped to my seat and nailed to a perpetual attention during all the four acts. And it is such a nothing of a story!—all about two men who love a woman married to a pompous old professor, the failure of either of the men to win the woman and the descent of a slow curtain on the way the curtain of Life will finally descend on you and me: tears and ashes.

It all takes place in a Russian country house not so long ago. But it might be anywhere tomorrow. The characters are sketched with a masterhand, the dialogue is simple and naked. See "Uncle Vanya," the product of an artist, then go see its American counterfeit, "Hotel Universe," and you will understand the difference between Life and Sophisticated Sweetness, between Art and Artifice.

Lillian Gish as the wife of the pedantic ass of a professor was all compact of moonlight and aerial fugacity. She acted simply and intelligently. Walter Connelly as *Uncle Vanya*, an elderly sentimental lover, was superb at all points; and Osgood Perkins as a country doctor, also in love with the married white slave, was, again, a revelation. Eugene Powers as the professor, a happy fool, repeated his great success of "Children of Darkness." In fact, everyone was exact in a most difficult play and a red-letter production.

"A Month in the Country"

I am glad that the Theater Guild had the courage to put on the eighty-year-old play of the Great Ivan Turgénev called "A Month in the Country." Most of the smart critics pronounced it 'old fashioned,' but a play or a book may be old-fashioned and still not only be 'up-to-date' (a go-getter's phrase), but even 'ahead of the times.'

Turgénev's work contains eternals: ennui, disillusion, the hob that libido plays, and the general absolute that life is just an empty yawn if you sit down and think about it.

"A Month in the Country" was for me a treat. It was the Guild at the peak of artistic, anti-box-office achievement. I drew from it a perfume of wilted beauty, of melancholy inutility. I heard the eternal sigh of regret that wells from the human heart and got some profound peeps at our meannesses and stupidities.

The story is simple—the boredom of a married woman and her attempts to grab at the skirts of Romantic Love. There is always disillusion, and the play ends on that note. But here are unforgettable characters—living, vital, eternal—perfectly interpreted by Alla Nazimova, Dudley Digges, Henry Travers, Elliot Cabot and others, with faultless directing by Rouben Mamoulian.



Left: Eliot Cabot, Alla Nazimova, Douglas Dumbrille and Eda Heinemann play unforgettable characters perfectly interpreted in "A Month in the Country," the Ivan Turgénev play.

Do not miss this beautiful play if you want to get away from the Broadway Hooligan Nights.

"The Old Rascal"

Well, the old rascal!—I mean, William Hodge. Since the fall of Lucifer there has been no greater collapse of a Great Ethical Figure.

For William Hodge, you know, was a synonym for Decency, Propriety, Sweetness and Light. But just at the moment that Fred Stone closed up in his first failure, "Ripples," because he, too, was all Immaculate Sweetness and Light, Bill Hodge comes to town with a naughty play called "The Old Rascal."

Here Mr. Hodge of Hearth, Home and Mother fame plays a rural Casanova, a frisky old Judge with liquor in his cellar and some cuties on his string.



Below: Morris Carnovsky in "Hotel Universe" with Ruth Gordon, who carries off the honors of this well done Theater Guild presentation of Philip Barry's new play.



David Morris, Ludish Windsor and William Hodge in "The Old Rascal," in which Mr. Hodge departs from tradition and plays a rural Casanova.

Now this Sinful Play is naturally the best thing Mr. Hodge has yet done, for what is more natural, more tonifying, more amusing, more jouncy-bouncy than good old Sin?

But what will Mr. Hodge's good and reverend disciples say when "The Old Rascal" hits the sticks? I have my fears.

Will John Golden, the Chevalier of the Holy Grail, fall, too, like Lucifer and Bill Hodge?

"Hotel Universe"

Twinkle, twinkle, Philip Barry—

How I wish you were a Jimmy (Barrie)!

But you ain't, ain't, ain't!

Yes, twinkle, that's the word—Philip Barry in his plays twinkles. There is no heat, no warmth, no glowing central sun of an idea in his work. It is all . . . (Continued on page 115)

IN NEW



Above: Marlene Dietrich, sensational European discovery imported by Paramount. Another Garbo?

Mary Lewis, right, arrives in the Big Town to fulfill opera engagements before starting screen career.



Photo of New York by

There's only one Jack Oakie. He came east for a visit.

By

YOU never can tell about women!

Those words are not original but they're mighty true. That's what I decided after I left Laura La Plante's suite at the Savoy Plaza. Laura is here in town for a rest and a vacation after finishing up her Universal contract. And she's having a vacation like no other screen star I've ever heard of.

You'd think a pretty little comedienne like Laura would be visiting all the smart shops and theaters and night clubs. And she does give them a look-in. But her real interest is—you'd never guess it—human nature.

The first place she went when she reached New York was to Night Court. Then, just by way of making big whoopee, she visited the Police College and the museum, on the top floor of this building, where the police rookies get initiated into the ways of crime.

"I always like to see what the other side of the world is doing," Miss La Plante explained. "I have no sordid interest in crime. I just realize I'm lucky, but I want to know how the other fellow is faring."

Despite the fact that Laura has to wear a large pair of tortoise-shell specs when she is not facing the cameras,

they don't disfigure her at all. In a smart new tailored suit and a little turned-down hat, she looked very pretty and extremely thin.

Laura is none of your cotton-headed, flighty girls, but a most sensible, well-balanced woman. And no matter with what film company she allies herself—and she has had offers from several—I feel sure she will bring us a lot more of those pleasant, whimsical light comedy impersonations which have made her one of our best-loved stars.

* * *

"What a woman! What a woman!"

Those were the words that ran up and down and around the great horseshoe luncheon-table at the Crystal Room of the Ritz a few weeks ago when Paramount introduced its new foreign find to America—Miss Marlene Dietrich, the German film star.

Miss Dietrich is beautiful. She looks like Garbo, in height, figure, hair and eyes. Only her nose is different.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., N. Y. C.

Stanley Smith, the nice new juvenile with the voice.

Anne Bye

Her nostrils have a broad passionate flare, and vibrate according to her emotions in a most amazing way.

Die Dietrich speaks English well. Jesse Lasky made a smart little introductory speech, which Miss Dietrich followed with a few words, in clearly enunciated English, with a fascinating little twist to them.

And now, just a word about that luncheon. It was a beautifully arranged affair, with spring flowers in silver bowls at intervals along the center of the table which must have seated two hundred. The food was epicurean.

Stanley Smith was one of the guests of honor; Jack Oakie was another, and Ginger Rogers a third. To say nothing of the important officials of the company; Mr. Zukor, Mr. Lasky, Mr. Wanger, Mr. McCarthy and others.

* * *

I haven't met a lot of screen comedians, but of those I have had the good fortune to know, I believe Jack Oakie is my favorite—for he's so darned natural.



Above: lovely little Laura La Plante was in Manhattan on her first real vacation in a long time.

Marilyn Miller waves farewell to New York as she leaves to make another picture in Filmaformia.

He doesn't put on any airs. He doesn't drag out any fancy accent or inflections for his New York visit. He's just a plain boy from the country who happens to get along because he has made a unique hit in the movies, since men and

women alike both fall for his foolishness.

The day I had lunch with Jack in his suite at the Warwick Hotel, he was feeling a little low. It seems a bunch of the New York newspaper folk had been whooping it up and showing him the town. He had gone to the theater with them, then to a party at Stuart Erwin's—whom everybody calls 'Stew,' by the way, but for no ulterior reason—and lastly, nearly every night club in New York was visited. Jack arrived home with the milk man and the *New York Times*.

He was still a little sleepy at lunch time, but after bacon and eggs, he picked up considerably. "It's a swell break, bein' a screen star," Oakie said, "but I sure would like to get back to California and a little honest-to-God sleep. If last night is a sample of what New York is, I'm gonna be pullin' my freight west—any day now."

* * *

Just a high school boy who (Continued on page 126)

Come

A Cooking Lesson
from a Lovely Teacher

By Emily Kirk



"In preparing any dish," says Billie Dove, "here is the first rule: be sure that your measurements are right and that the ingredients are well blended."

GOOD cooks and charming hostesses are born, not made. Just as teachers and actors must have a natural bent toward their line of work in order to be proficient, an exceptional cook has to have talent.

Take Billie Dove, for instance. She has always liked to cook. Even before she started to school, she watched her mother making good things to eat and tried to copy her.

"One of the proudest days of my life," she tells, "was one Sunday that I successfully made a plate of fudge. We had guests and they praised it generously. I walked on air for the next week.

"Mother encouraged me. As long as I had a natural tendency toward cooking, she felt it should be helped along. She is a wonderful cook. Nothing is too difficult for her. And she gave me the benefit of her long years of experience.

"I cooked and baked those easy things most children do, muffins, fudge, cookies, and simple desserts. I didn't tackle meats or heavy food then. By the time I went to school and progressed far enough to take cooking lessons, I was a bit ahead of the others.

"The things that I learned to make in school had to be tried at home. And mother was so nice about my coming into the kitchen and trying out new concoctions. She was always willing to take time to see and help me measure out the ingredients. That was one of the simple rules she installed in my mind: 'Be careful about the proper amount of each thing.'"

Now that Billie is a big star and spends so much of her time at the studio, a cook takes her place in the kitchen. However, the mistress of the house always supervises the menu.

"I will go for a long time without cooking anything," Billie says, "then I'll have an urge to cook, and go out into the kitchen and tackle anything in the cook book

that appeals to me. I have fun doing that. But I can't always guarantee the results.

"If you don't like sports, it is impossible to excel in them. The same thing goes for household duties," she explains. "Personally, I like them. I like to supervise



Next, be sure that the gas or electricity is adjusted just right. Foods prepared on top of the stove require a low or medium degree of heat.

the managing of my household. To make out the menu for the next day. Even to shop when I'm between pictures and have time.

"Flavoring is one of the most important items in cooking. A perfect roast can be spoiled or a medium type of meat made delicious just by the seasoning. I do not like or have highly flavored dishes on my menu, but I do like sauces and relishes.

"The menu is another important item. I believe that a well-regulated diet is the prime requisite of good health. I usually eat a good breakfast and a simple luncheon of a salad or soup. My heaviest meal is in the evening.

Miss Dove does not entertain much during the making

into the Kitchen *with* Billie Dove

BILLIE DOVE'S FAVORITE RECIPE:

Clam Chowder

Cut one-half pound salt pork into small pieces and fry. Let all the fat fry out, but do not allow the pork to brown. Remove pork and part of the fat and add to remaining fat three medium-sized onions sliced quite thin. The onions should be cooked until tender but not browned. Place pork and onions in a large pot and add four good-sized potatoes cut in dice and the juice from three cans of clams. Cover and cook slowly until potatoes are well done. Just before serving, add one quart of hot milk, cream and all, with salt and pepper to taste.

interests of the guests themselves. It is a problem anywhere, but in Washington, D. C. and Hollywood it is twice as bad.

"In Washington, it is rank and precedence. In Hollywood, it is the problem of not sitting ex-wife next to another ex-wife or a present one. A hostess has to remember who is speaking to whom, and who has just finished playing opposite what star. In the latter case, it is further complicated by having to remember whether the parties are still on good terms or not.

"When the 'ex's' have been separated, it is time to think of parallel tastes and interests. This is easier in Hollywood. Talking pictures, or even pictures themselves, form the basis of all topics of conversation. Almost everyone is interested in some form of them.

"Of course, every hostess knows that she must 'manage' her guests if she wants to keep them well-entertained. When I entertain, I spend as much time choosing guests who will be congenial as I do in planning the menu. In a week or two, one generally forgets just what food was eaten at a certain dinner, but if the guests were congenial and happy together—that memory will linger and be always associated with the

(Continued on page 126)



Flavoring is one of the most important items in cooking, admonishes Billie. A dish may be spoiled or made a complete success just by its seasoning.

of her pictures. But if she does have guests, she is never too busy to supervise the menu personally. When she gives large dinner parties, she does some of the shopping for the more important items, and sees to the placing of the guests at the table herself.

"Seating people at a table to ensure a smooth and pleasant meal is an art in itself. It needs a nice sense of diplomacy as well as an insight into the personality and



The dish is now nearing completion. Time now to taste and see if it's all right, and to add a 'little of this or a little more of that' if necessary.

What was it about the shot that was heard 'round the world? Well, anyway, when Claudia Dell sets off these fireworks we'll probably hear them all the way from Hollywood.



from HOLLYWOOD

All the Latest News
from the Studios

POLLY MORAN can always get away with murder. Looking over the "Madame Satan" set with Cecil B. De Mille at the megaphone on a day when there was a lot doing, Polly took stock of the dozen or more assistants, who are supposed to be 'yes-men,' hanging on the last minute admonitions of the famous director, and remarked with a twinkle in her eye: "This set ought to be called the Land of Nod."

* * *

All Hollywood beamed when Dolores Blythe Barrymore, Junior, was born. They say father Jack is so transported with joy that nothing else in the world seems at all important to him.

"The Sea Beast" has twice brought happiness to John Barrymore. It was while filming the silent version of this picture that he and Dolores Costello Barrymore fell in love; and now, while filming the talking version of the piece, his daughter is born.

* * *

And while we are on the subject of the stork, it is whispered about pretty definitely now that Norma Shearer is looking forward to the rustle of its wings. No one seems to know just when it will be but probably in the early fall. Norma is just finishing her picture "Let Us Be Gay," which is said to be very gay indeed. She plans to take several months' vacation when it is completed, and will probably go to Europe with her husband, Irving Thalberg.

* * *

Norman Hall, novelist magazine writer and journalist, recently come to Hollywood, has been signed by Fox and is working on Victor McLaglen's next opus, "Dust and Sun," a story with the South American tropics for a locale. Norm has spent years in the South Seas and South America and his knowledge of those countries clinched the assignment for collaboration on the story, it is said. In Norm's journalistic experiences he has witnessed



twenty-one hangings and one death by guillotine in the south of France. His story, "Billy, the Balloon Buster of Arizona," has been purchased by Tiffany-Stahl and Rex Lease will be featured in the picture.

* * *

Bill Haines and Polly Moran are honestly embarrassed that their joke has been taken seriously by the public. It began at a time when a new engagement almost every day was announced in Hollywood. Everyone was discussing the latest on the set one day when Bill said, "Come on, Polly, let's you and me become engaged and cut in on some of this free publicity!" No one loves a joke better than Polly so they both acted up for the amusement of their friends. Then it got into the papers, and now, because the 'engagement' has gone on for so long they are both getting letters from their fans asking in all seriousness, apparently, when they are going to get sliced.

Both Bill and Polly would like everyone to understand that it was all a joke and that they haven't and never have had the slightest intention of getting married.

* * *

A letter from New Mexico tells us that the "Easy Going" company, with Fred Niblo at the megaphone and Bill Haines as the star, are enjoying life from the comfort of a club car on the edge of The Enchanted Mesa, one of the most beautiful spots in the state. On the day the company was scheduled to shoot the Acoma pueblo they arrived all pepped up for work only to find that an Indian funeral was in progress which would last through the afternoon and evening. The only thing for Mr. Niblo to do was to turn his company back to the club car for the day. The rites of an Indian funeral are secret and no white man has ever witnessed them, it is said.

* * *

J. Warner Bellah, the writer, was being introduced to the Come On Inn recently for lunch. The Come On Inn is presided over by Betty and Hatty and has fed almost everyone in filmland at one time or another during the past ten years. A man in the uniform of a French aviator walked in and Jay was surprised, being new to Hollywood, to see that he had make-up on. Jay is a flier and always interested in anything to do with the air, so when he was told the actor came from the Warner lot he asked his friend Norman Hall that evening what picture they were doing over there that included a French aviator.



Now that Lon Chaney has decided to make talkies he's having a grand time doing his ventriloquist's tricks again in the same rôle he played in the silent version of "The Unholy Three."

"Oh," replied Norm with a grin, "they're making 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch!'"

* * *



Two noted apostles of cleanliness. Cecil De Mille, famous for the bathtubs of his pictures, with C. L. Frederick, (left center), sales manager for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Corporation. Right: Mrs. Frederick. Left, Don Francisco, vice-president of Lord & Thomas and Logan.

If anyone is suffering from the blues, he or she ought to go and see Sylvia Ulbeck, the Swedish masseuse retained by Pathé to keep the stars beautiful. Two words from Sylvia in her adorable accent and the blues fade into hysterical shrieks. "The Merry Inquisition," the girls call her rooms, for in spite of her jokes and amusing patter, Sylvia treats her victims rough. To drown their cries of agony under her firm fingers she blithely turns on the radio. "Now, mother's darling," Sylvia laughs; and *wham! wham! wham!* her hands come down on the sluggish flesh of your writhing body. "It doesn't belong to you, anyway—off it comes. Nothing but a lot of unused substance that shows you haven't properly assimilated the food you have been eating." *Wham! Wham! Wham!* But after it is all over they say you feel like a million dollars and Sylvia hands you a steaming cup of coffee



Left: Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley in the singing-talking version of the musical success "Follow Thru." Zelma and Jack play the rôles they created on the stage.

Below: Shooting the scene from "Abraham Lincoln" which SCREENLAND chose as The Most Beautiful Still of the Month. D. W. Griffith, seated, left, is directing Walter Huston and Una Merkel.



and two graham wafers. "No cream and only one lump of sugar, sweetheart. You may hold it in your mouth if you like and let the coffee dissolve it as you drink. That's a Swedish custom. Greta Garbo drinks her coffee like that."

Sylvia has caused more jealousy than any star in Hollywood. So popular has she become that Pathé has been induced to allow players outside their gates benefit from the magic of Sylvia's hands. Grace Moore, the Metropolitan opera diva recently signed by M-G-M, is the latest of her admirers.

"Heaven knows I thought I'd never see her again," laughed Sylvia. "How I pounded her! She is not much overweight but what there is must come off for the screen. She asked me whether her chauffeur could drive into the studio grounds for her!" Sylvia has heard that before. "Shall I send for an ambulance, darling? Our hospital is just at the end of this building." But Grace was too sore and stiff to joke about it.

The next thing Sylvia knew, she was the center of a studio row! Metro wanted her exclusive services and planned to offer her a contract, it is said, to take effect at the expiration of her Pathé contract. Pathé and Gloria Swanson, who has been her patient for years, heard of it before Sylvia did and were furious.

Louis B. Mayer sent for Sylvia, which didn't mean a thing to her. She takes the kinks and quirks out of the spines of so many men executives that when she was asked to see Mr. Mayer she thought no more of the appointment than that Mr. Mayer wanted to add himself to her list of patients. "Darling, I had my hat on and was just cursing the holey gloves I had worn that morning when in walks Mr. Kennedy and balls me out. I am so surprised I can hardly swear at him. We have it hot and heavy but when I find out what it is he is trying to say to me I take off my hat and my holey gloves and get myself back into my apron, for goodness sake!" Sylvia is a loyal little soul and as long as Pathé treats her right she stays on the lot no matter how many tempting offers come her way, and plenty do.

* * *

Gloria was all for having Sylvia appear in her picture, "What a Widow," but Sylvia flatly refused. It was to be

a comedy scene and she takes her profession too seriously to make a slapstick out of her work.

* * *

Lon Chaney is in the midst of filming his first talking picture, "The Unholy Three," and having the time of his life. He was all dressed up as the old woman who takes care of the bird store, which is just a disguise he wears to fool the police. Trust Lon for a novel idea. He plays



Clara Bow, filmdom's favorite flapper, entirely surrounded by Navy. At her left and continuing 'round the circle are Frederic March, Harry Sweet, Rex Bell, Eddie Fetherston, Charles Sullivan and Eddie Dunn.

Below: Cecil B. De Mille selecting candidates for the dancing chorus of "Madame Satan," his comedy with music. It's all in the day's work for director De Mille.



a ventriloquist but I won't spoil the scene by telling you what he does. Lon is never upstage about having visitors on the set. Some stars freeze up and can't act when strangers are there, but the more the merrier for Lon. He loves a crowd.

Lila Lee is playing his leading lady and very proud to be in the first Chaney talkie, she told me. Incidentally, we think Lon is fortunate in having a leading lady as

Right: Mervyn Le Roy, who is directing "Top Speed," takes time off to rehearse pretty Laura Lee for the leading rôle. Laura is the latest singing find.



charming and as good a trouper as little Lila.

** * *

As Lenore Ulric waved good bye to friends after boarding the Chief she said, "Well, I'm going to New York and Sidney is going on location." The Blackmers will be separated for a time. Sidney Blackmer, her husband, has become very popular out here and First National keeps him busy. Films were not as kind to his wife, the beautiful and exotic Lenore. She felt she was miscast in her pictures for Fox and the whole experience disheartened her. But that doesn't make Broadway mad! The Big Street has missed Lenore and will welcome her back.

* * *

George Duryea has been a stage door Johnnie lately. *Cherchez la femme*. But in this case, everything is all right because the girl he waits so patiently for is Mrs. Duryea. George is playing the lead in "Night Work" for Pathé, and giving his make-up a hasty swipe dashes from Culver City to the El Capitan in Hollywood where Grace Stafford, his wife, is appearing in the stage play, "Broken Dishes."

* * *

We saw Ken Maynard at Palm Springs looking very dashing in form-fitting white ducks of almost military cut. Ken just bought four lots opposite the El Mirador Hotel where he is planning to build a very modern talking picture theater. It should be a good investment for, while there is a 'hall' with stage and motion picture equipment, it is not rigged up for sound and there are no regular shows.

* * *

Eddie Cantor is so pleased with California that he says he is going to remain here even if it has to be as a waiter in a restaurant. He settled Mrs. Cantor and the five daughters in a beach home at Malibu and then plunged into "Whoopee," the Sam Goldwyn-Florenz Zeigfeld offering just starting production.

* * *

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan had one of their old-time parties at Rosetta's Santa Monica beach home. Most of the guests had played with them in "Topsy and Eva" at



Representing a famous family that have preserved throughout three generations the finest traditions of the American stage. The late Georgie Drew Barrymore and her three children, Ethel, Lionel, and John.

one time or another and Rosetta called the gathering 'old home week.'

Mary Lewis, who is an old friend, was there, too, and tried out several songs she is thinking of for her first picture for Pathé. Philip Ryder, who played almost every male part in "Topsy and Eva" and who for the last three or four years has been playing *the Sheik* in "The Desert Song," sang two songs. And although Vivian tried to beg off because she had just had an operation on her throat she wasn't allowed to be an invalid and the girls did their bit. If Rosetta ever did 'Cause I gotta cold in my nose for the screen she would bring down the house.

Harry Langdon and his bride were there, too, very devoted. Rosetta, who always dresses for comfort, had on a pair of white ducks and a sweat shirt with all kinds of slogans scrawled on it in ink. Vivian looked very lovely in a pair of turquoise blue and white silk beach pajamas.

* * *

Paul Whiteman gave a swell party after the preview of "The King of Jazz." Just wait till you see that show! Paul took over the mezzanine party room at the Roosevelt Hotel and had it decorated especially for the occasion to resemble a cellar. There was a long table on one side where all kinds of tempting food was served, and a bar at the end where steins of near beer were handed out and you made believe the old days had returned. Paul went prancing about in a funny little sailor's hat far too small for his head.

Helen Twelvetrees told everyone how much she liked the Pathé studio. Pathé likes Helen, too, in fact they think she's swell. She has just finished "Swing High" and is preparing for her next though no one knows just what it will be.

Sue Carol and Nick came late. Sue looked very lovely in a pink lace gown and carried an ivory colored silk shawl with fringe so long that one wondered how she ever kept from breaking her neck in it. Sue is moving over to the RKO lot, the first picture she has made not under the Fox banner in two years, but Sue didn't think she was getting very good breaks there.

* * *

Perhaps the most important event in Hollywood this month is the arrival of the Broadway producer, Florenz Ziegfeld, who came with his wife, Billie Burke, and their daughter, Patricia, to collaborate with Sam Goldwyn on the production of "Whoopee." Someone asked Mr. Ziegfeld about three hours after he arrived whether he expected to remain. He was much amused by the question and said, "Well, I expect to. You know I'm a pretty tough guy."



Larry Ceballos, dance instructor, rehearses the Sisters G, European dancers, for their rôles in "Mlle. Modiste." The sisters have crashed the movies as spectacularly as they did the Continental stages.

Mr. Ziegfeld declared he wasn't going to try to teach the boys out here a thing. He just wants to look around and do a little learning himself. But he thinks there is one thing the picture producer will have to learn just as the stage producer had to learn it, and that is, you can't give an order for creative work and expect to have it finished in twenty-four hours.

"These producers give a composer a piano, a pad and



Above: Pete Barnard, a much photographed man though never seen on the screen, holding the talkie marker whose wooden blocks label the film for synchronization. Regis Toomey and Evelyn Brent are the actors.

Left: the English cricketers who played in the cricket sequence with Ronald Colman in "Raffles." (Sorry we can't give their names but there just isn't room!) In the middle row, center, you'll find Ronnie Colman himself.





"Meet Mr. Garrick," says Paul L. Stein, director of Arthur Hammerstein's dramatic operetta, "Bride 66." Mr. Garrick, an English actor with a fine voice and appealing personality, looms as a new idol.

a pencil and tell them to knock out a song hit and have it on the front office desk at eight o'clock in the morning. That can't be done." The stage producers know this and pay the composer for the finished product; whereas the picture producer signs a song writer at a tremendous salary and wrings his hands as the days go by and practically nothing happens. A time clock checks all spontaneous action. Geniuses are not machines.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., director Howard Hawks and Richard Barthelmess. Yes, they're supposed to be working in "The Dawn Patrol," but this, apparently, is an off-stage happy interlude.

Mary Carr, unforgettable for her interpretation of mother parts, proves conclusively that she is not a mother in name only. Here are her six children, very proud of their sweet-faced mother—who can blame them?

Mr. Ziegfeld plans to bring the whole company of "Simple Simon," now one of the big hits of the New York stage, to California and make a picture of the piece. We asked him how Harriet Hocter, whom we have always admired, was getting on in it. Whereupon Mr. Ziegfeld waxed enthusiastic and declared that Harriet was the the finest dancer he had ever seen in all of his forty years' experience in the theater and that her hunting dance in "Simple Simon" was a sensation. This, from the man of Mr. Ziegfeld's standing, is a real tribute. "She has," he went on, "a quality about her that no one else has, a sort of detached, impersonal, illusive imaginative quality that is truly remarkable. She is greater in my opinion than Genée or Pavlowa or any of them."

Back of this placing of the laurel wreath upon the fair brow of the spirituelle little Harriet is a story. It had always been her ambition to be under Florenz Ziegfeld's management, as it has been the ambition of countless thousands of ambitious girls and boys. But he would have none of her. "She can never be in a show of mine. She has technique but nothing else," he was reported to Harriet to have said. Harriet made up her mind that someday he would have to change his opinion about her and she worked very hard to perfect herself in her art. The Bird Dance in "Topsy and Eva" was her first sensational success but she kept right on plodding. We hope she sees this paragraph for it would certainly make her very happy to know that the manager whose work she has always so tremendously admired has an equal admiration of her as an artist.

* * *

Ian Keith had an interesting experience recently on the Swanson picture, "What a Widow." Joseph P. Kennedy conceived the brilliant idea of having dummy sets and photographing the dress rehearsals so a record would be available for study when they began the real production. It was a sort of rough copy, just as an author makes, and from it is able to correct his mistakes. It is an exceedingly valuable record and this is the first time it has been done in the history of pictures. Ian Keith was cast as the heavy, but the photographic record showed that he wasn't quite 'heavy' enough. The part required a more sophisticated and older man-about-town type of man, so Ian trotted over to United Artists to play John Wilkes Booth in D. W. Griffith's "Lincoln," while Lew Cody stepped into Ian's place in Gloria's picture where Lou makes his talkie debut.



ASK ME

By
Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



We've long known that Buddy Rogers is popular but every time we open a fresh batch of mail we realize it all over again. Here he is with his most loyal and adoring fan, his mother.

B. M. B. of Burlington, Iowa. Since you've won a beauty contest you want to start something—that's a good line but can you finish it? Sorry, but the Paramount School is no longer the hope of ambitious youngsters. The school graduated just one class several years ago; among the grads were Buddy Rogers, Josephine Dunn, Thelma Todd, Jack Luden and Walter Goss, who is now known as Roland Drew.

Edna May of Jamestown, N. Dak. You'd like to have a talking picture of me? Some one would ask that. Sorry my pictures are all silent and who wants a quiet picture these days? Hoot Gibson's real name is Edward Gibson. He was born in Tekamah, Neb., in 1892. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He entered pictures about 15 years ago and has been with Universal ever since. You can write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Helen of Troy. I can offer you other players with foreign backgrounds but I'm short on Grecian players just now. In Mary Pickford's film, "The Love Light," produced several years ago, George Rigas, who was born in Greece, had a rôle. Now, no puns on that. Nicholas Morris, also Grecian born, appeared in "The Bright Shawl" with Dorothy Gish.

Claire of Columbia, S. C. Do I lead the simple life? You'd be surprised how simple—shopping, shopping, picture shopping all hours of the day and night and—but why go into all that? "Little Annie Rooney," with Mary Pickford as the star, was released in 1925, and "Sparrows" in 1926. Jack Pickford played with his sister Mary in "Through the Back Door," and Lloyd Hughes was opposite her in "Tess of the Storm Country." In "Daddy Longlegs" Mahlon Hamilton appeared, and in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," James Neill. Victor Potel played with Mary in "Capt Kidd, Jr." I have no record of "Becky" except the release of 1928. You may have "Vanity Fair" in mind, released in 1915.

Helen Mc W. of Niagara Falls. I've never tried to buy a one-way ticket on a merry-go-round but I'm not averse to the

suggestion. I'm game to the last round. June Marlowe was born in St. Cloud, Minn. She has dark blue eyes, reddish brown hair, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 113 pounds. Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 30, 1908, and married to Nick Stuart on July 28, 1929, in Ventura, Cal.

Tippy of Buffalo. Or is it Zippy? Eugenia Gilbert was born in East Orange, N. J., but she doesn't tell the date. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was a stage dancer before going in the movies about 6 years ago. Shirley Mason and Cullen Landis appeared in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." Cullen was born in Nashville, Tenn. He has curly brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti shared honors in "Variety."

Christine of Alton, Ill. Not for the world would I chide my fan friends, but when letters come in written in pencil, my day is spoiled and I have to call on my chirography experts for help. Help! Alice White was born Aug. 28, 1907 in Paterson, N. J. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her hobbies are dancing, swimming, riding, tennis, golf and jazz music. Write to her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Irene and Anna of Chicago. You want Buddy Rogers' life? I might have known you'd want something like that. Well, you can have his brief biography. He was born Aug. 13, 1905, in Olathe, Kansas. His hair is black, eyes are brown and his weight 175 pounds. He has played in "Fascinating Youth," "Wings," "My Best Girl," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Varsity," "Someone to Love," and other films. George Lewis was born Dec. 10, 1905, in Mexico City, Mex. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. His wife is Mary Lou Lohman, non-professional.

Lilac from Hamilton, Ont. There is no use denying the fact that talkies are here

to say for sound reasons. Jack Oakie was on the stage in New York City in 1919, playing in several well-known Broadway productions until the movies got him. He appeared with Laura La Plante in "Finders Keepers" and with Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In." Jack was born in Sedalia, Mo. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He sings and dances in "Hit the Deck" with Polly Walker. His new pictures are "Let's Go Native," with Jeanette MacDonald and "Skeet" Gallagher; and "The Social Lion," in which he is starred.

Julia A. from Hoboken. I do not often acknowledge defeat but when you ask for the religious affiliations of all the players, I surrender. Charles Rogers is a 100 per cent American, born in the state of Kansas, thoughtfully putting Olathe on the map as his birthplace. He has a smile the girls love, gleaming teeth the boys envy, black hair, brown eyes and is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. "Half Way To Heaven" and "Young Eagles" are his latest releases.

Billie from South Orange, N. J. Do I care if you ask a car-load of questions? It's going to be just too bad for me if you fans don't ask questions, so come on while I'm young and in my prime. Look up the July 1925 SCREENLAND for Esther Ralston on the cover. Richard Arlen has not been on our cover. Richard was born Sept. 1, 1899, in Charlottesville, Va. He has medium-brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 161 pounds. His hobbies are golf, swimming, riding and tennis. His latest release is "The Border Legion" with Fay Wray.

Jim from Michigan. Am I always funny? Listen to me! Even in my dullest moments, I can poke a joke and find some one to laugh at my antics—and I don't mean old-fashioned furniture. You can reach May McAvoy at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Billie Dove and Richard Barthelmess at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Fay Wray and Charles Rogers at Paramount Studios, 5451

Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Ronald Colman at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Harold Lloyd at Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Lily Damita has been appearing in "Sons o' Guns" with Jack Donahue, the comedian, at the Imperial Theater in New York City.

H. Marilyn of East Haven, Conn. With so many compliments for my department, letters like yours make sunshine on gray days, believe it or not, or why won't you? Nick Stuart's real name is Niculae Pratz, born in Roumania on April 10, 1906. He has curly black hair and brown eyes. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Lederer but she was married to Nick Stuart under the name, Eva Jenny Kiefer—the name of her former husband was Keifer. Loretta Young was born in 1912 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Ruth Taylor was born January 15, 1907, in Grand Rapids, Mich. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. Ruth is now Mrs. Paul Zuckerman.

Malcolm B. K. from Newark, N. J. This is certainly an air-minded age, so why not have an endurance contest—that is, who has been up in the air for the longest time? Charles Byers appeared in "Horseman of the Plains" with Tom Mix and Sally Blane; in "Alex the Great" with 'Skeet' Gallagher, Ruth Dwyer and Patricia Avery; and in "Shanghai Bound" with Richard Dix and Mary Brian. Charles was born February 28, 1895, in Newark, N. J. He is 6 feet and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He attended Mount Pleasant Military Academy and Cornell University.

Kathleen from Vancouver. Outbursts of enthusiasm for the stars and worth-while pictures have my hearty endorsement so if my word means anything to you, clap loud and long for your favorites. Esther Ralston was born September 17, 1902, in Bar Harbor, Maine. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 124 pounds and has golden hair and blue eyes. She is touring the middle and west states in a vaudeville act and hasn't made a picture for some time. Nils Asther has been taking a fling in vaudeville, too, but you can find Gary Cooper busy on the Paramount lot, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

J. G. of New York. What is the difference between scenario writing and interior decorating? Are you kidding me? A scenario is the sketch of a plot or chief incidents of a play or motion picture and interior decorating is—now I know you're kidding me. I'm sending out a call for Len Leo, Leo Moser or Leonard St. Leo—take your choice; what's in a name? J. G. says Len Leo appeared in "The Law and the Lady" with Alice Lake and Maurice Costello in 1925. My list of players born in Italy are, Bull Montana, born in Voghera; Carillo Mario, born in Naples; Robert St. Angelo, born in Elena; and the late Rudolph Valentino, born in Castellaneta, Italy.

Anne K. from Bronx, N. Y. Don't you think I'd be stretching a bit with so many snappy come-backs? You can reach William Powell and George Bancroft at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. Laura La Plante at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Don Alvarado, Gilbert Roland and John Holland at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.



Miss Vee Dee's correspondent's are strong for Alice White. First, last, and all the time she's a top-notch favorite.

D. B. and L. H. of Old Kentucky. Do I think marriage a failure? No, not necessarily; there's always a fighting chance. Conrad Nagle was born March 16, 1897, in Keokuk, Iowa. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. His wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional. Dolores Costello was born in 1906 in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, has golden hair and blue eyes. She is Mrs. John Barrymore in private life. Alice White is 22 years old, weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and has blonde hair and brown eyes.

Janet G. of New Jersey. The stars you mention are not of Irish ancestry as far



Sue Carol, with her wistful young charm, gets her share of attention, too. Her next picture is "She's My Weakness."

as I know. Norma Shearer is a Canadian, Ramon Novarro is a Mexican. Philippe de Lacy is French. Clive Brook, Reginald Denny and Ronald Colman are English; and Andre Beranger and Billie Bevan are Australians.

Mary from Philadelphia. The talkies brought Conway Tearle back to his many admirers. He appears in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" with Winnie Lightner and in "Evidence" with Pauline Frederick. Conway was born in New York City in 1882. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He was on the stage for many years playing with such well-known stars as the late Ellen Terry, Billie Burke, Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen and Grace George.

All Alone, Sydney, Australia. Come on over if you're lonesome and we'll go places, ring door-bells and everything. Vera Reynolds was born Nov. 25, 1903, in Richmond, Va. She is 5 feet and $\frac{1}{4}$ inches tall, weighs 102 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Robert Ellis is her husband. Madge Bellamy has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Kenneth Thompson, who plays with Billie Dove in "The Other Tomorrow," was born Jan. 7, 1899, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He was on the stage 6 years before appearing in pictures in 1926. His wife is Alden Gay, an actress.

Teresa M. of Akron, Ohio. You want the lives of 27 players. Can you feature that? Lane Chandler was born June 4, 1901, in Culbertson, Mont. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes. His real name is Oaks. Bessie Love was born in Midland, Texas. She has light brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is now Mrs. William Hawks. Lupe Velez was christened Maria Villabalos. She was born July 18, 1910, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Nancy Carroll is the wife of Jack Kirkland. They have a 4-year-old daughter, Patricia.

A Subscriber from Yonkers, N. Y. You don't sign your real name or your pet name, either—but you may be too young for that. Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901, in Helena, Mont. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Still single. His latest pictures are "Seven Days Leave" with Beryl Mercer and "Only the Brave" with Mary Brian.

J. M. S. from Raleigh, N. C. Your letter is the shortest I've received in a long time—if you'd written a shorter one it would have taken longer. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born in New York City on Dec. 9, 1910. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He has appeared in "Loose Ankles," "The Forward Pass," "Fast Life," "Our Modern Maidens," and "The Jazz Age." Ramon Novarro's latest films are, "The Pagan" with Dorothy Janis and Renée Adorée; "Devil May Care" with Dorothy Jordan. Philippe de Lacy was born July 25, 1917, in Nancy, France. You can write to him at 904 Guarantee Bldg., Hollywood, Cal. His new pictures are "Sarah and Son" with Ruth Chatterton, and "One Romantic Night," with Lillian Gish.

Mary of Royal Oak, Mich. Seven of

your household, and you all want to get the first peep at SCREENLAND. There's excitement for the old town and a merry heigh-ho. Frank Keenan died some time ago. Flora Finch is seen in pictures occasionally. I haven't had a picture account of Frank Mayo in a long time but Charles Delaney is hopping around from one studio to another making pictures. His last film released is "The Girl from Woolworth's" with Alice White. He is working in his new picture, "The Ivory Trail" with Nora Lane at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth G. of Chicago. So you broke your wrist playing Buck Jones—what new game of tiddle-de-winks is this? Buck was born in Vincennes, Ind. His wife is Odille Osborne. He has brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall and weighs 173 pounds. Audrey Ferris played with Irene Rich in "The Silver Slave." Others in the cast were Carroll Nye, John Miljan and Holmes Herbert.

Jane of Colfax. You want a break about Paddy O'Flynn. He is on the bright and sunny side of 30, born in Pittsburgh, Pa., has curly brown hair, is 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He was on the stage at a very early age and has been in pictures since 1926. My last record of his films are, "Face Value" and "Sweeping Against the Winds." Edmund Lowe was born in California but he doesn't give his age. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is married to Lilyan Tashman, one of the best-dressed women of the screen.

Frances B. of Lancaster, Ohio. Do I call answering letters hard work? Well, you see, it's the unhappy medium—too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes. His wife is Gloria Hope. Their son Donald was born in Dec., 1926. Lloyd has played in "The Mysterious Island," "Where East is East," "The Stolen Bride,"



Richard Arlen, always a favorite with the 'Ask Me' department.

and "An affair of the Follies." He plays with Bebe Daniels in "When Love Comes Along," and "Dixiana," both pictures from the RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

A Lassie from Philadelphia. You get a lot of fun out of reading my department, do you? In other words, you get out what I put in—part of the daily grind, as the cameramen say when they grab the crank. Johnnie Walker can be reached at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Roland Drew at the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Cal. He was born in 1903 in Elmhurst, L. I. His real name is Walter Goss. He has black hair, dark gray eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Not married.

Julia S. of Atlantic City. Many thanks in advance for the invitation to dash and splash in your ocean—don't you worry, I'll be there without the usual urge. Buster Keaton was born Oct. 4, 1896 in Pickway, Kansas. He is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds and has black hair and eyes. He was in vaudeville before going into pictures in 1917. Address him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Betty Bronson at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Corinne Griffith at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Neil Hamilton at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; and June Collyer at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tarzana of Detroit. You surely love your ancient history and don't you wish I did? My records of casts do not go back as far as "Scrambled Wives," reviewed in 1921. Come on, Tarzy (may I call you that?) let's be modern and dig up more recent pictures. Paul Page in private life is Paul Hicks. He was born May 13, 1903, in Birmingham, Ala. He plays in "The Girl from Havana" with Lola Lane and Kenneth Thompson and in "Men Without Women" with Frank Albertson and Kenneth McKenna, recently from the stage. There's a picture that will tear the old heart-strings to shreds. I don't know Jean Acker's age but she was born in Trenton, N. J., and was once the wife of the late Rudolph Valentino. She is 5 feet 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes.

Tad from Duluth, Minn. I'll keep your dark secret that you adore John Boles but who wouldn't have heart failure over his grand voice? His next picture will be "Moonlight Madness" to be followed by "King of Jazz" with Paul Whiteman, Jeanette Loff and Barbara Kent. John was born Oct. 27, 1899, in Greenville, Texas. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 183 pounds and has brown hair and gray-blue eyes. He is married.

Violet M. C. from El Paso, Tex. You like the cave-man variety, do you? Well, he may not know what real love is but he can give you a rough idea. Milton Sills was born in Chicago, Ill. He doesn't divulge his birthday. He has brown hair, gray eyes, is 6 feet 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. He has been ill but has recovered and is working on the Fox lot in "A Very Practical Joke" (temporary title). Lon Chaney was born April 1, 1883, in Colorado Springs, Colo. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. His next



James Murray—curly-haired and Irish, popular since "The Crowd."

film will be a talkie. Gwen Lee's real name is Gwendolyn LePinski.

Odette from Pasadena, Cal. Who said join the navy and seize the girls? Loretta Young is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Her latest picture is "Second Floor Mystery" with Grant Withers. Josephine Dunn appears in "Red Hot Rhythm" with Alan Hale. Josephine is 5 feet 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall. Rénée Adorée is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 107 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Mae S. of New York. I'm a good detective but the dark-haired girl, short and a trifle plump, who looks young and healthy and is in Westerns, is a bit heavy for my usual deductions. All Western stars not on a diet, please step forward and leave your names at the box office and get a coupon for the non-stop radio we are giving away with every ten tickets sold. Sally Rand was born in Winchester, Ky. She hasn't been in a recent film to my knowledge and she hasn't told me of her future picture plans.

Lindy of Pittston, Pa. I thought everybody knew all about Sue Carol but perhaps you and your air-craft haven't been on the level long enough to get the latest news of the stars. Sue was born Oct. 30, 1908, in Chicago, Ill. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. She is in "The Big Party."

Eleanor Jane of Maumee, Ohio. You have heard that Clara Bow is the wife of Charles Rogers and that Mary Brian is engaged to him and what can I do about it? Buddy Rogers is a very busy boy but not that busy. Clara is reported engaged to Harry Richman who stars in "Puttin' on the Ritz." Buddy isn't married or engaged. Gary Cooper's next picture will be "The Texan" with Fay Wray. Rin-Tin-Tin gets his pay check at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Nancy Carroll's real name is Nancy Lahiff. Mary Pickford was 37 years old on April 8.



Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do so many of his famous colleagues.



"An irritated skin—you are using the wrong kind of soap, perhaps. Use Palmolive. Its color is the color of palm and olive oils. It has a fresh, natural odor. It not only keeps the skin free of irritation, but it leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

Vincent

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VINCENT of Paris

Beauty Expert to Society

warns against the wrong kind of soap... "you should use Palmolive"

Beauty experts recognize the need for a soap containing olive oil to keep skin fresh, smooth and lovely.

"WE particularly stress to all our clients," says Vincent of Paris, "the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatment. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

Vincent has a very important shop on the Rue Royale, across from the famous Madeleine in Paris. Here he administers to the beauty needs of world travelers and women of fashion in Paris. And he warns them of the dangers in using the wrong kind of soap.

"You should use Palmolive," he insists, "which is made of vegetable oils."

Unless impurities and daily accumulations of oil and dirt are removed from the pores,

you soon discover blackheads, pimples, and enlarged pores, which are some of women's chief beauty grievances.

Palm and olive oils in soap have a beneficial effect on the skin. They cleanse the pores without irritation. They leave the surface of the skin toned up and stimulated, yet they are so gentle, so easy on the skin. That is, undoubtedly, why these fine cosmetic oils have been used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time.

Here is the famous treatment

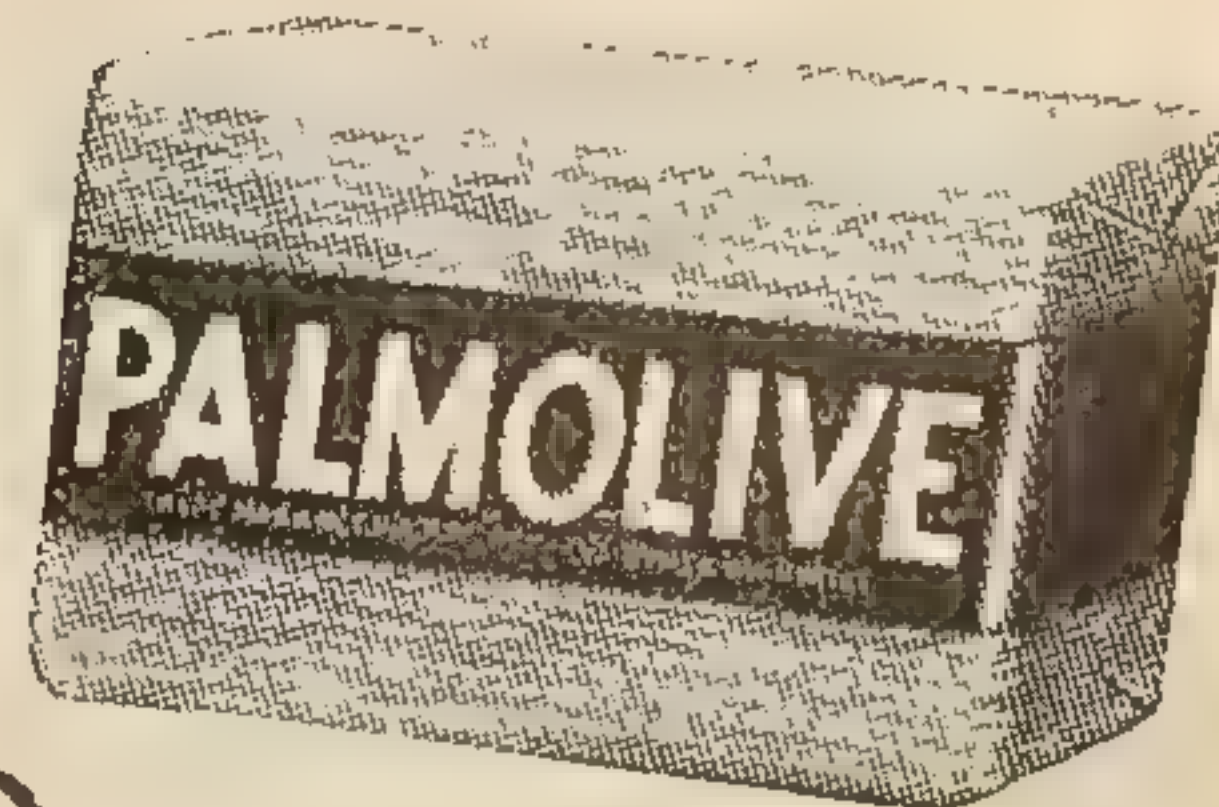
With both hands work up a fine lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this tenderly into the skin of face and throat, massaging for about two minutes. You can actually feel the impurities being carried away from under the surface of the skin. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. In the

morning, perhaps you'll need a touch of cream or some kind of astringent before putting on make-up. That is the basis of the home beauty treatment recommended by more than 19,800 beauty specialists.

Consult your beauty expert

For special treatments, you will have, of course, to consult your own expert. But for day in and day out care of the skin, nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soap, millions allow it to do for their entire body what it does so well for the face. Why don't you begin to use it tomorrow?

A vast professional group of 19,813 beauty specialists finds one soap best. They all advise Palmolive!



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Retail Price **10c**

Summer Beauty—Continued from page 63

soothing and tonic in its action, it softens the hardest water and induces a healthy glow and supple texture.

If you are troubled with prickly heat, try a bran bath. This is not a new idea at all. In the days of Louis XIV the ladies of the court used all sorts of ingredients in their baths to preserve the soft beauty of their skin. Among these, bran was much in favor and from then until now it has been used by French women. It now comes in convenient form for using, delicately perfumed. This, too, softens the water and relieves prickly heat, leaving the skin soft and velvety.

Another ideal body and bath treatment is a quick rub with a smooth rich oil—I suppose we can call it complexion oil, for it's as good for the face as for the body. It sinks deep into the delicate tissues of the skin making it soft and smooth as a baby's. And the oil, in conjunction with the massage has a gentle, stimulating effect, taking away the tired feeling most of us have after a wearing day.

This treatment is valuable before going in bathing, or before entering upon any form of sport that exposes bare arms, back and limbs to the merciless rays of the sun. Apply the oil with the tips of the fingers, to the entire body. After a couple of minutes, wipe off excessive oil and dust the body with powder. If it tans at all, it tans evenly and causes no discomfort as the skin is thoroughly protected by the oil. And the tan is evenly distributed, natural and healthy looking.

Now let's see about this beautifying and protection business. It's really not hard, it's simply a matter of not exposing yourself to the blazing sun or harsh winds or to prolonged sessions of swimming or lolling on the sands without adequate protection to the skin.

Rely a good part of the time in summer upon cleansing cream or oil for keeping the face clean. Use it, or a skin lotion, during the day, leaving soap and water for night use, if at all. And don't use it then if you have had a strong dose of sun and wind. And always before going out, give the skin a generous application of cream or oil, smoothing it well into the face, neck, arms and hands. And when you're going bathing, apply it to the entire body, as I mentioned before, not forgetting a generous dusting of powder.

If you're going out for a day of motor-ing, hiking, picnicing or a day at the beach, it's not necessary to go about with a weather-beaten appearance. In your hand-bag place a small tube of cleansing cream, a small jar of skin freshener or lotion and several sheets of cleansing tissues. When you feel that you need freshening up, don't just dab on some extra make-up; find a quiet corner, use the cleansing cream and skin lotion, add powder and rouge and see how fresh and rested you will look and feel, and five minutes will do the trick.

When you get home, cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with cream or oil, smooth in a heavier cream, drench wads of cotton with cold water, then witch hazel or an astringent, place over the eyes, lie down and relax for a half hour. After a quick shower, remove the cream from the face, pat briskly with cold water and you'll look as dainty and cool as though you had spent all day in the hammock and feel far more fit than if you had.

And now, before donning your dainty gown, let's consider make-up. Make-up



Apparently Kay Francis follows the course suggested by SCREENLAND'S beauty editor which provides for an even distribution of tan. Very becoming with a white costume.

must be just a bit different in summer. Powder, for instance, must match the skin or tone in with it. Don't try to make your skin lighter but if anything, a trifle darker. Too light a powder gives a look of artificiality or a pasty, grayish look, while too dark a powder on a fair skin robs it of its transparency.

Generally speaking, no woman should wear white powder and few should wear pink. Very fair skins, blonde and titian-haired, may wear natural. All darker skins look well in ochre or rachel, or an ochre or rachel and pink blend.

There's no reason now, for not finding the right thing for a powder foundation.



Do you remember Mary Kornman, once in "Our Gang?" She's back again in "Doctor's Orders," Hal Roach comedy.

If the skin is dry, a bit of oily cream should be used. If it's oily, a dry cream or vanishing cream may be used, or a powder lotion. If it's normal, a cream and powder blend is good. Incidentally, this is ideal for summer use for any type of skin as the creamy base protects the skin of the face, neck and arms from sun, wind and weather and at the same time gives the skin a soft, mellow finish. And best of all, it stays on.

In rouges, there's paste, liquid and powder rouge. In colors, there are geranium, rose, raspberry, orange and cherry. There's rouge for every coloring, rouge to stay on while you're in bathing. It comes in compacts, boxes and bottles and it's yours to try and to choose for your own individual type.

Lipsticks are almost as variable, coming in every possible color and texture from palest pink to kissproof and permanent. Remember, in applying your lipstick, don't let its edges show, the faintest film of powder wiped off will make the lines less decisive and will keep your lips from looking greasy. If your lipstick has a drying effect, use a little cold cream underneath.

The make-up which brings out the beauty of the eyes, lashes and brows is perhaps the most difficult to achieve. There are many simple yet effective preparations which come in compact and convenient form and it's quite worth while to learn the trick of using them in a way to make the brows and lashes more effective and alluring. Eyebrow pencils are obtainable in nearly all shades.

Train the lashes and brows by brushing the upper lashes up and the lower ones down with a bit of petroleum jelly or special eyelash grower.

To make up the lashes, apply a little cream to the upper and lower lids with the finger-tips, and run the pencil just above and below the line of the lashes, then blend the pencilling with finger-tip wrapped tightly in cotton.

Before retiring, remove eye make-up with cleansing cream. Use a cleansing wash, then mold a good cream around the eyes, smoothing it in and patting gently. Look up, when patting beneath the eyes, and close the eyes when you press the cream on the lids. At night, too, is a good time to use the eye exercises.

I hope this will help you to have a happy summer and if it does, I hope you will write to me and tell me so. I like your letters, girls, both the letters asking for advice on beauty problems and the letters telling me I have helped, and I have many of the latter. Letters from girls telling me how much they have been helped by the eye treatments and exercises. Letters from girls who said that after reading "A New Skin Game" they had gone right to work to acquire a nice clear skin and had actually done so. Letters from girls worried because of an inferiority complex or because they were not popular, and from girls who have become engaged and want to know how to achieve a lasting charm and loveliness.

To all these problems I gave my best and have had many appreciative letters in reply. I want to thank you all for your letters. I am glad I could help and I hope you will write to me again. I will gladly help you meet your problems whatever they may be. Address Anne Van Alstyne, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

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featured in First National
Technicolor Pictures, "No,
No, Nanette" and "Song
of the Flame."



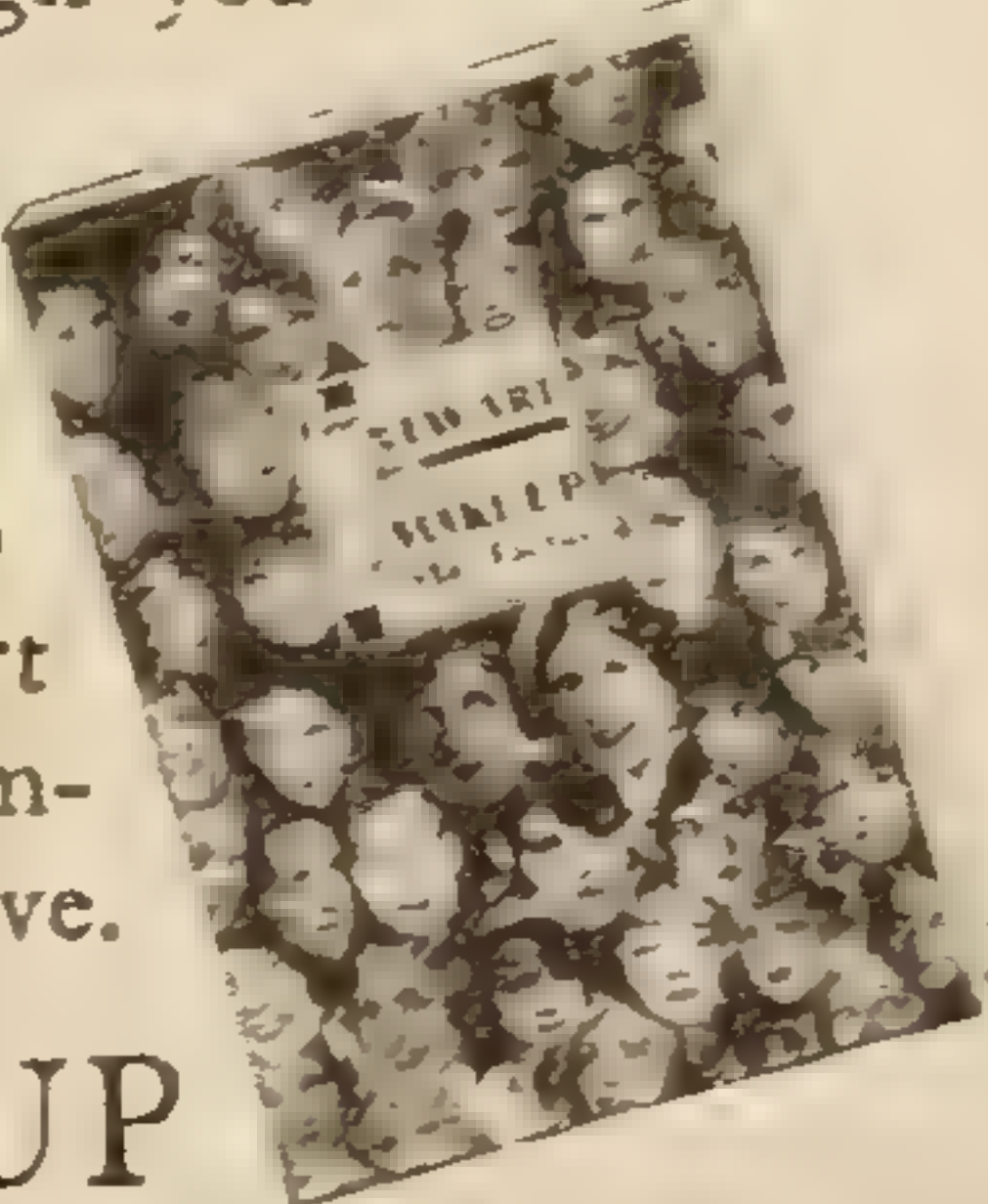
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MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

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Tuning in on Hollywood Wedding Bells—Continued from page 91

"I even got a ticket for parking wrong, and they told me that if I got a few more I wouldn't be allowed to drive in at all!"

Lowell Sherman told us that as soon as he finishes his picture, he expects to go to New York with his bride, Helene Costello, and that they will go on a honeymoon trip to Europe from there.

Ed Lowe said, "Me, too!" But we told him he had cried "Wolf!" too often—we didn't believe he would ever leave Hollywood.

The buffet supper was excellent, and then a lot of Joe Cawthorn's former cronies of the stage, Edmund Breese, Robert Edeson and others, gathered about him in the dining room and sang, *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, and Joe did a little dance most creditably; after which he cut the big birthday cake.

Then there was some delightful entertainment, including a comic recitation by Bert Wheeler and funny stories by Robert Woolsey, as well as some music, with Edmund Goulding, during the musical part of the entertainment, giving an imitation of a Russian family singing, himself giving each part, one after the other.

Adele Rowland sang, with her husband, Conway Tearle, playing for her, and then Queenie Cawthorn surprised us by going over to the piano and singing, while her son, Will Kernell, played for her, the theme song to McCormack's picture.

Very late, guests began to leave, including Elsie Janis and her mother, Mrs. Janis telling us that her daughter wouldn't leave without her, but she wished she would.

"However," she sighed comically, "I'm a perfectly good kept mother, so I suppose I must go!"



Leila Karnelly, one of the very good reasons for going Hollywood.

Everybody—that is, all the feminine guests—kissed Joe Cawthorn, including Ina Claire and Grace LaRue, Louise Dresser and Helene Costello Sherman, wishing him many happy returns of the day. And little Queenie stood up gallantly until the last guest was gone.

"SOMEBODY should get up a book of beautiful brides of this year!" exclaimed Patsy. "You know there were May McAvoy and Ruth Roland and Mary Eaton and Patsy Ruth Miller and Carmel Myers; and now here this lovely little Helene Costello is getting married!"

We were on our way to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, where Helene and Lowell Sherman were to be married.

We found a lot of guests already assembled in the drawing room off the beautiful Venetian room—the same room where Ruth Roland and Ben Bard were married. It is a fairy-palace sort of room, which is capable of being transformed at once from a chapel to a banquet hall, and then into a ballroom or drawing room, all, seemingly, at one wave of the wand.

Just now the room was to be a chapel, where the wedding was to take place, but in the meantime we chatted in the large drawing room with a lot of people we knew, including Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert.

"I wonder," said Ina after a bit, "if anybody has thought to call up Dolores!" And she dashed off to do it that minute.

Jack Barrymore was to give the bride away, but, of course, Dolores couldn't be there at her sister's wedding, due to the imminence of the stork.

We talked to Jack Gilbert, too, and learned that he is feeling hurt about some of his interviews of late, which is the reason he isn't giving out any more. Personally, I've always found him the kindest, most friendly and courteous person.

Estelle Taylor was there, but her husband, Jack Dempsey, was in Chicago, so Estelle had arrived with Jeanie MacPherson and her mother.

Estelle was wearing a startling dress. It was made of black velvet, cut quite high in the neck in front, so that when she turned her back, that was when one got a shock.

For the dress was cut clear down to the waistline in the back, and across Estelle's back, apparently glued to her skin, were great ornaments of rhinestone, which reached almost up to her shoulder blades.

As we were chatting with her, a man came and peeped around at her.

"I guess he wonders, if it looks like that in the back, what it looks like in front," said Estelle, "and he probably also wants to see what kind of a face goes with the back."

We caught glimpses of many other guests, including Charlie Eyton and Kathlyn Williams, Olive and Alma Tell, Henry Hobart, John Davidson and many others.

We were called to the Venetian room for the ceremony, and found the room transformed into a gorgeous chapel, with great candles on the altar, and flowers everywhere.

"Oh, there's the bride!" whispered Patsy.

Sure enough, there she was, coming down the aisle on the arm of John Barrymore, and there was Lowell Sherman, the groom, looking handsome and distinguished, of course, with his monocle in his eye; and we wondered if anything in the world could make him lose his poise and drop it.



Bernice Claire, a piquant type, and the gem of musical movies.

Helene was wearing a little Juliet cap decorated with white blossoms, and a marvelous white lace gown, and, of course, she carried a gorgeous bouquet.

Suddenly, during the service, we saw that Helene was weeping, and we knew why. It was because she was thinking of the devoted mother whom she had lost such a short time ago, and probably, too, of her sister, Dolores, and of her father, Maurice Costello, who had slipped in for the ceremony.

John Davidson told us that Mrs. Costello had very much desired the marriage between Helene and Lowell.

Evelyn Brent was matron of honor, and Charlie Byers was best man. Right after the ceremony, John Barrymore slipped away home, not remaining for the wedding supper.

May Murray and her prince-husband, David Mdvani, were there, May gay and piquant as ever; and there were Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Tim McCoy, Alice Joyce, Ralph Kellar, Mrs. Leslie Carter and her charming daughter, Mary Payne; Louise Dresser, who said she never could imagine missing anyone as much as she misses her husband, Jack Gardner, who is in the east on business; Darryl Zanuck and his pretty wife; Millard Webb and his wife, Mary Eaton; Joseph Cawthorn and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner; Lew Cody, Doris Lloyd, Cliff Wheeler; Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe; Virginia Harned and her husband, William Courtney; Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Dillon, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Norman Kerry, Purnell Pratt, Mary Quinn, Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis, Ethlyn Claire and Ernie Westmore, Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille and a score of others.

Larry Gray had brought pretty little Polly Garland; and we sighted another romance



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in the attention that Alan Crosland and Natalie Moorhead are paying each other.

After the ceremony, we withdrew once more to the drawing room where we chatted with other friends, including Millard Webb and Mary Eaton, who told us how she had worked with Lowell Sherman when she was a child actress and he a very young stage star, in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and how she had been the child who was shut up in the safe, while her sister Doris had played the other youngster in the play.

We found Mrs. Leslie Carter just as amazingly fascinating as ever, and discovered in her adopted daughter, Mary Payne, a lovely young girl who had thought, this being her first wedding, that she ought to wear white because the bride did!

Mary Eaton said that she and her husband, the director, Millard Webb, are having such a grand time furnishing their new home that they may not go abroad after all. And then Millard chimed in to tell us what a great little housewife Mary is, and what a good bargainer for furniture.

"Mary will look at a piece of furniture, and then say, 'No sir, that's too expensive!' exclaimed her husband. 'And she knows all about furnishings; you can't fool her a bit!'"

Mary Carewe is looking very pretty and happy these days, and she told us that she had already forgotten how unhappy she had been, meaning when she was separated from her husband, to whom she was lately reconciled.

We chatted with the bride and groom, too, and Helene told us how she had dreamed the night before that she was dressed for the wedding, except that, glancing down at her feet, she discovered she was wearing black shoes and stockings.

We went into the Venetian room, again transformed, this time into a gorgeous banquet hall, with flowers everywhere on the bright table, which was in form of a horseshoe, with a huge wedding cake up at the center, in the horseshoe's circle.

Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis sat next to John Davidson and me at the supper table, and we found that Hal and Louise were holding hands under the table like two lovers, and not a bit ashamed of it either.

"Every wedding is an anniversary for us!" Hal explained with a charming smile at his wife. Whereupon, Louise vamped him with a smile.

"There's a girl that has It," exclaimed

John, "even if she does do funny falls in pictures!"

We heard laughter from the floor all at once and turned to behold the dancers circling about a couple on the floor. The couple were Lowell Sherman and a handsome, gray-haired lady whom we didn't know. They were engaged in doing an Irish folk dance, stepping apart, then forward to clasp hands, and away from each other again, while the other dancers, hand in hand, circled around them.

"Oh, that's Lowell's mother," somebody explained to us.

We caught Louise wrapping up a piece of wedding cake—the bride had cut it very gracefully, and it had been passed about just before—and she told us she was taking it home to the neighbors' children.

"But I may dream on a bit of it myself, too!" said Louise to tease her husband.

"If you do," he retorted, "I hope you dream of a Sennett cop!"

"I don't know when," confided Patsy, as we drove home, "I've seen so much fun mixed at the same time with so much grandeur!"

"STILL another wedding!" exclaimed Patsy, as she prepared to open an imposing-looking envelope.

"Not just another wedding," I retorted. "A very wonderful wedding—that of Cecelia De Mille, daughter of Cecil B. De Mille, to Francis Calvin, a business man, who is quite handsome enough to be a picture star."

Despite the fact that it was raining at a terrible rate, a huge crowd gathered in the church where the wedding was to be held.

We decided anyway, that the storm outside only made it cosier and lovelier inside.

The ceremony over, we all hurried up to Cecil B. De Mille's handsome home on the very top of a Hollywood hill, and found people already there ahead of us, including, of course, the bride and groom, with the pretty bride lined up with her bridesmaids receiving, along with the bridegroom.

One of the first people we met was Bessie Love, who so short a time ago was a bride herself, and we said hello, too, to her husband, William Hawks, and Patsy remarked to me in a whisper when they had left us, how very, very much in love with each other they seemed.

Surrounded by guests, we discovered Cecil De Mille shaking hands with his friends, and he told us how this was the first time he had lost a daughter in marriage, and how he was going to miss her, as the two are pals.

We found that Cecelia and her husband weren't planning a very long honeymoon trip, as the Horse Show was to be on shortly, and Cecelia, having a thoroughbred or two in the show, just wouldn't miss it for anything!

Norma Shearer was there with Irving Thalberg, her husband, Norma looking lovely in a flowered chiffon and wide, floppy hat, even if it was raining out-doors.

"I bought these clothes on a warm, sunshiny day," Norma told us, "and I was bound I was going to wear them, let happen what may. But Irving told me I had better not sit on the aisle in church for fear they'd mistake me for a bridal attendant and drag me off to the altar."

Norma, we hear, is awaiting the coming of the stork, and may, indeed, retire permanently from the screen.

"I think," whispered Patsy, "that it is a lovely omen for Cecelia—there being so many happily married young women here today."

H. B. Warner and his wife were among the guests, as was also Elsie Janis, but Elsie



Beatrice Blinn from the stage now lends her charm to talking pictures.

withdrew herself into one of the bedrooms, where she said a brief hello to people, but apparently was lost in thought—figuring out a story, maybe.

We greeted Winifred Kingston, widow of the late Dustin Farnum, who has returned to Hollywood, and who is looking charming. She said that her little daughter is well, and hinted it was possible the child might want to follow in the footsteps of her dad and mother and go into pictures.

Vilma Banky was there with Rod LaRocque. We hadn't seen her in a long time, but understand that she has been busy overcoming linguistic difficulties, in order to keep on with her picture work.

Leatrice Joy brought her little daughter, Leatrice II., and we learned that it was the first wedding little Leatrice had ever attended, and she was so excited she was all over the place. She had, her mother said, been playing wedding with her dolls all morning, dolling them up in bridal clothes. The last we saw of her, she was being the thrilled recipient of a big bouquet which one of the bridesmaids bestowed upon her, and which quite hid her tiny body behind the flowers she carried, so that her burden looked like an animated bouquet as she trotted away with it.

Louis B. Mayer and his wife and daughters were there; and the remainder of the list contained all the other famous names you ever heard of, including Jesse L. Lasky, Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere, Elise Bartlett and Arthur Richman—who, by the way, are seen about a good deal together—Martha Sleeper, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Jeanie MacPherson and her mother, Mitchell Lyson and his lovely wife, Stella Seegar, Reginald Denny and his wife, Reg wearing a mustache for "Madame Satan," and which, he declares, is "coming on, hair by hair"; Carl Laemmle, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf, Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders; and a score of others, including many noted society people.

Finally, the crush grew so great, following the serving of the wedding breakfast, that the bride and groom got separated, and the bridegroom went about disconsolately looking for her. But I believe he found her, as I read the next morning that they had gone away on their wedding trip.

"The bridegroom is awfully handsome, and fine looking besides, which is more, and I should think that she might safely leave even her lovely dad for him," Patsy observed as we drove homeward.



One of the Dodge twins. Can you guess which one? It's Betty.



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War Memories—Continued from page 53

American shell in the war; Lieutenant R. Z. Laszle, who brought down 18 enemy planes, when battling with Hungarian forces against Russians and Serbs; Lieutenant Hans Fuerberg, an attaché of headquarters staff the night the Kaiser fled to exile; and Fred Coppins, a gallant Canadian, wearer of that coveted order, the Victoria Cross, bestowed for having put three German machine-gun nests out of commission single-handed.

"Journey's End" is also played mainly by youngsters, though Anthony Bushell tells a tale of his German governess who was arrested as a spy shortly after the war's outbreak.

"Funny thing was, that she always discouraged my brother and me when we'd play war and pretend one was English and the other German," remembers Tony. "She'd say: 'No, no! England and Germany are brothers. They cannot fight, *kinder*.'"

James Whale, director of this powerful drama, was a German prisoner for a year and a half.

Whale was captured by a German raiding party at Ypres in August, 1917, after machine gun fire had mowed down two companies with whom he was serving as assistant staff captain.

When the Germans had failed to secure information from him, the prisoner was lodged at Holzminden, in the heart of the German mountains, with 1400 other British officers.

"The yard was so small that walking in circles was the only possible exercise, and we should have gone mad if we hadn't conceived the idea of putting on plays," relates Whale. "Every show we gave was written by someone in camp; the cast was chosen by debate; if a sketch was successful it had to be done every night for a week, because the dining room, which had a normal capacity of 75, wouldn't hold over 300.

"The favorite theme was satire on packages well meaning friends sent by way of the Red Cross. A revue called 'Parcels' ran for 12 nights, props being such laugh-getters as perfume, lipstick, sardines, eyelash growers. The things were actually sent us. Good spirits behind 'em was apparent, but oh, the lack of good sense!"

Strange and inexplicable was the experience of Walter Byron. During the last year of the war, Walter, who was 14 but so tall that he passed for 18, was put on guard duty at Dover Castle. Dover Castle is a venerable place of dungeons, turrets and secret passages with several well-authenticated ghosts.

One stormy night, Walter, whose duty it was to escort the relief guard to a tower, started up a winding staircase with his soldiers. They had to pass through several doors, locking each iron barrier behind them.

Halfway up, the escorted soldier stopped. Something, he declared, was jolly well wrong and he wouldn't go another step. Ever since they had mounted the first stair, Walter had felt his scalp prickle and sensed that all was not as it should be; but as superior officer, he scoffed at fear and forced the other on.

As they neared the tower, a bloodcurdling shriek rent the silence. They rushed forward to find the guard on duty cowering in a corner—a raving maniac. No other living thing was to be seen, so, after a hasty search, the boy officer sped down the stair in pursuit of the wretch that had terrified the guard. When within twenty



Lupe Velez and muffled cameras on location at Truckee, California, for "The Storm."

feet of the first iron door he had so carefully locked, he saw that door slowly closing and what appeared to be a black cloak slipping through it. When he reached the door, however, the lock held.

No trace of the intruder was ever found. Reginald Denny says that airplanes weren't what they are now when he was in the Royal Flying Corps.

"On one of my first flights I came down rather raggedly. Neither the plane nor myself were hurt, but we plowed up the ground a bit. Two British infantrymen watched me crawl out.

"What's that?" asked one.

"One of His Majesty's Royal Flyin' Trench Diggers," replied the other."

Perhaps of all our veterans, Ivan Lebedeff had had the most hair raising adventures. Among them, is the following:

The city of Odessa had been taken by the Bolsheviks and Russian aristocrats were



Joe Cook is making "Rain or Shine" for the talkers. We hope he includes in it his imitation of the four Hawaiians.

hunted through the streets. Ivan was a fugitive, as a Russian officer of high rank and after several narrow escapes was arrested and thrown into prison in what had formerly been the house of Jdanow in the Square of Catherine the Great.

Thirty other prisoners were in the room on the third floor where Ivan was held captive; among them a boy of 19, who lay in a corner sobbing. His hysterical weeping continued for three hours, until the door of the room opened and the commander of the prison entered, accompanied by an orderly with a rifle.

The boy threw himself at the commander's feet, protesting that he had done nothing and was the sole support of his mother and sister, but the commander jeered at him, saying that all too soon he would leave the prison by way of a firing squad. When the boy burst into tears again and prayed for mercy, the commander kicked him.

Ivan saw red, crossed the room in a fury and gave the commander a blow in the jaw that sent him likewise crashing through the open door. Then the young Russian seized the orderly's rifle, and sent him after the commander and slammed the door.

Instantly the corridor was alive with Bolsheviks. Orders, threats, oaths succeeded one another. "Come out, or we will bring a machine gun and mow you all down!"

At this, the prisoners rose in terror and demanded that Ivan give himself up. There was no choice. Ivan called out: "Do not touch me! I have a rifle!" and received word: "Go to the room across the hall."

He thought that they would shoot him down when he emerged, but to his surprise they let him pass across the hall, then crept up and locked him in. All day he sat on the floor of the little bare room, expecting death, but no one came near.

At dusk, the sound of a motor truck engine began in the courtyard below. The Bolsheviks always ran that engine to cover the sound of shots when executions were going on in the cellar across the way. From his window, Ivan could see a file of prisoners being herded into the fatal cellar and knew that his time was at hand.

He looked about, desperately. Twelve feet from his window, on an angle, was the flat roof of an adjoining house, beyond which, he knew, was a garden with an outlet on another street from which he could reach the port and safety.

He removed the window, but the opening was so small he had to leap from a crouch. He caught the roof with his left hand but missed with his right, tearing off the nails of two fingers. A shout from below told him he was seen and with a supreme effort he reached the roof and dashed across it, shots whistling about his ears; leaped into the dimly seen branches of a tree and slipped on down to safety.

Among those who didn't get over into the thick of it are Conrad Nagle, who was an ensign in the navy; and Lewis Stone, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, who was made an instructor in a big training camp. Their World War experience consisted in wild efforts to get over-seas.

Buster Keaton, who was under fire in many of the great American battles and spent months in front line trenches, enlisted as a private and came out a sergeant major, but insists that his chief achievement was that he peeled the potatoes for the entire army.

While William Wellman, ace director for Paramount, was in training in aviation, he cracked up three planes, escaping injury each time. The first American to join the Lafayette Escadrille, he hung up a record for dare-deviltry, was credited officially with seven aerial victories and finally got the 'thousandth' anti-aircraft shell (they say only one in a thousand reaches its mark) and came down with a broken back.

Before this, though, Fate was on his side when he was flying low over the German lines to deliver bundles of President Wilson's peace messages and his engine went dead. By a miracle he succeeded in gliding his plane over the French lines and crashing unhurt into a shell hole.

It's nice to know that the brave and gallant on the screen were really just like that in the red rage of war!

The Stage in Review

(Continued from page 93)

twinkle, tinkle and, as far as his latest play, "Hotel Universe," goes, very much on the blinkle.

The Theater Guild (with its tongue in its cheek, evidently) has produced this play of pseudo-mystical cynicism and Pollyannish Redemption beyond time and space on a gorgeous Lee Simonson background which is 'near Toulon.'

A raft of tired souls, loaded to the top-most skull-wen with ennui, world-sorrow and what have you?—sit around and spin tinkling-winkling epigrams, exhibit their psycho-libido subways a la James Joyce, go over their past loves through the door of Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose," and otherwise disport themselves on the Edge of the Precipice of the Timeless—to the coughings, gigglings and squirmings of the audience (there is no intermission in this strange interlude in the sanity of the Guild's usual work). In a word, "Hotel Universe" is thin, mystical mush.

Of course, it is done well, with Ruth Gordon, as a cynical little girl who Sees the Light at 10:45 P.M., carrying off the honors of the cosmic show. Glenn Anders, Katherine Alexander, Phyllis Povah and Morris Carnovsky were other first aids to this lamentable concoction out of O'Neill-Joyce-Barrie.

"Jonica"

Miss Heyward and Moses Hart do not, in "Jonica," give us another "Sweet Adeline," but they contrive to amuse, and sometimes startle, the audience with three hours of frisky horseplay and bellowing melodramatics.

The music by Joseph Meyer will not cause old man Beethoven to paste his laurels tighter over his brow.

It starts off in a convent—rather unusual for a Broadway musical kick-up. Then we get into a Pullman scrape that involves diamonds, upper and lower berths and one very odoriferous joke.

After that we are naturally in a Connecticut country necking-house after passing through a wild New York arty party. You are not supposed to follow the story very closely, and it won't follow you after you get out of the theater.

Nell Roy as Jonica was neat, pert and graceful. Joyce Barbour as Fanny is beautiful to behold even if her wise-cracking is too superiorly self-conscious. The rest of the long cast was what I would call 'adequate.'

"Jonica" will make a swifter picture than it does a musical play.



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Garbo—"Romance"—Continued from page 34

Are there any unusual shots in the picture, Mr. Brown?

"Yes, there are. The way the story is told, in fact, is, I believe, something new. We have the picture of an old bishop who would advise his young grandson on affairs of the heart, and as the undercurrent melody of *Last Rose of Summer* is heard while the raucous crowds of a New Year's Eve are heard outside, he remembers the tender romance of long ago. And as he remembers, through a looking glass above the mantel is seen an old-fashioned ball. The figure of the bishop gets smaller as this scene in the mirror gets larger, while the sound of an old-fashioned polka becomes louder and louder, until the scene in the mirror takes up the entire screen and the figure of the bishop fades out. This is a new use of sound and pictures to get such an effect, I believe. It ends in much the same way."

Hmmmmmm! And Garbo's accent, we suddenly remember?

"It is a manufactured accent, one that she has had to adopt for this picture. In some scenes she speaks in pure Italian. Miss Garbo is somewhat of a linguist, you know. She speaks fluent German, Swedish, Italian, of course, English now, and some French. She does not sing in the picture, nor is a double used for her. The only singing done, in fact, is off-stage—a voice is heard in an operatic rôle which tells the young clergyman the true identity of the woman he loves."

"We are following the stage play quite closely as we did in *'Anna Christie'* and all of the shots are made indoors. I have always believed in treating a moving picture much as a stage play and rehearse and shoot the scenes as acts in sequence. Even during the days of silent pictures I did this. Of

course, in *'Anna Christie,'* we had some very long scenes which Garbo practically carried by herself. In *'Romance'* the scenes are much shorter as they are rehearsed and shot. There are only three important characters in the play: Garbo, Gordon and Lewis Stone. The others are just bits. And



They call her Greater Garbo since the Swedish sphinx has spoken. See her next in "Romance" and read about it here.

many extras. In one scene alone we used over two hundred."

Does Garbo rise to the emotional heights in this picture as in *"Anna Christie"*?

"Yes, indeed. And it is somewhat the same scene where she must admit to the young clergyman that she has had one lover for years (played by Lewis Stone, who is splendid). It is a picture charged with emotion, with a faint aroma of wistful sadness. Not a happy ending, yet an ending that is supremely right for the picture and not at all tragic."

Then Garbo is again more of the type which her fans have come to expect, we can't help grinning!

"Yes. And it seems a shame to type so splendid an actress. When Nazimova came here, her audiences accepted her in Ibsen rôles, dramatic, even sordid rôles. Garbo should do the same. True, she has a different setting from anything she has done and the story is exquisite. A play that made an international star of Doris Keane, some fifteen years ago."

And her voice, we mumble—Garbo's voice. Will it be the same?

"No. Not nearly as husky, nor as low. For in *'Anna Christie'* Miss Garbo was working against odds, suffering from throat trouble. Now her register is somewhat higher."

Whoops, my dear! Can you wait?

Here comes Garbo again. The lights go on, big, gaudy, brilliant lights. See, she sits in the little low chair, how tenderly Gordon assists her—ooooooooooooh!

We are in outer darkness again, with just a glimpse of *"Romance."*

So don't be surprised if the entire feminine population adopts the fragrant dress and manners of our grandmothers' time. If you must know, I went right out and got fitted for my first hoop skirt. For with Garbo in the vanguard, the new Romantic Age is actually here. Until another Garbo picture comes along, at any rate!

Greta—Fifi—Continued from page 59

"Theodore Roberts was another of my pupils, in a way. When I was playing in vaudeville a couple of years ago here on the coast, he had the dressing room next to mine and he liked to speak French with me. I would help him with his nouns for he found them difficult. 'See, I would say if perhaps we were sitting at dinner together, 'knife—*le couteau*, he is masculine. We will put him on this side,'" Fifi demonstrates clearly just how this is done, "'and fork—*la fourchette*, she is feminine. We will put her on this side, so.' And so for *la serviette* and all of the table utensils, until it was all quite clear."

But even though Miss Dorsay apparently has this anchor to windward, it is hard to picture the *ooo la la* Fifi of *"Hot For Paris"* as a school marm! Nunno!

"Greta is fond of outdoor exercise. She isn't at all the languid lady in real life. We play a great deal of tennis together, and every day she walks for miles and miles. It is the way she keeps fit. As for me, I like jumping the rope best, faster, faster, faster, until I am all out of breath."

"See, this is the way Greta walks," Miss

Dorsay quickly changes from the twinkling Fifi gait to the swinging Garbo slouch.

"You know, people say that Greta is high hat," Fifi became serious, "but I know she really likes people and wants them to like her. I understand how it is. So many would like to take up her time if she would let them, and she does like to be alone and read. So you cannot blame her if she prefers solitude most of the time."

But solitude is something you would never imagine the gay Dorsay mademoiselle preferring, although underneath her vivacious manner is a distinct thread of seriousness.

A very likable Fifi, this Miss Dorsay from France, a charming, bubbling Fifi, not beautiful perhaps, but with plenty of that *je ne sais quoi* which makes for success.

Not so long ago she came from France, and worked as a stenographer in New York. But the stage was always her ambition, and soon she found work in the chorus of a New York musical show, in the *"Greenwich Village Follies,"* then doing a specialty number in a show with

Gallagher and Shean, followed by a season in vaudeville. Her latest triumphs have been with Will Rogers in *"They Had To See Paris"* and with Victor McLaglen in *"Hot For Paris."* She will next be seen with Harold Murray in a more serious picture, tentatively entitled *"Hell's Belles."*

The new title of this opus is *"On the Level"*—quite a change, but doubtless all for the best. Fifi and Vic are seeing a lot of each other on the sound stage these days. They are scheduled to start work any time now on a new comedy called *"The Painted Woman,"* in which the gay little French girl will play the title rôle and the stalwart and virile Vic will enact the part of a hard-boiled first mate of a steamer in the South Seas. It sounds exciting and surely there's no more amusing team on the screen than little Fifi and big Vic.

And that's Fifi, the envied of scores of girls, Greta's pal. She has to lock up all of her shoes at night, so many would like to jump into them.

That's Fifi, she 'bane' French.

Do-Re-Mi Denny

Continued from page 51

light opera, and at the end was playing the featured lead of *Prince Danilo*.

"Then I came to America for a short engagement with 'The Quaker Girl.' Returning to England, I went almost immediately to India with the Bandmann Opera Company. We were there nearly two years, and I sang the leads in a repertoire of seventeen light operas, including 'Gypsy Love,' 'The Gay Hussars,' 'The Dollar Princess,' 'The Night Bird' and 'Pink Lady.' Back to America again where I did 'Kitty McKay.'

"I grew a little tired of singing and I became a straight actor, after completing an engagement in 'The Passing Show of 1919.' For ten years past, I've been either on the stage or in pictures. I haven't sung a note, and the fact that you're surprised to hear that I can sing isn't unusual. My chauffeur has been with me for years, and when he read that I was going to sing for De Mille he came to me with his eyes bulging out of his head.

"I've had such a long vacation from professional vocal work that I'm very anxious to get back to it. I'm tickled to death to play this rôle with De Mille, not only because it is a good singing thing, but also because it is so very different from the rather violent characterizations I have done for such a long time."

He grinned at me again.

"You see," he resumed, "Ben Turpin can well enjoy having a trade mark irrevocably fastened upon him, but not me. I feel that I have a little greater range than just that of light, very light comedy—and I hope that my period with De Mille will make people feel that Denny is a bit more than a rough and ready comedian."

He laughed.

"I've been associated with comedy so long that few people ever credit me with either serious intentions or a serious dramatic background. As a matter of fact, however, I was most strictly trained on the stage.

"I was with John Barrymore in that tremendous tragedy, Shakespeare's 'Richard III.' In fact, I was really trained by my father as a boy for Shakespearian repertoire. But in pictures I got into a rut of comedy, and my name is so thoroughly established as a semi-clown, that, well, I'm embracing the opportunity to show them I have a larger supply of dramatic wares!"

And that was the point of my exit.

Mr. Reginald Denny has been called to the stand, found guilty of being a singer, and sentenced to appear before the Bar of Public Opinion.

Before I left he grinned at me again, and stepped to the piano.

"If you still have any doubts—" and he sang me *Danilo's* big song from "The Merry Widow."

He'll do, folks, this singer, Denny, and I think I am very safe in prophesying that Reggie will surprise you all in "Madame Satan."

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On Location with Warner Baxter—Continued from page 65

spoke Cosy, pointing a stubby finger at a jumble of tents and buildings half hidden in the brush on a little flat across the river. He swerved the car deftly down the bank, negotiated a shallow ford, and we drew up in "Foxville," some four hundred miles from Hollywood in an air line, but in another world as far as the surroundings went.

Foxville! A brave little outpost of that army that serves the public its screen entertainment. Some waggish joker had carefully lettered the various signs posted at the intersections. "Hollywood Boulevard." "Wurtzel Boulevard." "Foxville Light and Power Co."—this last nailed to the shed housing the big studio generator which lighted the camp. "Beverly Boulevard." "Sheehan Drive."

Reminiscent of an army cantonment, with its orderly rows of khaki-squad tents. The big dining tent, "Judd's Chuck House," where the 200-odd hungry occupants of Foxville gathered three times a day. The star 'bungalows' along Hollywood Boulevard—"Beverly Hills Hotel" for the Baxters. (Winifred Bryson, who used to be in pictures herself, accompanied husband Warner on location.) "The Biltmore"—Mona Maris' home. Carol Lombard in the doorway of her "Ambassador." "Bachelor's Hall," where Theodore Von Eltz dwells in solitary splendor. Don't let the names fool you—these palatial edifices are built principally of two-by-fours and tar paper.

"The White House"—the only permanent building in camp, a story and a half structure dating from the early Eighties, some twenty years after the Mormons settled this part of the country. Director Santell uses it for a combined office and bedroom. And it takes a good sense of balance (and high boots) to get there across the muddy streets. The paving on "Hollywood Boulevard" is at the bottom—hardpan—about a foot down.

The studio bulletin board, at the corner of Beverly and Wurtzel boulevards. Terse orders regarding hours, the necessity of getting to breakfast on time or no breakfast, and the like. "No one is to ride horses unless a special permit is secured. And there will be no special permits, so that's that." Some humorist has tacked a picture post-card of the real Hollywood Boulevard on the board, and a homesick electrician who has been here for three weeks looks at it with longing eyes.

A gong clangs, and all hands pour out of the tents toward the dining room, balancing precariously on duck-boards across the muddier spots. A blaze of lights and noise

—clatter of dishes, the tramp of heavy feet, appetizing aromas in strata formation meet the nostrils. There's no formality like dressing for dinner here. A quick wash, a comb racing through the hair—that's all. Old clothes, or in costume for the players, unless they've shifted into something more comfortable.

Mona Maris in a marvelous whipcord riding suit, with leather tam and coat to

glistering in the moonlight, and shiver.

"Just a cold snap," is the reassuring word. "First week or so here it was just like Hollywood. It'll clear up in a day or two."

You fervently hope so. Collar turned up and hands in pockets you walk around the camp. Lights in the tent-rows, bursts of laughter and scraps of conversation meet in cheerful blend.

Back to your own tent. The stove is enormously popular. It's already below freezing outside. The bed looks inviting. The lights blink, signal that 10:30 and its accompanying darkness are imminent. Ho, hum.

Your next impression is of a fire alarm, but it's only the 6:30 rising gong. They had a bugler here at first, you learn, but he was abolished; in the first place, it took another bugler to get him up on time, and there wasn't any other bugler. And in the second place, the incumbent was terrible, anyway. So one of the boys in the cook tent belabors a triangle with a tent spike. It's effective.

The sun is climbing brightly over the buttresses of Steamboat Mountain; the clouds of yesterday have vanished. Sounds of frenzied activity from neighboring tents. You dress quickly, hurry to the dining room. Dodge floods of water from tent doors, hurled by enthusiastic abluters. The tent quickly fills. Grapefruit. Cereal—three or four kinds. Toast. Eggs. Sausages. Coffee. You appreciate your appetite. It has all the earmarks of a swell day.

Outdoors and off the set two blocks away. The muddy main street of a little mountain town of the Eighties. Here the movie wizards have indeed worked a miracle. Using the three remaining buildings of the 'ghost city' of Grafton as a nucleus, they have rebuilt it on the spot. Joe Wright, the studio art director, and his assistants have bent attentive ears to the old-timers of the vicinity, and the result is amazing.

"Guess which of the buildings are the original ones," says Santell proudly, surveying the street with a grin. You look carefully. The old church, you think, is one. Right. With its heavy walls, "three 'dobs thick," as the pioneers put it, and its decaying bell-tower, it has the unmistakable stamp of antiquity. But the others are a puzzle. You make two wrong guesses and give up. Only the new scaffolding and bracing inside, or the absence of a back wall, will tell you. From the front the illusion is perfect.

The electricians and the players arrive



Mahonri Young, famous sculptor, contributes his art to the fifth greatest industry. His sculptures are seen in Fox films.

match. Warner Baxter in ancient trousers and a gaily-colored mackinaw jacket. Carol Lombard, a blonde contrast to Mona's dark beauty, also in riding attire. Looks like riding is popular, despite the threatened lack of 'special permits.' Teddy Von Eltz, still menacing in his gambler's costume of the Eighties, with a bone-handled Bisley model swinging nonchalantly on his hip.

Director Santell, like a teddy-bear in a huge fuzzy overcoat. An indiscriminate crowd of players, electricians, property men, script girls, the camera crew in a body, thronging in through the door. George Leverett, the sound magician, and Glen MacWilliams, first cameraman, hailed with ribald cheers as they file in. A noisy crowd—a friendly crowd!

Idle banter across the tables, to the accompaniment of clicking cutlery. "More onions." "An onion a day keeps the doctor away." "Yeah, and your friends, too, you bet." "Can you reach those beans, Bill?" "What's in that salad?" "What do you care? You'll eat it anyhow." "Hallelujah, chicken again! Baby, come to poppa!" "Who's hiding the cream?" More chatter. The trample of feet as satisfied diners wander out. No formality—you leave when you feel like it.

The warm tents, with their little stoves blazing redly to fight the Utah wind. You learn that there is no snow here because it's more than 2000 feet below Cedar City. Zero, they tell you, is as low as it ever gets in this section. You look up at the white drifts on the surrounding mountains,

in a long straggling line. Half the inhabitants of near-by Rockville are already there, watching the local horseshoe champion trimming an upstart challenger. The company is shooting inside the saloon today, and the native residents, who formed enthusiastic 'atmosphere' in earlier scenes, won't be used—but they have all come, anyway. Making movies is an irresistible magnet to these people, who see little enough of the outside world as it is. All Mormons, every one.

Interesting men, these; slow-spoken, grave, but eager as children to watch the details of filming. Many of them came down from Salt Lake City at the period of the picture. Some, even, were the real pioneers—youngsters of three or ten who accompanied their families into what was then an untrodden wilderness, in 1861, and founded this very 'ghost city' and the other communities along the river—Hurricane, Dixie, Toquerville, St. George. Youngsters who remember the bitter Indian fights of '66, when the raiding Navajos from Arizona swept in, joined with the local Piutes and killed whole families within a mile or two of this very spot.

The little burying-ground above the city is reminiscent of that period. Neglected, with bunch-grass and sage clumps growing above the lonely graves, the headboards tell the story: "M. Isabelle Hales, ... killed by Indians April 2, 1866." "Joseph S. Berry, ... killed by Indians, April 2, 1866." "Loretta A. Russell, ... killed by Indians, February 18, 1866." Mute testimony to the men and women who braved untold dangers among these fantastic buttes and canyons.

A whistle shrills from within the 'saloon.' Under the glare of 'rotaries,' 'broads' and 'inkies,' the players are going through a scene against the background of a highly realistic bar—for unlike previous Western talkies, "The Arizona Kid" is having all its interiors filmed right on the spot, instead of at the studio weeks later. Baxter resplendent in his Spanish costume of the Arizona Kid, is leaning negligently against the bar in purposeful conversation with Walter P. Lewis, the sheriff. Mona flashes jealous glances at her picturesque lover from her post by the piano, which last is being industriously thumped by Sidney Bracy. Hank Mann, the ex-Sennett comedian, in a walrus mustache, is polishing glasses behind the bar smiling to himself as Cora Walsh warbles an old-time ballad and Teddy von Eltz is deftly dealing at the poker table. Arthur Stone is a comedy prospector.

Another whistle. The faint humming of the motor-driven cameras ceases. An assistant dashes up with the 'slate,' holds it before the instruments in turn. "How was that?" "O.K. here." "O.K. for sound." "Print that one." "Save 'em!" The last is the bellow of the 'gaffer,' and obediently the powerful lamps flicker off. Another scene is in the bag, and tomorrow will be on its way to the studio for developing. "Clear, please. Next set-up over in this corner." The players and spectators wander out through the swinging doors into the bright sunshine. Above, the frowning shoulders of Steamboat peer down in wonder at all this sudden activity. The business of picture-making is under way.

Will Talkies Influence American Speech?

Continued from page 29

can speech. We need to cultivate that pleasing variety of intonation which characterizes the speech of some educated Englishmen. It was Countess Elise Jotsy who called English 'the language of angels'—but we mustn't forget that there are angels of light and angels of darkness.

"2. We should not drawl. *The Christian Science Monitor* of Boston said recently: 'One of the evident faults of many English-speaking people the world over is the drawl. To lengthen words unnecessarily hints laziness, and is . . . a mark of people whose leisurely habit tends toward inertia. The mentally alert person will not be tedious in his manner of speaking . . . quick, clean-cut speech is a mark of urbanity . . . of active, energetic living which wastes no time.'

"3. Another failing of Americans is the way they mispronounce the vowel sound 'eu,' which we find in such words as 'news' and 'Tuesday.' A great majority of people say 'noos' for 'news' and 'Toosday' for 'Tuesday.'

"I could go on indefinitely if I had time not only with the faults of our language but with its fascinations. For there are many fascinating byways in which we can lose ourselves in our pursuit of pure speech. For example, the words we think were coined specifically for the twentieth century may go back for hundreds of years.

"Take 'whoopie,' for instance. A Broadway columnist is commonly credited with coining it. But he didn't. In a

fifteenth century manuscript, one of Henry the Eighth's chaplains is pictured as giving vent to 'Whooppe aloud and thou shalt hear him blow his horn!'

"Also 'hooch' has quite an ancestry. Originally 'hoochinoo,' it spread its sweetness over the wilds of Alaska where it was current only among the aborigines. It was used by the Alaskan Indian as the name of a very strong distilled liquor made from yeast, flour, molasses and sugar, one glass of which is said to contain more 'frenzy' than a quart of any other ordinary intoxicating beverage made—whiskey included. I have traced it back to the days of the Klondike rush, but have no doubt it was in use among the natives many years before then.

"I love words—just as you will learn to love them if you study them. They never argue, never quarrel. They are life's most cheerful companions.

As we are reading books, conning dictionaries, visiting talking picture theaters trying to improve the gift of our native tongue, we should remember what the great German scholar Schlegel in his 'History of Literature,' lecture ten, said:

"'Every man of education should make it the subject of his unceasing concern to preserve his language pure and entire; to speak it, so far as is in his power, in all its beauty and perfection. . . . A nation whose language becomes rude and barbarous, must be on the brink of barbarism in regard to everything else. A nation that allows her language to go to ruin, is parting with the best half of her intellectual independence, and testifies her willingness to cease to exist.'"



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"Mr. Von"—Continued from page 31

officer in an Allen Holubar picture years ago. And it wasn't at all flattering to Von Stroheim as a man. "The trouble with me is that I look like a villain and because I do, people easily believe anything that is said about me. I look like a square-headed Dutchman and I crop my hair after the Prussian military fashion. The clothes I wear accentuate the brutality of my make-up—and there you are. No one gives me credit for being a good actor," Mr. Von declared to me. "They think I am like that in real life."

When Wally or Noah Berry walk into a restaurant every head turns, and people say: "There goes that marvelous actor, Wallace Berry." When Von Stroheim walks in, faces begin to pucker in contempt, or so he thinks, for he is as sensitive as a five year old child, and people say: "What is that creature doing in the presence of decent people?"

"I have taken things too seriously," Von told me, as we sat on the "Three Faces East" set at the Warner Brothers studio. "After a man reaches forty he sees that the world and all its responsibilities do not rest entirely upon his shoulders. I thought they did. I was dead certain that the success or failure of the entire industry depended upon my turning out a good picture." He laughed. "Now I know a great deal better. My reputation for useless extravagance began with 'Foolish Wives.' Carl Laemmle gave me carte blanche to make it. It was the first time Universal gave anyone carte blanche to do anything. They decided to make capital out of it by means of exploitation. In the Times Square section of New York there was an enormous billboard upon which appeared the following:

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Carl Laemmle
Eric Von Stroheim
"Foolish Wives"

Cost of production to date; \$998,000.87

"In twenty-four hours the total leaped a hundred thousand dollars! And for a solid year that total kept on mounting until it reached staggering proportions. That was fine for Universal Pictures, Carl Laemmle and 'Foolish Wives' but what did it do to Von Stroheim? Linked him up with the dollar sign which he probably never will live down no matter how little he spends. Give a dog a bad name and just let him try to shake it. To tell you the truth, I never in my life made a picture that cost more than a million and a half dollars, and what is that today? Nothing to talk about. As for sensationalism, well—'Foolish Wives' was a kindergarten text compared to what one may learn from 'The Cock-Eyed World.'"

Fay Wray has told me that working with Von Stroheim was the most interesting experience she had ever had. It was her first picture of importance and she was eager to get the part because she thought Von Stroheim could teach her more than any director at that time. When she saw him he talked with her for a few minutes and as she left he called her Mitzi, the character in the story. Although many other girls tried for the part during the next three months before production started Von never changed his mind about Fay. He told me afterwards that the story of "The Wedding March" brought back many scenes of his youth and because of that he wanted nothing to be slighted. Fay appeared to him to be the living expression



Eric Von Stroheim snatches time between scenes for one of his famous hair-cuts.

of the girl in his dream and he realized it the moment he saw her.

The amazing thing about him is that he is the most extravagant idealist. Few people know it and I don't think he even guesses it. He thinks he is a realist of the first water. And it is probably that warring within himself, the physical against the spiritual, that keeps him in such a turmoil. The idealistic quality gives him the vision to create; the seamy side of life and the way he rubs it in by vulgarities that are classics in expression, are a bitter gesture toward life as it seems to be and not as it should be.

It is perhaps because he has such a serious, deliberate nature, in spite of the humor in him, that people love to tease him. Even those who like him well spread preposterous tales about him. There was the yarn about planting a field of red roses and objection to the way they photographed. "Plant the field in white roses," Von is reported to have said, causing much delay and expense. Four people who went all through "The Wedding March" told me there never had been such a scene in the picture, yet many people believed the yarn.

It is said that he had ordered a very elaborate Casino scene in "The Merry Widow." When everything was ready, with extras on the set and all the rest of it, Von pondered a moment and said, "Move the whole scene six inches to the left!"

And people believed that, too. "I have never had even the furniture moved on a set," Von said disgustedly. "I haven't that kind of an art director. I get people who know their business. I am very careful to do that. Then once I have told them what I want it is up to them. I appreciate that every man must have freedom to express himself as far as his work goes. And as I respect it in others I want it for myself."

But the stories about him go on. After "Queen Kelly" it looked as though he was about through as a director. Everyone was afraid of him and Von was afraid, not of himself but of what people thought of him as a spender and time waster. Then offers

to act came frequently. "The Great Gabbo" won much praise for him, but stories began to be circulated about how late he was in reporting for work and how he quarrelled. "That's all nonsense," Jim Cruze told me, and Jim is reputed to be the worst slave driver in the business, a regular bruiser for work. "Von was here on the dot every morning and never peeped once about hard work or long hours. He took direction like a soldier and from first to last it was a most enjoyable association. As far as I am concerned, you can't say anything too decent about him."

When he played in "Three Faces East" for Warner Brothers which he has just finished, the same rumors persisted. "Forget it," said one of the assistant directors, "Von is a prince of a fellow. He's had a call right along for eight-thirty in the morn-

ing and he is waiting for us when we come. He has never once walked off the set."

Now he has three offers to choose from. One to direct the sound version of "Foolish Wives" and "Merry-Go-Round;" one to act and direct for Warner Brothers, and the thing nearest his heart is an offer to head his own company.

It is impossible for me in this necessarily brief sketch to tell all of the things about Von Stroheim that make him a dominant personality in the industry. In trying to write about him I feel rather as Von Sternberg must have felt when confronted with the task of cutting the twenty meaty reels of "The Wedding March" into a program length picture. It couldn't be done. That is, it couldn't be done and do justice to the original.

The Mike Menace—Continued from page 57

His grin went a little wider:

"You mean the Secret of My Success?"

"Atta baby," I flashed, getting ready to make notes on Mrs. Plaza's tablecloth, "now we're getting somewhere. Remember, I must take a Message to your Public."

"Well," drawled the "Captain of the Guard," "the idea is Start at the Top."

"Why, Mr. Boles," I remonstrated, "the idee, the very idee! Don't you ever read the success magazines? Don't you know you must begin at the bottom, and never watch the clock, and do a little more than your job, and—"

"Oh, yeah?" yawned Universal's brightest star.

"Why, of course, Mr. Boles," I enthused, "you'll never be a Captain in the Queen's navee if you don't begin by polishing up the handles on the big front door. It just isn't done. You're destroying a Great American Credo like those that business is sound, that politicians are statesmen, that all men are free and equal, that we all know the words to the national anthem, that silent men are strong, that the movies is or are an art, that the early bird . . . and a fool and his honey . . . and a rolling stone . . . and . . . ! Why, of course you've got to begin at the bottom!"

"Maybe so," said John, "but me and Mr. Justice Holmes dissent. My Secret of Success is to start as a star. Begin at the Top—and stay there."

"Mais how?" I queried in French, remembering that John, too, had once been laughed at when the waiter spoke to him in that language. Also, that he'd been a Looey 'Over There,' and had studied in Patee. Anyway, he said it was studying.

"Easy enough," said John. "Learn while you earn. All kiddin' aside, that's what I've done—am doing—and will continue to do world without end amen. When we used to check in over on the second bench from the left in Bryant Park, I knew I could sing. It was just one of those things. God gives you this, that and the other. The rest is up to you. I had no stage experience. But I got it. And I learned while I earned. I had no picture experience. But you couldn't begin much higher than opposite Gloria Swanson. I've been learning about the movies ever since. And earning at the same time."

"You remember when you advised me to quit—thought my plan to start as a star was cuckoo? Lots of folks agreed with you. They told me that I'd have to begin at the bottom. In the chorus. I see some of the boys and girls along Broadway who

believed it. They're still in the chorus—or on the wrong side of the Palace stage door."

"But," I stammered, clutching for illusion, "you've gotta have the goods—"

"Yes," he said, "you must have something. That, I would say, is about half the fight. What's more important is self-confidence. You must keep on believing in yourself. Even when nobody else does. And nobody else will, don't worry about that. It's an old story. Everyone is clamoring for talent right now in the theater and on the screen, too. Yet there's more ability trying to force its way in than at any other period in show business. It's just naturally tough for them to get together. But the boys and girls who get the Success idea firmly implanted in heart and head, and have the confidence and courage to stick to the idea—they'll arrive. And they'll start as stars."

"How about preparedness?" I hemmed.

"The copy-books are right, there," John said earnestly, "but it doesn't seem that anyone but a nut will seek something for which he knows himself to be unfitted. No foolin' I began preparing to sing opposite Bebe Daniels in 'Rio Rita' when I was seven."

"How come?"

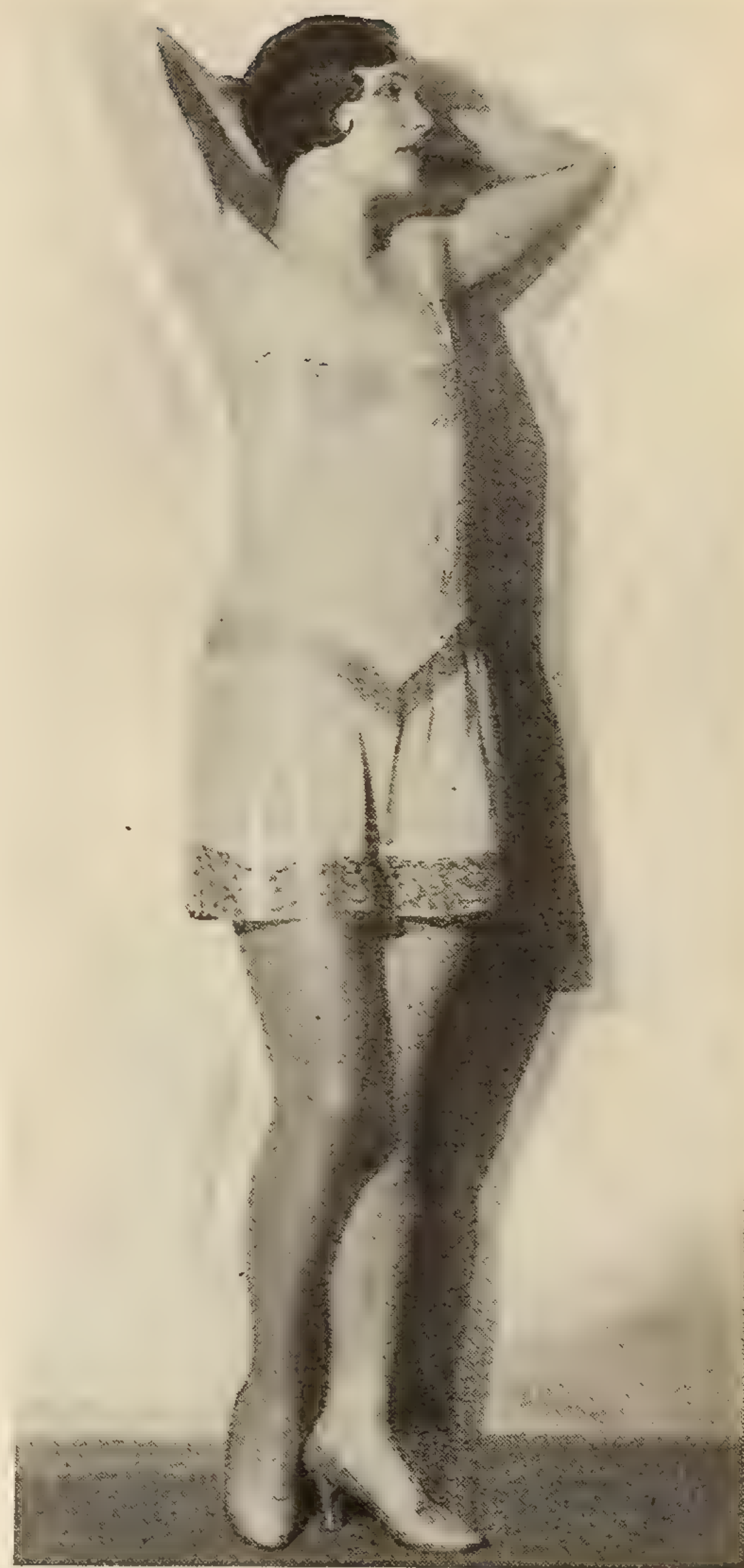
"Our old colored cook taught me to sing. And a little darkey about my own age taught me to dance. I called him 'Cooney.' I had an air rifle which fascinated him. And we made a bargain that if he taught me how to dance—and sing, he could sing, too—I'd let him shoot the rifle. That's the way it began."

"So you just kind o' shot your way to the top, eh?" I giggled.

"Yeah," said John, "or else I was shot with luck. Of course, there was more to it. 'Cooney' doesn't deserve all the credit. There were long, tough years of study. Study on pretty much of a starvation diet, too. But even then I began at the top—with Oscar Segal as my teacher, and later De Rezske, himself. And I earned while I learned. I had to. You can't eat scales, you know."

"Meaning fish or musical," I niftied, but it didn't go so well, so I covered. "What was the first song you ever sang on the stage—on Broadway—John?"

"Let me see," he pondered, "let me see. It had an unusual title. Don't believe there was ever a title like it. Unique. Different. Just a minute—yes, that's it—I have it. It was a song called 'I Love You!'"



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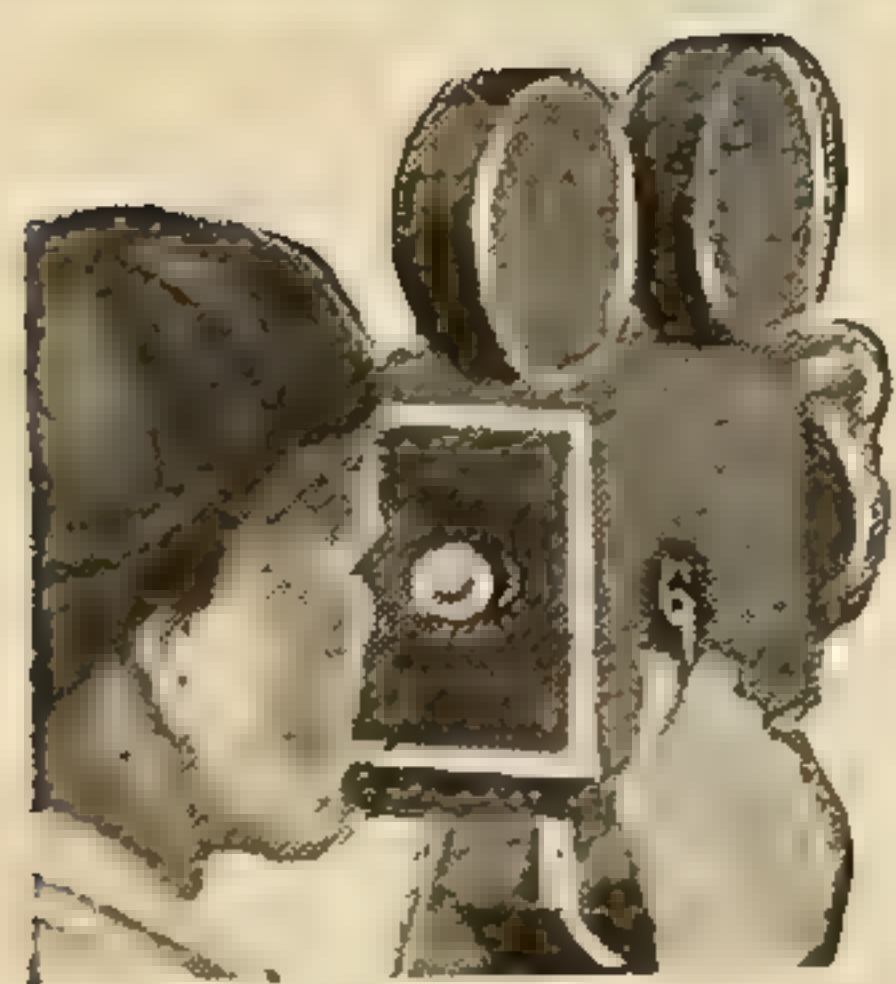
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Who's An Ugly Duckling?

Continued from page 83

offered to adopt Mary.

"There are times when I still ponder over the next eight years, trying to understand the attitude of my foster mother," Mary said. "She took me into her household as her own daughter—a child without health, loveliness, manners or training—as she once wrote me in angry reproach, 'a brat picked out of the slums with sure death staring her in the face.' In her tight-lipped righteous way, I think she loved me dearly. But she felt it her sacred duty to exercise the 'devil' in me!

"Such an innocent little 'devil' it was, too! As my health improved I began to manifest the natural ebullient spirits of childhood. As mine had been thwarted and repressed so long, they perhaps bubbled unusually high.

"I had watched the children in the tenement districts dance—Italians, Spanish and Irish who danced in the streets as children in better districts might romp in a park. I had sung since I was able to talk. Now, I found my new sense of security and happiness manifesting itself in a desire to skip and dance and sing for sheer joy.

"One day, I was working off excess spirits by humming a tune I had heard somewhere, tapping out its rhythm with my feet. My foster mother happened to catch me and I was soundly beaten. Nor was it the last time I was punished for the same reason. Unfortunately, my child's mind could not always remember that I would be damned forever if my voice strayed from hymns or my feet from sedateness.

"It was a curious childhood! My physical well-being was carefully watched. I was fed wholesome, body-building foods, housed in a clean, sweet-smelling room and dressed in a way that compared favorably with the clothes of my classmates. My foster mother spent hours shampooing and brushing my hair. Indeed, it is to her that I owe the wealth of naturally curly hair I have today.

"Yet, almost daily, I was soundly whipped for some childish fault, always to the accompaniment of the ironic phrase, 'I'm only doing this for your own good.'

"The same anomaly was true of the regard in which my foster parents held my



Grace Moore, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, arrives in Hollywood to star in singies.

voice. Any credit for what has been called my excellent diction belongs to my adopted mother, who taught me to sing as clearly as I spoke. They arranged for me to have piano instruction and taught me hymns. By my tenth birthday, I was an important member of the choir. But, one day, some one suggested to the minister that he must see to having my voice trained and he flew into a rage. He told them that I sang as naturally as a bird, with a talent that was God-given. It would be an offense to Divine Majesty, he informed them, to tamper with my gift.

"We moved from Dallas to Little Rock. There the relentless discipline of my life continued, and perhaps I began to somewhat justify their accusation of being 'a limb of Satan.' You know what they say about giving a dog a bad name. I often laugh now, though, at one phrase which used to arouse my wild anger. Should I fail in some household task, blunder in my table manners or speech, I'd get a gay little song instead of a hymn or be caught tapping my feet to dance time, it was all because I was 'shanty Irish!'

"When I was eleven, father accepted a pastorate in Judsonia, Arkansas. Shortly afterwards, a benefit concert was given in Little Rock. One of the deacons of father's former church wrote to ask if I might be permitted to return for the occasion, with all my expenses paid. I was stunned to think that anyone would be willing to pay good money to hear me sing. However, since it was a charity, to be given by a church, my parents permitted me to accept. Mother even taught me some new songs, including, as I remember, *The Holy City*.

"That occasion remained the high spot of my life for the next three years. For the rest, the period passed in a routine of school, practising, singing in the choir, daily tasks about the house and almost daily whippings.

"I was nearly fifteen when the last of these occurred—a particularly vicious one for which my foster mother refused to give any explanation. That night I walked out of the house with nothing save the clothes on my back and two dollars in dimes and



Dmitri Tiomkin going over the score of ballet music he has written for the screen.

nickels which I had been saving for many months.

"In my extremity, I remembered the deacon in Little Rock, who had been so enthusiastic in his praise of my voice. I managed to get to that near-by city and stated my troubles to him. This man, a brilliant lawyer and a man of wealth, understood and sympathized. A truly Christian and God-fearing man himself, he still felt that my parents had been overzealous and mistaken. I wanted him to help me find some employment. Instead, he and his wife insisted that I come into their home and devote my entire time to study. I do not think I could have loved my own parents more than those two dear people who bestowed upon me the first tenderness I had ever known.

"For over two years, I remained with them, finishing high school, studying piano and pipe organ and devoting as much time as possible to vocal training.

"But a sense of obligation kills something in one. All my life I had been dependent on people not connected with me by ties of birth or blood. I wanted to earn my own living. I was starving for independence as once I had starved for food. One day, a musical show came to town. When it left I was with it, singing and dancing in the chorus."

The show went broke in San Francisco. Mary Lewis hadn't been able to save much out of her twenty-five dollar a week salary, so she had to take the first job offered her, which happened to be that of 'coon shouter' at Tait's Cafe.

"And how I shouted!" Mary Lewis smiled in retrospect. "I was only seventeen, full of pep, excited by the approving clamor of the audiences. I hurled my voice at them, and never thought of saving myself until I opened my mouth one night and no sound came forth. I had lost my voice entirely."

That was when Mary Lewis went into motion pictures. When she played Los Angeles a few months before, Al Christie had given her a test, along with several other girls in the show. He told Mary that she could have a job any time she wanted to try the screen. Now seemed the time to take up the offer.

For six months, Mary was a member of the Christie Stock Company. But the last few weeks her heart was not in hurling custard pies. For one day she had stopped in shocked amazement at the realization that she was singing. Her voice had come back to her, and she wanted to make use of it.

Mary talked things over with Al Christie and he agreed to release her from the remainder of her contract, so that she could fulfill a long cherished ambition to try her luck in New York. She arrived there in June, the very worst time of the year to tempt theatrical fate. Nothing daunted, she rented a small furnished room, found herself a voice teacher and devoted the days to intensive training. In July, she landed in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies" at forty dollars a week. Before rehearsals were over she was prima donna instead of chorus girl. John Murray Anderson, the director, had heard her sing.

Mary was started. Nothing could stop her. The rest of her story is fairly well known. She left the "Greenwich Village Follies" for Ziegfeld's bevy of glorified girls, where she was featured for two years. And all the time she continued her studies, with the result that her voice constantly improved. One night, Otto Kahn, million-

aire musical patron, attended the Follies and was so impressed that he arranged for an audition with Gatti-Cazzazi, director of the Metropolitan Opera House. The latter told Mary that she had an opera voice, but at least two years in Europe would be necessary to complete her studies, perfect herself in foreign languages and acquire an opera repertoire.

The young singer held a two year contract as a Follies prima donna, at an enviable salary. She persuaded Ziegfeld to release her, again gambling present security and fame on her belief in herself. She was rewarded. Two years later, Mary Lewis made her debut at the Metropolitan, as the first American woman to be starred by this august opera company, and one of its youngest singers.

Since that time, she has appeared in concerts all over the country, her voice, charm and beauty gaining admiration everywhere. Now, audiences all over the world will have an opportunity to see and hear her.

Mary tells me that she refused a film offer several months ago, because she felt that she was too stout to screen well. One can scarcely believe it now. She weighs only 120 pounds, which spells real slenderness for a girl five feet seven inches tall. Her face hasn't a surplus inch.

Incidentally, it is interesting to know just how Mary Lewis lost twenty-three pounds, for it is indicative of her thoroughness.

She refuses to diet, feeling that this process is weakening and consequently fatal to a singer's vocal power. She has relied entirely on massage, going every day for six weeks to Sylvia Ulbeck, the masseuse, who has contributed to the health and beauty of so many screen stars. Sylvia suggested to Mary that two or three times a week would be enough if she found the daily beatings and slappings, which make up reducing massage, too strenuous and painful. Mary decided in favor of the daily treatment. There is no procrastination or softness about her. If she is going anywhere, she takes the shortest and most direct route to her goal.



Frank Richardson, stage song and dance man, who made good in talkies. "Follies of 1930" is his next.

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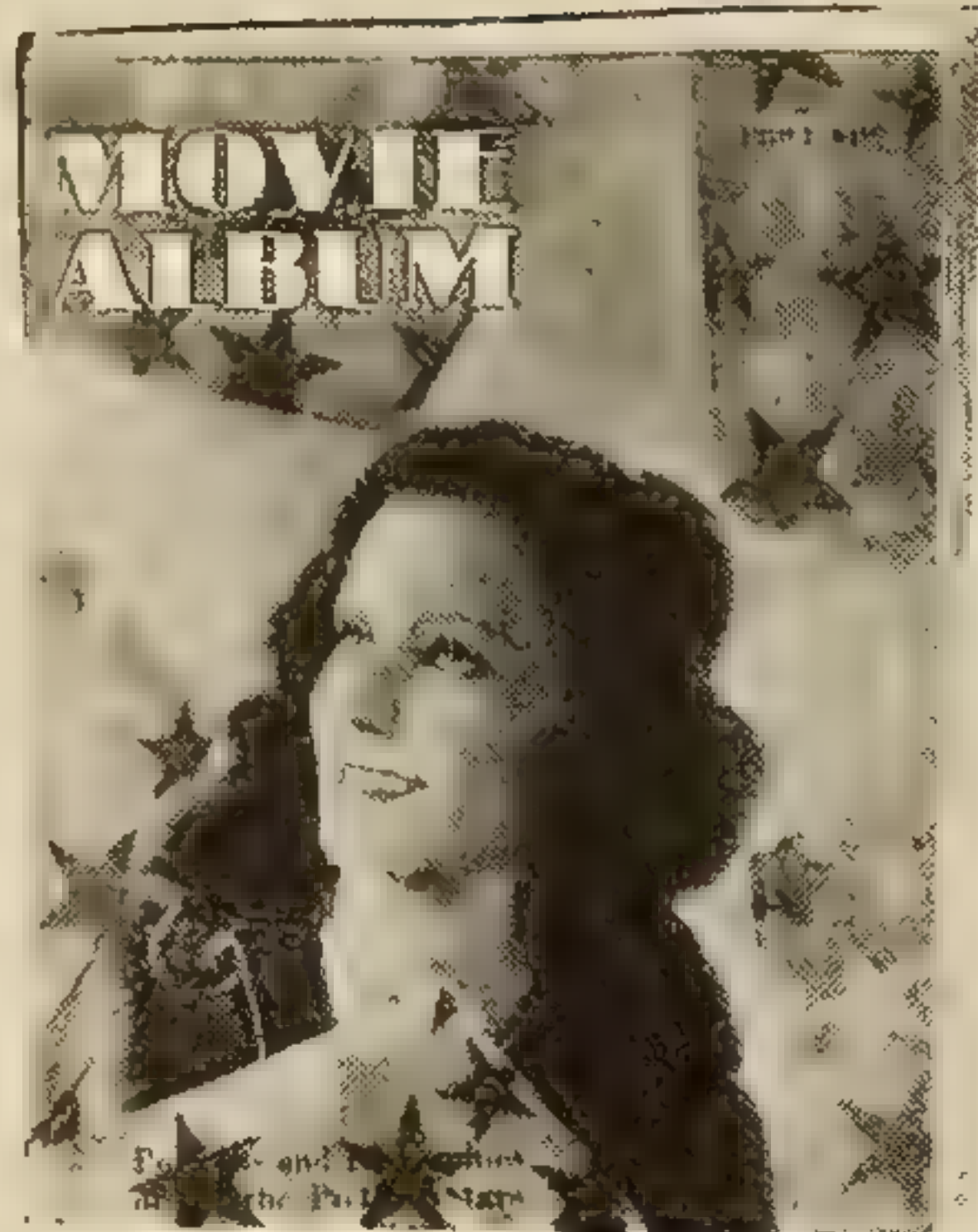


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No Real Beauties in Hollywood?

Continued from page 19

coast, I can quite honestly say, struck me as exceedingly beautiful. But neither of them enters the question. Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, wife of the producer, the former Frances Howard, who is not in pictures, and Greta Garbo.

"And why doesn't Greta enter?"

"I'll tell you. She is such a great artist that you cannot say she belongs to the picture industry alone. She belongs to the world of art. She is, of course, the outstanding figure in the film colony, and it is impossible to describe to you the effect she has on the whole of Hollywood. She sees nobody, goes nowhere. 'Please let me alone,' is apparently her slogan, yet nobody resents it and nobody is jealous of her. She is the one artist there who is so great that everybody stills trivialities and jealousies and bows down before her.

"And now, before you quarrel with me because I say there are no real beauties in Hollywood, let me explain to you that there is a wide divergence between the beauty which a star actually possesses and the beauty which she is able to project on the screen. Who can explain the chemistry of the mysterious moving picture camera? A person in private life who might pass unnoticed in a crowd may have potentialities for amazing beauty after she has stood before the clicking camera. And conversely, a woman who appears amazingly beautiful in private life may be a complete 'wash-out' on the screen. That is the reason I found no real beauties in Hollywood. That is, no such beauties as Lady Anne Wellesley, granddaughter of the Duke of Wellington whom I consider the loveliest woman I have ever seen, or your American Mrs. Vincent Astor who is another of the pure, patrician type.

"But if Hollywood does not hold true beauties, I met many men and women there who intrigued my fancy for a variety of reasons.

"Take Marion Davies, for instance. She is a darling—unquestionably the most fascinating woman in screen society. She has such charm! She is a splendid mimic, a clever dancer, a sweet hostess—utterly appealing in her ravishing versatility.

"Nothing would be more unfair than to look on Gloria Swanson as a favorite of fortune, which some of her photographs might lead you to believe she is. When I first saw Miss Swanson, she was staying at a Palm Beach hotel with her young husband. She came down to me in her dressing-gown at nine thirty in the morning. I gathered, despite her wealth, her fame, and her charming young husband, an impression of great sadness behind her glamorous personality. In her young body there lurks an 'old soul'—the aching want of something which is destined to be perpetually unsatisfied. I think the reason for it is the same reason why George Sand never found perfect love—she will not permit herself to be mentally dominated by any man that ever existed. She has fought alone. She lives alone. And she will die alone, without the support of any comforting personality. She wishes it that way!

"The most amusing and unusual personage in Hollywood is, of course, Lilyan Tashman. This woman has endless dramatic possibilities. You know that she has not reached the top yet, being a featured player, not a star. She is subtle, feline—

a white panther. Witty, human, discriminating, Tashman knows what she wants and will get it. She views the world as a wide horizon. She knows it is not circumscribed by the confines of Hollywood Boulevard.

"The most interesting and the most miscast woman in all of Hollywood is Evelyn Brent. She is a sophisticated woman of the world and not what you would call a 'gunman's moll,' as you would be justified in believing from the films you have seen her in. It is time she was taken out of the underworld and placed in the drawing-room where she belongs. She would be splendid in Frederick Lonsdale's sophisticated plays. The sort of thing that Margaret Bannerman knows so well how to do. Brent has seen and felt the tragedy of Hollywood—she is one of those who realizes that 'Hollywood is funny but it's not a joke.' She has won her way to the top after a tremendous struggle and you sense it when you start to paint her. There is a tenseness in her chin, a strength to her mouth which some of the others don't have.

"Myrna Loy, the most exotic member of the film colony, is another who has felt the teeth of Hollywood on her slim throat. She has been up against it more than once. The result is seen in the sadness of her eyes. She has never been permitted to give the kind of artistic impersonations that she should do. She is fine, sensitive, the farthest possible type from the half-breed characterizations she spends her days in giving. When you paint her, you feel a hidden tragedy, a certain sense of frustration which is certainly at variance with the success she has met.

"And now, we come to the four happiest people in Hollywood: Joan Crawford and young Douglas Fairbanks, Loretta Young and Grant Withers. They have 'The world at their feet and Heaven at their fingertips.' They are two of the happiest married couples I have ever encountered in any country.

"Joan and young Douglas, as you have often heard, are mad about each other. No other word can describe it. When I went to their beautiful home, furnished in the English style, Joan could scarcely bear to have Douglas out of the room. They kissed many times. Young Mr. Fairbanks



William Janney, young and promising, appears with Richard Barthelmess in "The Dawn Patrol."

had been working all day and was extremely weary. As I did not complete my sketch of his wife until two in the morning—when I do my best work—he had to leave and go to bed, since he had an early call at the studio. When I finished Joan's portrait, she picked it up and rushed with it to their bedroom to show it to him. But he was asleep. And she loved him too much to wake him.

"Young Douglas is a poet as well as a splendid actor. He bows a song of piercing beauty. He is also an artist and his sketches are much like those of Aubrey Beardsley whose drawings his wife so much resembles. Extremely sophisticated, the extraordinary thing was that this boy who has faced all the cameras in the world was shy when I went to paint him. He didn't quite know what to do with his mouth.

"These fortunate young people have everything in the world they need or desire but they haven't lost a certain fine quality which keeps them searching for beauty and loveliness.

"Grant and Loretta are perfect complements to each other. He is strong—a tough guy—none of your laughing boys—but a gentleman withal. Intelligent. Simple in his outlook. Understands what is worth having and is going to get it. He is the perfect husband for the pretty, gentle Loretta, whose eyes hold the concentrated peace of all the Madonnas since the beginning of time. This pair, too, are definitely happy. They have but two wishes left—to explore Europe and to hunt the best of everything to place in a home where they hope there will some day be a child"—perhaps the only perfect work of art known to man.

George Arliss

Continued from page 21

"The question so often raised: 'Is the talking picture an art?' is one I have to answer in the affirmative. Decidedly so. It is a combination of artistic endeavor—the actor, the director, the technician—plus the machine. But the machine is the instrument which welds the whole together.

"Another query so often raised is: 'Can the silent screen star be made into a good talking picture actor?'

"Why not? A man who has been in the silent films for a length of time has good material in him. He knows how to move, he understands facial pantomime. If he is willing to give study and patience to the cultivation of his voice, I think he should stand a reasonable chance.

"But it is not only the silent actor that has to adapt himself to talkie technique. The stage star has things to learn as well. There are many differences but let us take the question of space. You are more restricted in talkies than on the stage. Where in the legitimate theater you may have the whole stage to stride across, in pictures you ordinarily have only a few steps, since the movie sets are smaller. But any seasoned actor can find a way of getting around that. If you have played in one night stands, where one evening you are in a house the size of Union Square and the next night in one the size of a bird cage, you learn to adjust yourself to your environment—which is a useful lesson in any strata of society!"

George Arliss is only one of the many world celebrities who tell SCREENLAND their ideas and opinions of talking pictures. More next month!

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For a week I resisted the temptation to look at the ad again, but finally, half-frightened, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know.

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Finally I decided to play for Jack. He was astonished. "Why . . . why . . ." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him where I had learned . . . when . . . how? So I told of my secret.

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PREFERRED—

In all seasons by those who know and wish the best upon either the American or European Plan.

Sensible Rates Withal!

HILLMAN MANAGEMENT

In New York—Continued from page 95

knew how to sing—was the romantic beginning of Stanley Smith's screen career.

Stanley was singing in "Robin Hood," a little high school operetta a couple of years ago, when Leonore Ulrich heard him and induced Belasco to give him the juvenile lead in "Kiki," where he went over big. Then came stock in Omaha and Houston, and the next thing Stanley knew, he was a featured player in "Honey" and "Sweetie," sharing honors with the stars.

Smith is an awfully likable boy—quiet, modest, but with a sly sense of humor. "It's pretty lucky for me to be breaking into pictures like this," he said, at Marlene Dietrich's luncheon. But I'm rather sure luck had little to do with it. Smith is handsome and a good trouser. When the call came, "Report at the studio in the morning," Stanley reported—with the goods. That's the answer.

Marilyn Miller, who does a commuting act between Hollywood and New York—first doing a talkie on the west coast and then a musical comedy in New York—is on her way back to California.

Marilyn is America's perennial star. Since she first kicked up her heels in "Sally" and gathered the heart of the United States into her pretty white hands, her popularity has never waned. After ten years, Marilyn is still at the top of the ladder and it looks as if she is going to stay there for a long time, for what makes

a real artist, Marilyn has: talent, beauty, and a passion for work.

* * *
'From the Manse to the Metropolitan'—that's a thumb nail biography of Mary Lewis.

Miss Lewis is the pretty blonde star of the Metropolitan Opera Company who started out life in a Methodist Episcopal parsonage in Texas.

At sixteen she ran off, with only the clothes on her back—three pairs of stockings, one over the other, four sets of underwear likewise, and a Peter Thompson suit, with the big blouse stuffed full of her ribbons and little trinkets.

At the lunch table at the Algonquin, Mary reviewed her life. "First I toured in musical comedy," she said, "going broke in California where I started slamming pies around for Christie Brothers, and then I got a craving for the big town. In New York, Murray Anderson gave me a job in the first 'Greenwich Village Follies.'"

From here, Mary went to Ziegfeld; then Paris, London, Vienna and Monte Carlo in grand opera, climaxing her career in 1926 when she made her debut at the Metropolitan, from which company of fat sopranos and fatter tenors and basses, Mary has been rescued by Pathé. She is soon to make pictures on the west coast, so keep your eyes peeled for a little sweet-singing gal from the warm sweet-smelling south.

Come Into the Kitchen with Billie Dove

Continued from page 97

hostess and her home.

"I never try to cook for my formal dinners. It is just when I am alone that I do the cooking, usually on the cook's day off. I prefer to eat at home rather than go out."

Following are some of Miss Dove's favorite recipes:

POT ROASTED CHICKEN

Cut chicken into small pieces and fry in butter until brown. Take out of frying pan and put in pot. Place in frying pan, two onions sliced, one carrot diced, one green pepper cut in bits and one-fourth pound mushrooms cut in small pieces. Add one and one-half cups water, one and one-half cups canned tomatoes. Let simmer until well blended, then put in pot with chicken. Cover and cook slowly until chicken is well done. A little water may be added from time to time if necessary.

MACAROON CREAM

Beat yolks of two eggs and mix slowly with two tablespoons sugar. Add slowly, one cup scalded milk, add a pinch of salt and place in double boiler over gas and stir until slightly thickened. Add one-half tablespoon gelatine which has been dissolved in cold water. Mix well, then strain into dish. Fill pie plate with macaroons broken in small pieces, place in oven until crisp. Cool, then roll with rolling pin until fine. When mixture is a little stiff, add macaroons, then add two egg whites beaten to a stiff froth. Rinse bottom only of pudding pan with cold water. Around sides, place whole macaroons, pour in mixture, and place in ice box.

FIG DESSERT

Remove stems from one-half package

of figs and cut in small pieces. Add two tablespoons sugar, the juice of half a lemon, place in pan, cover with water and cook gently for about twenty minutes, or until soft. Soak one-half tablespoon gelatine in one-fourth cup cold water until dissolved, then add one-fourth cup boiling water. Skim floating seeds from fig mixture, add gelatine and let stand until cold. Whip the white of one egg and a half cup of cream (separately) fold into fig mixture and place in ice box.

SNOW PUDDING

Dissolve one-half tablespoon gelatine in one-eighth cup cold water. Add one-half cup boiling water and one-eighth cup lemon juice. When cold, place bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and beat with an egg beater until foamy. Add whites of two eggs beaten stiff and place in ice box.

CUSTARD FOR SNOW PUDDING

Beat yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoons sugar and mix well. Scald one cup of milk and pour slowly over egg and sugar mixture, mixing well. Add pinch of salt, a few drops of vanilla, place in double boiler over gas and beat mixture with egg beater until it thickens.

LEMON SOUFFLE

Beat the yolks of four eggs until thick. Add ten tablespoons sugar gradually and continue beating until well mixed. Add grated rind and juice of one lemon, lemon coloring if desired. Cut and fold in the whites of four eggs beaten until dry, turn into a buttered pudding dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake thirty minutes in a slow oven. Serve with or without sauce.

A Poet Goes to Hollywood—Continued from page 25

the fray which ended in a United States welded together for all centuries to come. This and so much more, I didn't and couldn't have realized unless Stephen Vincent Benet had written his immortal poem.

If you will open his book at page 218, you will find the philosophy of life which guided Abraham Lincoln through all his tragic days. It is a philosophy which we sixty-five years later can use for our daily guidance—"with malice towards none and charity for all." Lincoln, through Benet's mind says:

"I've never found a church that I could join
Although I've prayed in churches in my time
And listened to all sorts of ministers
Well, they were good men, most of them,
and yet—
The thing behind the words—it's hard to find.

I used to think it wasn't there at all
Couldn't be there. I cannot say that, now.
And now I pray to You and You alone.
Teach me to know Your Will. Teach me to read

Your difficult purpose here, which must be plain
If I had eyes to see it. Make me just.

There was a man I knew near Pigeon Creek
Who kept a kennel full of hunting dogs.
Young dogs and old, smart hounds and silly hounds.

He'd sell the young ones every now and then
Smart as they were and slick as they could run.

But the one dog he'd never sell or lend
Was an old half-deaf foolish-looking hound
You wouldn't think had sense to scratch a flea

Unless the flea were old and sickly too.
Most days he used to lie beside the stove
Or sleeping in a piece of sun outside.
Folks used to plague the man about that dog

And he'd agree to everything they said,

'No—he ain't much on looks—or much on speed—

A young dog can outrun him any time,
Outlook him and outeat him and outleap him,

But mister, that dog's hell on a cold scent
And, once he gets his teeth in what he's after,

He don't let go until he knows he's dead'

I am that old, deaf hunting-dog, O Lord.
And the world's kennel holds ten thousand hounds

Smarter and faster and with finer coats
To hunt your hidden purpose up the wind
And bell upon the trace you leave behind.
But when even they fail and lose the scent,

I will keep on because I must keep on
Until You utterly reveal Yourself

And sink my teeth in justice soon or late . . .

I should have tried the course with younger legs,

This hunting-ground is stiff enough to pull
The metal heart out of a dog of steel,
I should have started back at Pigeon Creek
From scratch, not forty years behind the mark.

But you can't change yourself, and, if you could,

You might fetch the wrong jack-knife in the swap.

It's up to you to whittle what you can
With what you've got . . .

Therefore I utterly lift up my hands
To You, and here and now beseech Your aid.

I have held back when others tugged me on,
I have gone on when others pulled me back . . .

And now, I stand and tremble on the last
Edge of the last blue cliff, a hound beat out,

Tail down and belly flattened to the ground,
My lungs are breathless and my legs are whipped,

Everything in me's whipped except my will.
I can't go on. And yet, I must go on."

Millionaire Boys Make Good—Cont. from page 27

away—eight miles by canoe and seventeen by foot, each person carrying and being responsible for his own household goods and personal equipment.

On a high wooded ledge overlooking Rabbit Lake, along the old water course from Montreal to Hudson Bay, the historic grounds of the Temiscamingues, the Ottawa and the Abitiys—over the route d'Iberville had marched his half wild followers to his famous attack and capture of the Hudson Bay Posts—the young Burdens established the nomadic people and from October until the following April, in far below zero weather, snow and storm, 'shot' the scenes of the picture.

Real tepees of birch bark and skins were built for the Indian village and primitive canoes hollowed from trees, snow sleds and shoes fashioned of ancient pattern—all things used and made with materials found in the woods before the coming of the white traders with their fire arms to replace bows and arrows, their woolen clothes, machine-made boots and tinned foods.

It was all so fascinating that these two ultra-civilized young men often forgot that it was only 'make believe' and that except for the magic of the screen when the last

scene was taken it would all disappear; the Indians would go back to their scattered huts with more silver dollars than they had ever dreamed of possessing; and they would return to the modern life of the twentieth century.

But the making of this Indian epic has interested them in making more pictures and already these two resourceful and well-equipped young men are planning to make others.

Shirley has been working for months in a big studio near New York, learning more about picture making; and Douglas spent recent weeks in Hollywood supervising the sound and last professional details of "The Silent Enemy" which had to be added before its release to the public.

For dramatic contrast it is eminently fitting that these two cousins whose lives have been so far removed from the necessity of earning either food or shelter should not only have financed but actually participated in the making of this primitive picture. A picture which tells clearly, naturally and absorbingly the tremendous story of the 'silent enemy,' the ever-present menace of hunger which hovers over these nomadic people.

Freckles



or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use

Bleach Cream
you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only—Stillman's
50¢ Freckle Cream
for REMOVES WHITENS
FULL OZ. JAR FRECKLES THE SKIN

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
8 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

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Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98¢ plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage. **Special Free Offer** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

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Adorable appealing eyelashes with that long silken lustre.

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"BASHFUL"



"Shame on you!" Are you nervous, embarrassed or ill at ease? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future! Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send 25 cents for this amazing book.



RICHARD BLACKSTONE
B-407 Flatiron Building, New York City

"GIRL PICTURES"

75 Art pictures and Bathing beauties 25 cents (coin). Money refunded if dissatisfied. Photo Sales Co., P. O. Box 744-F, Chicago, Ill.

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Marvelous calling. Earn \$20 to \$30 weekly caring for invalids in your vicinity while learning. We help secure positions. Write

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Send us your name and address for full information regarding the Aviation and Airplane business. Find out about the many great opportunities now open and how we prepare you at home, during spare time, to qualify. Our new book "Opportunities in the Airplane Industry" also sent free if you answer at once.

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4 for 50c 9 for \$1.00
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Confessions of the Fans

Continued from page 10

From Old Madrid

I would like to call attention to the amazingly tolerant attitude taken by the Spanish public toward American talkies and sound films. I enclose a paragraph translated from the leading Madrid daily, concerning the "Fox Movietone Follies."

"In the film now showing at the Callao Cinema, the principle of revues is strictly observed. The girls are very beautiful and their numbers a model of accuracy and good taste. So far, all right; but our ignorance of English prevents us from enjoying the undeniable wit displayed in the talking parts. Let us hasten to declare truthfully that the whole fault is ours for not having learned the various tongues in turn in which future films will be shown to us: German, French, Italian and Spanish; Spanish spoken by actors born in Spanish-American countries which already announce several films on the way to realization.

"Apart from this inconvenience, 'Follies of 1929' is a picture discreet in its direction and magnificent in its cast, including such artists as Sharon Lynn, Sue Carol, Dixie Lee, Lola Lane and David Rollins, an excellent dancer and genial comedian."

The talent of the American films is appreciated, and even the dialogue is tolerated by a usually foreign-language-hating public.

Fred W. Flint,
Savoy Hotel,
Paseo del Prado, 26,
Madrid, Spain.

Attention, Charlie

Why are talkie love scenes laughed at? —is a question debated by many, it seems. My conclusion is that the audiences are so thrilled with emotion that rather than make themselves ridiculous by crying, as they feel like doing, they do the opposite and laugh.

I can't see how anyone could seriously consider cutting out love scenes in talkies or silents. Speaking of talkies and silents reminds me of Charlie Chaplin who, under no circumstances, it seems, will make talkies. Well, what I want to know is, why doesn't he make some silents? Does he need encouragement? If so, let's up and at him!

Katharine Rudin,
624 1/2 North Boston,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

A Universal Appeal

When I think of the movies, I recall these wonderful words from the poet Wordsworth:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises in us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar."

Therefore, the movies I see are but the outpouring of my own creative imagination. To me, they are a magic carpet whereby I transport myself to foreign lands, there to learn the habits, to fathom the instincts, to witness the joys and sorrows of a strange people.



Eddie Cantor congratulating lucky Eleanor Hunt, chorus girl, who was selected by Samuel Goldwyn for the feminine lead in "Whoopie," opposite Eddie.

Five hundred years ago, Shakespeare said, "I can put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," and today through the enlightenment and education of the screen I can discern in forty seconds marvelous ideas and brilliant thoughts emanating from such pictures as "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Ten Commandments," "The King of Kings," "The Divine Lady," and "Disraeli."

Long live the movies, for they are bringing to all humanity the light that was never on land or sea, and making the whole world safe for democracy!

Mrs. Nettie E. Samuelson,
720 West End Avenue,
New York City.

Praise for Fine Performers

I attend the movies on an average of twice a week and have discovered an interesting fact about them. For example, one night I go to see "The Love Parade," "General Crack" or some other film that has created a big stir in the cinema world, and what do I get? A fairly good picture with fairly good acting, sometimes overdone, but in most respects highly satisfactory. The next night, I attend a showing of "Oh, Yeah," "Acquitted," "The Racketeers," etc., films that have won little or no praise from the press. In almost every instance I see an excellent picture that is absorbing in plot and rather thrilling in action—a picture that contains some really superb acting.

Mind you, I do not intend this letter as a criticism of Barrymore's or Chevalier's acting. Indeed not! I merely want to call attention to the fine performances given by Robert Armstrong, Carol Lombard, Sam Hardy, Margaret Livingston, Lloyd Hughes and Jean Arthur in the past year. Come on, let's give some of these 'lesser lights' a hand!

Walter A. O'Keefe,
587 Western Avenue,
Lynn, Mass.

Voice Brings Reality

How wonderful to mount the magic carpet of the movies, and with the whole world before us for a brief interval, journey far from the monotony of every day existence.

It has added infinitely to the joy of life to have known romance with our beloved Valentino, to enjoy the pantomimic genius of Chaplin; the infectious comedy of Lloyd; the superlative voice of Tibbett; the irresistible charm of Chevalier; to thrill at the dangers of the underworld with Bancroft, and so on through the album of splendid stars who have changed for us the entire complexion of life itself.

Looking back, I wonder how we managed without the marvelous Vitaphone, which touched our movie stars and Pygmalion-like gave them the flame of life; no longer shadows flitting across the screen, but living, talking friends, each made dearer a thousand-fold by the sound of the voice in spoken words.

What pleasure to look forward to spending an evening with our beloved stars, to see pictures of the books we haven't time to read; when the land of 'make-believe' becomes a living, breathing reality, and one

may truly say with Monte Cristo, "The World is Mine!"

Mrs. Lilian G. Reid,
Hotel Cecil, 640 So. Main St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Too Many 'It' Types?

Let's have a little more of the Ruth Chatterton—Janet Gaynor type of film, sunny pictures, emphasizing the mental just a wee bit more than the physical. Let's forget 'It' and 'sense appeal' for just a breathing spell.

'It' depends too much upon a fluff of hair, spectacular clothes and make-up for appeal. I admire the girl who can still be appealing and hit you between the eyes with her charm even when attired in a plain dress, hair straight over her ears or tied up with a string a la wash-day. To me, this girl has more of the 'it,' 'theirs,' and 'them,' than all the other 'itters.'

The Janet Gaynor type of actress is like the girl who doesn't have to cuddle too close to the boy-friend driver but believes a little bit in remote control.

Irene Ruch,
Box 192
Luckey, Ohio.

"Things I Am Thankful For":

Maurice Chevalier's caressingly sweet smile.

Lilyan Tashman and her polished sophistication.

Mary Pickford's splendid performance with her husband in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Olive Borden's return to the rôle of the 'sensible.'

The privilege of hearing Bebe Daniels' lovely voice in "Rio Rita."

Bessie Love, and her chance "Broadway Melody." She did the rest.

Gary Cooper, and the fiery, adorable sweetheart Lupe Velez. May she burn many more films!

Ramon Novarro's splendid voice.

Novarro's wistful sweetheart in "Devil May Care," Dorothy Jordan.

And for Hollywood and pictures and the great stride they have made.

Rita Bagley,
P. O. Box 208,
Miami, Florida.



Everything of Charlie Chaplin—the funny hat, pants, shoes, cane, coat and vest—except the great comedian himself.

KATHERINE A. MACDONALD'S LASH COSMETIC WATERPROOF



ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF

Essential for bathers. Guaranteed not to run. Makes lashes soft and pliant, yet you do not look made up.

Katherine MacDonald's Lash Cosmetic will make your eyes more beautifully alluring.

At dept. and drug stores and beauty parlors...or send Katherine MacDonald \$1 for full size bottle.

Katherine MacDonald's
KAMEO BEAUTY PRODUCTS
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MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Make \$35—\$100 a Week
PAINTING photos and miniatures. No drawing talent required. Fascinating work. Earn while learning. We teach you at home. Professional artist's outfit, employment service given. Write for free book. NATIONAL ART STUDIOS, Dept. 670, 1008 North Dearborn Street, Chicago. Send me your free booklet, "Success in Art."

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for FRECKLES, PIMPLES,
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Acne condition of back and shoulders
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527 W. 7th Dept. 22 Los Angeles, Calif.

Amos 'n' Andy, Dr. De Forest And Other Big People

IN our April issue, we gently but firmly scolded Dr. Lee De Forest, 'father of radio.' We didn't like a speech he made in which he delivered a broadside against radio program sponsors for putting too much advertising into their entertainment.

We considered his criticism unfair especially to such outstanding programs as Lucky Strike, Colgate-Palmolive, Fleischmann Yeast, Pepsodent, Atwater-Kent and Metropolitan Life. We could have mentioned dozens of others who are contributing hours and hours of wholesome entertainment to millions of homes. So on behalf of SCREENLAND's readers and a host of legitimate program sponsors, to whom radio broadcast owes a debt of gratitude, we upbraided the 'father' of radio for nagging his child's nurse.

Dr. De Forest, having read our complaint, wants to make himself clear, and in an interesting letter to SCREENLAND, says among other things:

"I regret that you have apparently missed entirely the point which I was trying to put across in my criticism of advertising by radio broadcast. If you had read my remarks carefully you would have seen that I paid due tribute to the meritorious Sponsored Program, realizing full well the debt that Radio Broadcast owes to such advertising . . . If you have been a consistent listener to radio programs you must admit that two or three years ago advertising by radio was of a far higher

quality, less offensive than at the present time. It surely must be apparent that this tendency to devote more and more time to straight sales talk and to more frequently interrupt programs by advertising announcements has steadily become worse . . .

"Of course everyone is entitled to his own opinion. Some of the programs which you list I should also catalogue among the advertisers who understand best the art of building good-will among their radio listeners. Others in the list I would most certainly black out. One or two in particular have been especially offensive."

This is an evil which will correct itself. The remedy is wholly in the hands of the public. Those hands can be depended upon to tune out offensive programs, and leave their sponsors talking to themselves.

We don't know what programs Dr. De Forest would 'black out.' The color sounds suspicious, but we venture the prediction that the "Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated," will be a 'going' concern for some time to come, because Amos 'n' Andy have finally been captured by the movies, the RKO having signed these famous radio stars to make a picture, "Check and Double Check." A two-year radio contract at \$100,000 a year; a thirty-week vaudeville engagement at \$5,000 a week; and a million dollars for the picture—some 'propolition!'

THE PUBLISHERS



Amos 'n' Andy have been captured by the movies. The famous radio entertainers have been signed by RKO and will be seen on the screen in "Check and Double Check," their first picture.

The Most Glorious *Lip-Color* You Ever Used!



To every type of beauty, Phantom Red Lipstick brings that crowning, artful touch that allures and captivates. For Phantom Red matches the warm, healthy glow of nature—imparting to lips a soft, smooth brilliance as invitingly luscious as sun-ripened cherries. A sweet reason why men gather around, as bees to honey—a good reason why girl rivals frown and pout.

Discovered and perfected by beauty-chemists, Phantom Red is healing, lasting, waterproof. No less famous is

the Phantom Red Rouge Compact, twin in color to the lipstick and another popular Carlyle product.

End your hopeful search for ideal lip-color. It is yours if you'll clip and mail the coupon below without delay. The coupon with 10c brings you a vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and make-up guide by return mail. An additional 10c brings the dainty model Phantom Red Rouge Compact. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Phantom Red LIPSTICK



Phantom Red
Rouge Compact
(universal
shade) price 75c

Phantom Red Lipstick is pre-
sented in a smart, modern, red
and black enamel case, \$1.00;
Junior size, 50c.



Carlyle Laboratories, Inc.
67 Fifth Ave., New York

Enclosed is 10c for which
please send me Phantom Red
Lipstick . . . or 20c for both
Lipstick and Phantom Red
Vanity Size Compact. 227

Name.....
Address.....
.....

Threesome

Perhaps you'll never make a hole-in-one. Most golfers don't. (It's one of several things they have in common.) But there's another, more delightful tie that binds . . . the universal appreciation of what a good cigarette can add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the game. Camels are fragrant, refreshing, mellow . . . a welcome third to the most thrilling twosome.

